

The Australian

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

JANUARY 4, 1956

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.
Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PRICE

9

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS

SPARKLING DRINK

ends
stomach
upsets



cools and refreshes
while it does you good

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset, but gives quick and positive relief. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid action. When you overeat, or eat something that doesn't agree with you, take Eno—in eight seconds you'll feel better.

Cooling, sparkling Eno is such a refreshing and exhilarating health drink, too—so necessary in the hotter weather. It tones up the system, keeps it clean, active and healthy. Eno is safe for all the family, particularly children and those with delicate stomachs.



ENO
SPARKLING ANTACID
'FRUIT SALT'

American women rave about

CUTEX
Stay Fast
LIPSTICK!

It's the creamiest lipstick ever... Cutex "Stayfast" keeps your lips so silky-smooth and petal-soft! Just apply, then blot your lips gently with a tissue... and Cutex "Stayfast" will keep your lips lovelier for hours longer. It comes in the prettiest range of colours ever created... to match up with your favourite shade of Cutex Nail Polish.



CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK, 4/6
CUTEX NAIL POLISH, 2/11 REGULAR

expectant mothers

A FREE BOOK

When choosing a name for your baby, would you like to know the true meaning of the name you choose? Would you like a list of names from which to choose? If so, send today for this free book...

NAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS
—Beautiful little book illustrated in full colour. Simply clip out this advertisement, pin it to your name and address and post to Dept. B.N. Dri Glo Pty. Ltd., Box 36, Camperdown, N.S.W. Meanwhile, lay in a stock of Dri Glo Naps.

More mothers buy Dri Glo Naps because they're so absorbent, soft, long wearing.

Dri Glo
Baby Napkins



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 166 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 183C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4087, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 31-33 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 4, 1956

Vol. 23, No. 32

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

NEW YEAR'S a wonderful time. It's the one time of the year when everyone, the old and the disillusioned as well as the young and dewy-eyed, can't help feeling a quiver of expectation, a stirring of the hope that never quite dies in any human being.

It's true that the good resolutions, so hopefully made, may soon be broken.

But the important thing is that the resolutions are made, that most people feel that at least once a year they are given a chance to tidy up their lives, to try again.

It's in this personal effort of regeneration, rather than in material prosperity, that the hopes of a Happy New Year lie.

Materially, Australians of 1956 can hardly fail to have a good New Year.

The long years of plenty show no signs of ending. Though there are individual failures and disasters, the country as a whole is flourishing.

Business is good. Jobs are plentiful. Wages are high. Opportunity is practically banging on the door for anyone who cares to grasp it.

All these things are very good. No one could wish them otherwise or want a return to the lean years of poverty and depression. For no matter what the gloomy prophets of doom may say, poverty and happiness rarely go hand-in-hand.

But happiness and prosperity don't always go hand-in-hand either.

It's dangerously easy to confuse wealth with wisdom, to mistake success for serenity.

That is why New Year resolutions, individual resolves of trying to become better human beings, are so important in these times of boom.

Such resolutions are needed to balance the times—to make this not only a prosperous New Year but a happy one as well.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

SIX TWELVE
MONTHS MONTHS
(postage included)

Australia and New Guinea £1/6/0 £2/12/0
British Dominions £2/0/0 £4/0/0
Foreign countries £2/10/0 £5/0/0

Our cover:

● Babies are often chosen to decorate New Year covers, but we think that ours is something extra special. He or she—we don't know—has all the innocence and freshness belonging, in reality, to babies and, in fancy, to a new and untouched year. The photographer is Leo Aarons, of New York.

This week:

● Mr. Stephen Kellner (see butterfly pictures on pages 20 and 21) follows an unusual occupation. He is a biological supplier. He sends live and dead specimens of animals, birds, fish, reptiles, insects, and fossils to museums, universities, and zoos all over the world. Field collectors throughout Australia send specimens to him in Sydney, where only last week he took delivery of a 15ft. rock python and despatched 60 cuttlefish to America. A few months ago one of his exports, a live Queensland frilled lizard, appeared on television in America in a weekly nature session called "Science in Action."

Next week:

● One of the characters of Hollywood, that city of characters, is fashion designer Edith Head, who has dressed a generation of film stars from Clara Bow to Grace Kelly. In next week's paper we have a three-page feature about her, written by Joseph Laitin in Hollywood, and illustrated in color. One picture of Miss Head shows her without her customary dark glasses. She is so wedded to dark glasses that she wears them even at night.

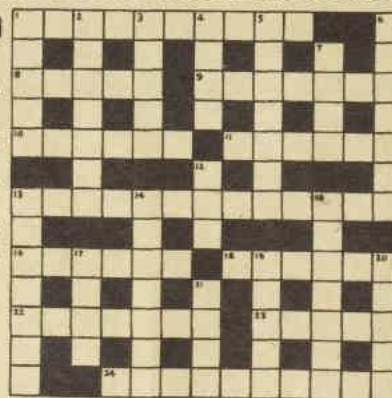
● "This Is Australia" is the title we have chosen for a new series of color pictures beginning next week. They will take the place of our popular "Beautiful Australia." In that we set out to show the varied scenery of the continent. In the new pictures we hope to range over the varied life of its inhabitants.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Sluggishness of an organised body of red deer (10).
- It's of necessity. (5).
- The organ is a lady from Italy (7).
- Seals, but not the amphibious variety (6).
- Arrived with the sun god in the judge's private room (6).
- Thrive masters (ANAGRAM 9, 4).
- Be contrite doing it per ten (6).
- Suckled by the red sun (6).
- Utterly foolish with no facial neurasthenia at the end (7).
- Of the sun, mostly oral (5).
- Its inhabitants may have been literary hacks but they had something to eat (4, 8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Transgress with us in this cavity of bone (5).
- Engrave (ANAGRAM 7).
- A snail through the nose when I am not in it (5).
- Such master imposes (4).
- Cooling drinks made of sage rot (7).
- A provision for maintenance (7).
- Stately building which would satisfy me (4).
- A politician to measure current (3).
- This is a hearty drink (7).
- Put an ant in a rose for a politician (7).
- Make up one's mind mostly about fifth note of octave (7).
- Suffering from a pin (4).
- You do it sometimes with the apple cart (5).
- Ventured (3).
- Mange mostly on a taxi (4).

'Morning-Bath Freshness'

LASTS ALL DAY LONG!



Enjoy "morning-bath" freshness that lasts all day and all night! Odo-ro-no gives you safe, sure protection against perspiration and unpleasant odour all day and all night. Quick acting, gentle Odo-ro-no won't hurt your skin and clothes and gives you a wonderful, secure "morning-bath" freshness for a full 24-hours! Let Odo-ro-no keep you always "nice to know"! Protect yourself against your most intimate enemy with...

Odo-ro-no

SPRAY 6/3

CREAM 2/7, 4/6



CURLYPET

Makes baby's hair GROW CURLY—4 weeks' treatment. 3/6 Everywhere.

What every woman should know about

TAMPAX

Tampax was invented by a famous doctor more than 20 years ago. And because it is, so obviously, the sanest, most comfortable and most hygienic form of sanitary protection it is the choice today of many millions of fashionable women throughout the world. Worn internally, without belts or pins, Tampax gives you undreamed-of personal freedom, confidence and peace of mind. Not only does it provide superior protection, but even TAMPAX is supplied with its own individual applicator of such perfect design that correct, hygienic use is simply achieved. With Tampax there's no chafing, no offending and disposal is so easy, too! There are two absorbencies: Regular (normal) and Super (extra absorbent, extra safe). In fairness to yourself—why not try it?



Write to-day for a free sample to—

The Nurse, Dept. W, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. (Enclose 3d. in loose stamps for postage.)
Name _____
Address _____
Please send me a sample of Regular/ Super Tampax in a plain wrapper. Mark absorbency required.



Sisters under the skin

By **MAL LONERGAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

POLLY tipped the black bottle to pour a measure of rum for Steve Reardon. Steve watched her, thinking what a pert little wench she was. She had a short stub of a nose that tilted provocatively to the red-gold ringlets cluttered on her white forehead. Green eyes with fire in them like opals, Steve might have thought, if he had ever seen opals.

"Ripe peaches on her cheeks an' lips that just ask to be kissed," Reardon told himself ruefully. The kissing would not come to him, seeing that he was an old, horny-handed, bewhiskered teamster and, across the track on the river bank, young Tim Corrigan was making camp at the bullock waggons.

Yet there was compensation in it for Steve, for Polly's eyes were bright and eager. They were trying to see through the dust on the window, so that she might get a glimpse of Tim; while she was doing that Polly was apt to pour with a heavy hand and scant respect for Mother Riley's profits.

It would be a shame for good rum to be wasted by letting it run over the counter, Steve thought, but he held his tongue until the psychological moment. "An' where's Sarah?"

Polly was reluctant to withdraw her eyes from the window. "Having a nap," she said absently. She noticed the mug was full to the brim. "And just as well for me, seeing I've given you three times the measure!"

"Sarah wouldn't mind, seein' it's for me," he said smugly.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, Steve Reardon—she's been real mean with the measure lately, except to a nice sergeant who's been

posted to the detachment here for this past month."

"A redcoat!" Steve's grey eyes glinted malignantly, and his bushy, pepper-and-salt whiskers twitched; as an old lag, he had little love for the soldiers. "Sarah Riley wouldn't be showin' any favor to a lobster-back!"

"Favor is as favor does," Polly said enigmatically and slyly.

First after the right sort of romance for herself, Polly's most cherished hope was to see romance blossom between Mother Riley and Steve Reardon. Sarah Riley was an ex-convict, keeping a shanty at Emu Plains, where the track from Sydney Town to Bathurst crossed the Nepean River. Steve had hauled stores over that track with his bullock teams since the town west of the Blue Mountains had been established.

Polly was only a bonded serving wench, but she loved Sarah Riley, tough and hard-bitten though the shanty-keeper was, as a mother. She had learned, too, that she was very much better off than many other young girls who had come to the infant colony of New South Wales and had been bonded in what was generally regarded as more respectable service.

In the year she had been at the shanty, having come straight from the ship, she could recall no real regret about her service. She glanced through the window again, and amended that mentally; her only regret was that her bond was for five years, and Tim Corrigan, recently freed from his ticket of leave, might save enough money to start

thinking of getting himself a wife long before her term had expired.

Polly realised that a bond was a bond, and she knew that, despite a soft heart beneath a granite exterior, Sarah Riley was essentially a businesswoman.

Good serving wenches were hard to come by, and Sarah might not be willing to sell the bond to Tim, even if his fancy did happen to turn Polly's way.

To her credit, her secret hopes for herself were not uppermost in mind at that moment, for she was absorbed in prodding Steve for the mutual benefit, as she saw it, of himself and Mother Riley. She sent a sly glance at Steve.

"Such a lovely couple they'd make. Sergeant Twickham's so handsome, and such a fine figure of a man. My! If it weren't that he's got eyes only for Mother Riley I'd—" Her swoon-voice and her soulful eyes were more expressive than any words she might have uttered.

"Arrh! Stow your gab, girl!" Steve was sour, and, hidden by his whiskers, his thin lips twisted bitterly. Under his breath he cursed Polly for a meddlesome baggage, for her tattling tongue had turned good rum to vinegar on his palate.

Polly straightened out every inch of her five feet two and cocked her pert nose high in the air. "And why shouldn't I be hoping she'll make a fine match? She's a grand woman, and a good wife she'll make to the man who's lucky enough to wed her." She gave Steve a surreptitious but calculating sur-

vey. "And she's needing a man badly, too, to help run the shanty with the way trade's growing."

"No redcoat's the man to help her," Steve glared at the girl. "And he'd be too young for her. He's been spending his days waitin' his chance to kiss the servin' wench."

Polly sniffed disdainfully. "Not this one. Besides, Mother's only 45. That's not near as old as you are."

"I'm not so old," Reardon said defensively. "Can't you count more than 50, Mr. Reardon?"

Polly's voice was sweetly sympathetic, making the sarcasm all the more biting. Steve felt himself flushing hotly.

"I'm only 51," he retorted indignantly. "Oooh! Is that all! I thought you must be so old you'd got over thinking of marrying. I don't know, but I reckon Mother Riley thought that, too."

"Arrh!" At a loss for a fitting retort or further argument, Reardon resorted to a sneer. He slopped the remainder of his rum into his mouth, swallowing it at one gulp. Then he stamped angrily to the door, with Polly's chuckles goading the thwarted fury in him.

"Don't forget to send Tim across for his drink," she called after him.

Steve did not risk a reply, and she watched him with a smile until he reached his camp. It was the slack of the day at the shanty. Reardon's two waggons had been the first in

To page 50

Marjorie Morningstar

TWO days after she landed in England, still dazed and unsettled by her shift in plans, Marjorie was flying in an Air France plane from Paris to Zurich with Mike Eden, in a clear, brilliant afternoon. She had found out with Eden's help that Noel had gone vacationing in Switzerland; and she was going to try to track him down there.

The ordered loveliness of the landscape, unrolling slowly beneath her, threw her into a near-trace of sweet excitement. She could not understand why the books had not dwelled more on the physical beauty of Europe. The Continent seemed to her one green-pleasure park, dotted with picture-book cities, and smoothed and polished for centuries by the people who had lived and died there, to the perfection of a single master painting.

That this pretty place was the setting for all the carnage in the history books and the current horrors of the Nazi era passed her imagination. The jagged march of the Alps, purple and white against an azure sky, shocked her with delight.

The wheels of the plane skidded on the runway; and then there was the mess at the Customs, in the crowded buzzing airport, with signs in four languages everywhere, and people around her apparently gabbling in seventy languages; and then she and Mike were riding in a cab in violet twilight through a light-spangled city that looked half like a medieval tapestry and half like a futuristic movie. All this time she remained in her state of bemused pleasure.

Then she saw the swastika.

It leaped at her eye—huge, gilded—as the cab slowed, coming to the hotel. She touched Eden's arm. "What's that building?"

"What do you suppose? German Consulate." He was irritable and glum; he usually was at this hour of the day even without the fatigue of travel.

She went to bed that night with her spine still somewhat a-crawl, having obtained a sleeping-pill from Mike Eden. He made no reference to the Nazis during dinner. He had talked about France and Italy and about Noel Airman's charm and wit. But she knew he had been aware of the slightly shocked state into which she had been thrown by the mere sight of the gilded swastika.

Marjorie had seen plenty of swastikas before, in newspapers and magazines; but this was the first one she had seen with her own eyes that really meant business, so to say.

For a long while the pill did not work. It loosened and warmed her limbs and calmed her nerves; but her mind remained tight and sharp in the darkness; and at last she sat up, turned on the bed lamp, and smoked, sorting out the astonishments of the past two days.

Most astonishing of all, much more so than Mike Eden's sudden casual invitation to her to fly to Zurich with him, had been her ready acceptance. But since the moment she had first seen this strange haunted man and talked to him at the rail as the ship steamed down the Narrows it seemed to her that she had cut her moorings from everything familiar and solid in her existence, including her own standards of propriety.

Once she had thought that Noel Airman had opened a new world to her, a world of novel manners and values; but now she was beginning to see his free ways and shocking talk as a sort of negative print of her own world. Outside that limited world, outside her perpetual little tug-of-war with Noel, outside her girlish dream of becoming Marjorie Morningstar, there was, there had always been, a roaring larger world in which men like Mike Eden moved; by change, blindly pursuing Noel, she had stumbled into this larger world and it scared and excited her.

Eden had called Paris from Cherbourg as

soon as a telephone line had been passed from the dock to the ship; and in no very long time—he didn't say how he had managed it—had come to her with Noel's Paris address. Noel was off skiing in the Alps, he added, and wasn't expected back for ten days. He had then offered to escort her to Paris and see her settled in a reasonably cheap hotel, before proceeding on his way to Germany; and he had been amazingly deft and quick in clearing through Customs, getting French money, treating with porters and transferring baggage from the ship to the Paris train.

They had arrived in Paris towards evening, and in the rain, and she had seen nothing of the city but one small quiet restaurant where she had had an elegant dinner (while Eden consumed a bowl of raw salad and a whole loaf of bread) and the dowdy Mozart Hotel, where he had put her up.

Just before saying goodnight to her, standing in the hotel lobby waiting for the creaky elevator, Eden had abruptly said, "You've gotten days to kill. Why sash around Paris by yourself? This is the dreariest time of the year here. I have to spend a week or so in Zurich before I go to Germany. Come along. I'll take you driving in the Alps. Maybe we'll track down Noel. There aren't too many places he can be. It may be your only chance ever to see the Alps. They're worth seeing."

IN the second or two before she answered, Marjorie thought of many things: of the loneliness and strain of spending ten days alone in a great foreign city waiting for Noel to get back; of Eden's brief but revolting collapse on the ship and his peculiarly swift recovery; of her growing suspicion that he was engaged in undercover or illegal transactions of some kind in Germany; of what her mother would say about her travelling around Europe with a man like Eden, if she ever found out.

She said, "How shocked would you be, I wonder, if I said yes?"

"Shocked?" His smile was agreeable and mild. "I'd be very pleased. You make me feel good when you're around, that's all."

She said, "Well—I haven't any dignity left, that's one sure thing. I've chased Noel this far, I may as well go yodelling after him up and down the Alps, eh?" She laughed rather ruefully. "I guess I'll come, Mike. Thanks for asking me. It sounds like fun."

Now perched on a bed in Zurich, finishing her cigarette, Marjorie smiled and yawned. Completely adrift though she was, her uppermost feeling was perky pleasure at her own daring, now that she was actually in Switzerland with Eden. Whatever was going to happen in the next ten days would not be dull.

The pill took hold. She slept through twelve dreamless hours.

In the morning there was a sealed note under her door in Eden's writing, with some Swiss banknotes.

"Sorry, had to go out early on business. Phoned several ski lodges. No luck on Noel yet. I'll be back for cocktails and dinner, probably phone your room about five. You can get around this town with English and your high-school French. Don't buy too many cuckoo clocks. You owe me fifty dollars, I changed that much for you, Mike."

She went out and strolled around Zurich, feeling lost and sheepish. It was a neat, wealthy-looking city, but not exciting once she was used to the multiple language signs, and to the slightly different look of streets

and policemen, and to the clean, clear air, which in her experience didn't go with city streets. To pass the morning, she shopped for a wrist-watch for Seth and had lunch in a sidewalk restaurant, where the coffee and the little chocolate pasties were exquisite.

She returned to the hotel at three-thirty and took a nap; woke after five, and called his room. There was no answer. She bathed and dressed, taking her time; at half-past six she telephoned him again; no answer.

Ready for dinner, dressed even to her hat, yearning for a cocktail, hungry, she sat reading and smoking nervously until half-past seven. She glanced at Eden's note to make sure she had not misunderstood it; telephoned his room again; and, fighting off alarm, called the desk clerk and asked whether Mr. Eden had checked out. No, came the polite reply in a moment, he was still registered; no, he had left no message for her.

At eight she went to the bar, drank a cocktail quickly, and returned to her room. At half-past nine she ordered dinner in her room, and picked without relish at the food. At midnight he still had not called. She sat up till one-thirty reading, becoming bitterly homesick for New York as her worry over Eden mounted. At last she turned out the light, tossed and dozed miserably till the sun came up at seven, and then slept for a couple of hours. The first thing she did on waking was to reach for the telephone. Eden's room did not answer.

The next two days became an ordeal of worry, aimless wandering, and desultory shopping. To her tremendous relief, Eden did telephone her from his room, shortly after

she came back to the hotel the second afternoon. He sounded very exhilarated, insisting on having a drink with her at once, though she protested she was grimy and tired. They met in the bar. He looked worn and rather white, but his spirits had never been higher. He had already hired a car, he said, and they would start on a week-long jaunt around the Alps in the morning. He talked in a rush, his dark-ringed eyes twinkling with gaiety.

"Frankly, Marge, I may play it dirty, and do my level best to avoid meeting Noel. What the heck, he's going to have your company for the rest of his life, isn't he?"

He did not even refer to the fact that he had been away for three days; he blandly talked as though nothing unusual had occurred, nothing that had to be explained or even acknowledged. But there was nothing accidental in his ebullient talk. He gave her the positive feeling that if she broke into the subject of his absence, she would encounter a freezing snub, and possibly an abrupt end to her acquaintance with him. Perforce she took his gay tone, as soon as she could, and kept it through the evening.

Next day they drove up into the mountains in the midget French car he had hired; and for a week they went from one Alpine resort to another, sometimes stopping a day at a hotel, sometimes two. The desk clerks tended to blink a bit when Eden asked for separate rooms, but they were always obliging. He had been joking, of course, about avoiding Noel. He made many inquiries and phone calls.

Once they thought they had located him; but when they arrived at the hotel, it turned out that a man named Erdman was there.

Marjorie was disappointed; still she went on having fun. The trip was unforgettable, from the first day to the last. The flimsy little car groaned up almost vertical mountain-sides, weaving laboriously back and forth along hairpin turns, dodging past goats, dogs, peasants, and occasional huge limousines.

Eden was in excellent humor all during the holiday, despite a tendency to nervous exasperation, especially with slow-moving waiters and porters. Late in the afternoon he had a way of falling into black depression, but a meal with plenty of wine usually brought him out of it.

They were in Lucerne when he told her



Concluding instalment of our brilliant serial by HERMAN WOUK

abruptly that he had to go to Germany at once, and then added, "Noel's back in Paris."

"Oh?"
"I've been calling every day. He just showed up this afternoon. Seems he's just been in and gone out. Talked to his landlady. Woman with a thick German accent. You'll find her hard to understand on the telephone." He lapsed into silence, then said in an odd sharp tone, "I'm sorry about those three days in Zurich. Hope you weren't scared or worried."

Startled by the abrupt cracking open of the forbidden subject, Marjorie said cautiously, "Well, yes, I was worried. Very worried, that last day."

"I can imagine. I couldn't phone. I'm sorry."

"Well, you're all right, so what's the difference?"

"Marjorie, it's quite true, as I told you on the ship, that I'm going to Germany on business. But I'm also doing some illegal rescue

work. I'm a fool to tell you, but I want to. I hope I can count on you not to get excited or melodramatic or anything."

"Why . . . of course. Is it very—is there a lot of danger?"

"No, very little. I mean, these things are relative. It's not as safe as studying Semitic languages at Oxford, let's say."

Marjorie couldn't help smiling. "When are you going into Germany?"

"I'll take an evening train to Stuttgart tomorrow."

"Are you scared?"

"I'm always scared. A bit more than usual, maybe, this time. They've checked on Hilda. I haven't been exactly an hysterical old lady about her it seems, after all."

Marjorie sat up, looking at his shadowed face. "What? What about her?"

"Nothing worth changing plans for. But at least nobody's saying I'm seeing burglars under the bed any more. It's odd that that should give me satisfaction, but it does."

Marjorie shivered. "Mike, who's 'they'? Or can't you talk about that?"

He hesitated. "Well, I don't know why not. You've read about all this in the papers, I'm sure. It's no secret. I work with a group, an organisation . . . Remember the Underground Railway in American Civil War days? More or less the same thing. Instead of slaves, political refugees, and some Jews. There's several of these outfits."

"Mike, what did they find out about Hilda? How can you go back if —"

"Don't go building it out of all proportion in your mind. They say it's all right. This stuff on Hilda is far from definite, mind you. They've never steered me wrong yet . . ."

"Well, couldn't you wait before going back —"

"I'd get bored waiting."

"That's not a rational answer."

"Who said I'm a rational person? Is anything I'm

doing rational?" He laughed coldly. "You guessed I was Jewish. I don't even know if you're right about that. My great-grandfather was a German Jew. When he came to America he changed his name to Eden and dropped all connections with Jews."

"But I guess my Jewish blood, or whatever it is, has stayed alive. Because I've found a reason for existing, a satisfaction I can't even describe, in pulling a few Jews out of Germany. I go after the ones that, for one reason or another, the big rescue organisations can't or won't budge. There's an amazing number of them, Marjorie, Jews by the tens of thousands, just sitting in that fiery furnace waiting for it to cool off. It's their home, you see. They won't go. They can't

To page 41

Noel was in his element, Marjorie thought, as he put his arm round the blond singer, bawling a duet with her.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
DUNLOP



He was such a good-looking bachelor . . .
an amusing short story

BY WILLARD
TEMPLE



FOR sixty years the firm of Grimby-Murchison had looked out upon warehouses, lofts, and tenements; for six decades employees had blown soot and grime from their desks before beginning work.

Mr. Grimby—the present Mr. Grimby—had been the guiding genius who had changed all that.

Instead of a view of buildings that should have been condemned, the employees could now feast their eyes on gently rolling hills, and Mr. Grimby, when he entered his office on the first day that the firm had opened in its brand-new buildings in their brand-new location, looked out of his window, inhaled the pure country air, and spied a cow in the distance.

Satisfaction filled his soul. His pharmaceutical firm was a thriving one, but now Mr. Grimby felt that its potentialities knew no limits; in their new environment fifty miles north of the metropolis his people would redouble their efforts.

A good employee was a happy employee, and everyone from the array of vice-presidents down to the stockroom boys would be as contented here as the cow in the distance.

Mr. Grimby heard footsteps and turned to welcome his secretary, Miss Emily Perrin. She had been with him for seven years, he had trained her, and while there were moments when Mr. Grimby felt he could replace his executive vice-president, there had never been a time when he felt he could replace his secretary. Miss Perrin was indispensable.

"Good morning," he said.

Miss Perrin wore a grey suit, she moved quietly and efficiently, and spoke softly.

"Smell that ozone," said Mr. Grimby, and opened the window wider, expanding his chest. "And to think that those two old fuddy-duddies on the board opposed this move at every turn. Best thing the firm has ever done. It's the modern trend, Miss Perrin. Our people will love it here."

"Yes, Mr. Grimby," Miss Perrin said. She put the mail on his desk and took a deep breath. Mr. Grimby thought she was taking

advantage of the country air, but he was shortly disillusioned.

"Mr. Grimby," said Miss Perrin, "I'm quitting. I'll stay a week. I can't stay any longer."

And bursting into tears, Miss Perrin, who had previously given no sign that she owned any emotions, turned and fled to her desk in the outer office.

Mr. Grimby could not have been more shocked. He coaxed Miss Perrin back into his office. An important appointment with the head of Research was cancelled, and on the telephone he curtly informed his sales manager that he could not speak with him on a vital matter concerning the firm's largest customer. He had more important things on the agenda, Mr. Grimby shouted, and hung up.

Thirty minutes later he sat back in his chair, baffled. He had been over it all twice. Perhaps she hadn't found a nice place to live; if not, Personnel would find her something better. That wasn't it, said Miss Perrin: Personnel had found her a cute little apartment.

Grasping at straws, Mr. Grimby suggested that perhaps she was allergic to grass or weeds; if that was the case—But no, Miss Perrin said she hadn't sneezed once.

If it was a matter of adjustment, Mr. Grimby said, it might take a little time. But that wasn't it, either, Miss Perrin said.

Mr. Grimby paced the floor. "Miss Perrin," he said finally, "I don't think it's fair of you to walk out of here after seven years and refuse to give a reason. There has to be some reason, and I think I'm entitled to know it. I've offered you more money."

"It isn't the money," said Miss Perrin. "I guess you should know the reason, Mr. Grimby."

Miss Perrin took a deep breath and blushed, which was unheard of. Other female employees around the place blushed and giggled, but not Miss Perrin. She did so now, however. The blush started at her throat and rose to the roots of her hair.

"In two words, Mr. Grimby," said Miss Perrin, "no men."

"No men!" Mr. Grimby stopped pacing. "What do you mean, no men?"

"I mean no single men," Miss Perrin said, and suddenly became voluble. "The way things are," Miss Perrin said, "the city is full of single men. What happens is they get married and then they move to the suburbs or the country. After they get married."

"They have children or they get an urge to mow a lawn or play golf, so they get out of the city. After they're married. Most of the men in this company are married, and the boys who grow up in a place like this move to the city to go to work. It handicaps a girl."

Mr. Grimby was aghast. For the first

MARRIAGE BAIT

time in his business career he ran out of gas and had nothing at all to say. That is, he had plenty to say, but he didn't dare say it.

He looked at Miss Perrin, thinking of her surrounded by squawling babies. An appalling vision. He shuddered.

"You mean you want to get married, Miss Perrin?" he said.

Miss Perrin was nothing if not direct. "Yes."

It occurred to Mr. Grimby to state that if in seven years in the metropolis she had drawn a blank, didn't she think she had about had it? Commonsense told Mr. Grimby this was the wrong tack.

"Miss Perrin," he said, "I've been married twice. Believe me, it's not a state of bliss. You'd be wrecking a career—"

The stony expression on Miss Perrin's face told him that he was gaining no ground.

"You have to give me at least a month, Miss Perrin," he said. "It isn't fair—"

"Mr. Grimby," she said, "if I agreed to stay a month, you wouldn't do anything until the last minute, and then you'd beg me to stay another month, and that's how it would go. You're a very persuasive man. I'm sorry."

"Very well," said Mr. Grimby, and she left, but he was not accepting defeat any more than he did when a so-called wonder drug fizzled. He thought furiously; then put in a call to the director of Research.

"What's the name of that microbiologist you hired a few months back? He's single, I think."

"Bill Crawford. Yes, he's single. Do you want to see him?"

"Send him up immediately . . . No, don't. I'll see him there."

Mr. Grimby hung up and left the Administration Building for the Research Centre adjoining. Presently he was seated in the Research director's office, and the doorknob turned and Crawford joined them.

He was typical Research, Mr. Grimby decided. A big man in somewhat rumpled clothes, dreamy-eyed, but forceful in his own way.

"Sit down, Crawford," Mr. Grimby said. "We have a problem."

Crawford looked pleased. The light in his eye plainly proclaimed the fact that he was proud indeed to be singled out for an important consultation with the topmost brass.

But as Mr. Grimby stated the problem, the light died. Crawford arose to his six feet two inches.

"I'm sorry I can't help, sir," he said. "I happen to be a microbiologist. I suggest you insert an advertisement in one of those Lonely Heart publications. I understand there are several."

"Look!" Mr. Grimby said, "I don't want her to get married. Sit down."

Crawford looked belligerent, but he sat.

"The thing is this, Crawford," Mr. Grimby said: "Miss Perrin is never going to get married. She's been with me seven years. She's had her chances at the brass ring; if she hasn't caught one by now, she never will."

"It's just the illusion that she needs, just the tantalising thought that it might happen, that Mr. Right is going to be the next guy to come around the corner."

Crawford gave a snort.

"The point is," Mr. Grimby persisted, "that she's correct in assuming there aren't as many young men here as in the city."

But there must be some, and if we can convince her of that, she'll stay.

"Here she is, a single girl, and in the city she can go to art shows and museums, university classes, and what not. There isn't as much to do here. But there must be various things, and if she has an escort to put her in circulation, I think we can change her mind. All I want from you is to put her in circulation. Do you know Miss Perrin?"

"No, sir," Crawford said. "I have yet to breathe the rarefied air of the president's office."

"Then don't start now," said Grimby. "If this looks planned, we're dead. I hoped you could arrange an accidental meeting, and perhaps take her to the country club for dinner as an opening gambit."

Crawford showed his first sign of interest. "That's a fine idea, sir. Only one thing wrong with it. I don't belong to the country club."

Mr. Grimby had a feeling he was asking the wrong question, but he was too far in to back out. "You don't play golf?"

"I love to play golf," Crawford said. "In the city I played on a public course every weekend. There aren't any public courses out here."

Crawford paused to give meaning to his next sentence. "I can't afford to belong to the country club," he said.

"Oh!" said Mr. Grimby. The morning had started off so beautifully. He mumbled something about first-quarter earnings, terrific competition, falling prices, and then gave up.

"All right," he said, "A ten per cent. increase, Crawford. Revocable if you fail me."

He rose; then was struck by a horrid thought. "Crawford," he said, "you're not supposed to marry the girl, you know."

"I'm against matrimony," Crawford said. "I don't believe in the institution, sir."

For a young man with little experience, Mr. Grimby decided, Crawford had a wise head on his shoulders.

"The world is over-populated as it is," Crawford said. "The schools are overcrowded, so are the cities. I consider matrimony to be responsible, and I don't want any part of it."

A wise head, Mr. Grimby thought again, and paused with one hand on the door. "Have you any idea as to how you can arrange to meet Miss Perrin?"

"Has she a car?"

"She bought a second-hand one a month ago with the idea of using it up here," Mr. Grimby said. "You can see it from here in the parking lot. That broken-down-looking blue one. How does that enter into it?"

"My idea," Crawford said, "is to move my car and park it beside Miss Perrin's. Then, perhaps shortly before quitting time, I can slip out and let the air out of one of her tyres. If I just happen to mosey along while she's looking at the flat tyre—"

"My boy," Mr. Grimby said, "I predict a brilliant future for you with this concern."

At three minutes past five that afternoon, Bill Crawford, sauntering towards his car,

To page 49

Mr. Grimby smiled gently, but Miss Perrin and Bill didn't seem pleased to see him.



One Big Happy Family

MR. HOBBS' plans for a restful summer vacation are not working out at all as he expected. MRS. HOBBS, on a friend's recommendation, chose Rock Harbor as the ideal site for the holiday, and is delighted with Grey Gables, the house they have rented. Mr. Hobbs and KATE, the youngest daughter, are appalled to find themselves in a big ramshackle house at the other end of nowhere.

Instead of long spells of fishing and reading, Mr. Hobbs is spending most of his time wrestling with unexpected hazards, worst of which is the complicated pump which

supplies all the household water. Kate tries to console herself by rushing to stay with friends. Mrs. Hobbs plunges the whole household into confusion by complicated preparations for the arrival of the two married daughters with their families.

Mr. Hobbs actually had looked forward to playing with his grandchildren, but when the eldest daughter, SUSAN, arrives with her husband, STEWART CARVER, and little PETER and PEEWEE, the children are thoroughly spoiled and intractable and only create a great deal more general confusion. NOW READ ON:

MR. HOBBS sat in Sidney Bollivar's barber shop reading a six-week-old magazine.

Mr. Bollivar maintained a steady flow of conversation while he worked. It made no difference to him that the two waiting men were buried in their magazines or that the child in his chair could not understand or that the fat man in the next chair was dozing. His talk was not directed at anyone.

It was the "Song of the Shears." It flowed from him like a peaceful river whose source is unknown and whose destination is immaterial.

In spite of appearances, however, his audience was not entirely inattentive. Although Mr. Hobbs continued to turn the dog-eared pages of his magazine, he had been under the hypnotic spell of Mr. Bollivar's voice since entering the shop. In fact, had he been a cat he would have purred.

His hair really did not need cutting very badly, but he found these visits to Mr. Bollivar soothing to nerves chafed by the turmoil in which he now lived. Had he known it, he came to Mr. Bollivar for therapy rather than tonsure.

He turned a page. Mr. Bollivar's voice faded from his consciousness, and his mind travelled back to Grey Gables. The Grants had arrived two days after the Carvers—his beautiful Jane, her far from beautiful husband, and their six-months-old son, Byron Dangerfield, jun., also Merrylegs, a melancholy little cocker spaniel.

He'd been glad to see Jane—glad and puzzled. It had always puzzled him, this infatuation of his red-haired daughter for the lanky economist. How did a girl like Jane live in a place like Pendergast—without friends and surrounded by a lot of intellectuals who, in Mr. Hobbs' opinion, were either old fuddy-duddies or budding fellow travellers? In his off-the-record talks with Mrs. Hobbs he had given the match six months.

But over a year had passed, and, instead of showing disillusionment, Jane gave every evidence of being more and more in love with her new life and her brilliant husband.

Another thing that puzzled Mr. Hobbs was that Jane, who used to be such a heedless, fun-loving sort of person, now snapped up all the doctrines and schools of thought that Byron fed her like a trout at sunrise. Even Byron's absentmindedness, a quality she had always seemed in men, appeared in him as something to be cherished and only brought out her mother tenderness.

The arrival of Byron Dangerfield, jun., six months previously seemed to have filled her cup of happiness to overflowing. Already she was beginning to talk about "trying to have another," a phrase Mr. Hobbs considered inelegant and immodest.

It was hard for him to understand how the Grants could afford one child on their income, to say nothing of two, but that was the way these modern kids were. They married while they were in school and then

wanted a flock of babies, regardless of money or prospects. Women had certainly changed since his time.

Mr. Hobbs began to contrast the Carvers and the Grants. Susan and Stew, for instance, had an easy-going philosophy that carried them confidently from one day to the next. They did not believe in discipline for their children, and they were not too insistent upon it for themselves.

Money to the Carvers was something to be spent with a deep conviction that it would be replaced, from some source, before more was needed.

Life to the Grants, on the other hand, was a serious affair. Byron Grant thought of it always with a capital L. To him it had a purpose, and it was his responsibility to help Destiny achieve it. He was an idealist who wouldn't be allowed by history or the law of probabilities.

Like many intellectual idealists whose anxiety about man's ills eventually bring on a mild case of socialism, Byron Grant had an irrational respect for money. Although his income was probably not half so large as that of his engineer brother-in-law, the Grants undoubtedly had saved four times as much as the Carvers in their first year of married life.

From a girl who had never given a thought to such matters, Jane Grant had become a tyrant of household economics, and, although he suspected that she did it by starving her husband, Mr. Hobbs had to admit she always had a bank account.

Mr. Bollivar shook the hair out of the apron and tucked it around Mr. Hobbs' neck.

"Yes, sir," he said. "There's more and more holds their scallops off the market every year."

Mr. Hobbs interrupted.

"Trim it up pretty well along the sides and back," he said, "but leave it a little long at the corners or it sticks out."

"I know," said Mr. Bollivar impatiently.

"Reg'lar haircut. You're out at Grey Gables, aren't you? Beautiful out there. Beautiful. It would be a little quiet for me. My wife would like it. She likes things quiet. She's a nervous type. I remember one time my brother-in-law an' his wife come over for two weeks with their kids. Well, sir, it was a riot. They took the place apart. Bedlam from morning till night. Broke everything breakable. I didn't mind. I always say you can't take it with you. Like to have killed my wife though. Gave her acute gastritis."

"What were you saying about scallops?" asked Mr. Hobbs.

The kitchen had become the hub around which the life of the Hobbs family revolved.

It had not been built to accommodate large groups, particularly when each individual member was working on a different project. Kitchen engineers would have described it as having a low congestion point. As a result it was a scene of turmoil from early morning until late at night—a swarm-

ing through which people moved by shoving and pushing and where they obtained what they wanted by reaching over the bent bodies of others.

A constant stream of sound flowed from it to the living-room. It was made up of conversation, argument, protest, denunciation, and occasional cries of anguish followed by a crash. Mr. Hobbs, seated in the living-room, would stir uneasily, but experience had taught him that when nothing could be done it was best to do nothing.

Feeding ten people was bad enough, but in this instance each age group appeared to be eating on a different time schedule. As a result, while one meal was being eaten, preparations for another were under way. The endlessness of it all was most depressing to Mr. Hobbs.

To make things more complicated, Jane kept taking over the entire stove periodically for the boiling of diapers and the sterilising of bottles—a combination Mr. Hobbs considered revolting. Mrs. Hobbs highly inconvenient, and Susan entirely unnecessary if Jane would use a diaper service like a normal person.

The confusion had not been brought about by any lack of planning. For weeks Mrs. Hobbs had been reminding Mr. Hobbs, somewhat severely, as if he were the potential root of the trouble, that with such a big household, organisation was everything. For instance, she had told him that she proposed to get up each morning a little before the others and put coffee on.

It always seemed to Mr. Hobbs that if any early rising was called for, it was Mrs. Hobbs who did it. Why, he wanted to know, couldn't the children get up, instead of lying in bed with sheets over their faces? Because, Mrs. Hobbs had said, they needed the rest.

That was her standard answer. Why they needed it Mr. Hobbs had never been able to discover.

In any event, if he would please let her run these matters, it would be much simpler. As she was trying to tell him, she would get up first and put the coffee on. After that she and one of the girls would cook breakfast. Everyone else would sit quietly at the table and there would be no confusion.

It was a good idea. The only hitch was that it did not work. Susan and Jane were so engrossed with the feeding of their young that they were scarcely conscious of breakfast as a meal for themselves. Stewart and Byron were too full of early morning cheerio (and much too hungry) to wait for anyone to cook for them.

The little kitchen quickly became a milling confusion in which people popped bread into the oven and went away; other people pulled out the cinders, popped in fresh bread, and went away; dogs sniffed at garbage pails and were ejected, yelping, through the back door; children were trampled underfoot—and, like bubbles through the basic uproar, rose a stream of unnoted remarks.



"Mother, isn't there any more bacon?" "Will somebody watch my egg?" "Good heavens, the toast!" "Hasn't anyone seen Peter's bib?" Lack of response was something that even the speakers seemed to take for granted.

Mr. Hobbs found it most unrestful.

He was the only one who obeyed instructions and sat quietly at the table, only getting up occasionally to let in the dogs, who always seemed to be whining for admission at the front door. He couldn't figure out where they kept coming from, but, on the other hand, he couldn't stand whining dogs.

By sitting quietly and saying nothing he found that eventually one of the girls placed his coffee and eggs before him.

That was a satisfying thing about daughters. They had an instinctive maternal feeling for fathers, which was a handy charac-



teristic if one just sat quietly, looking a bit helpless, and let it operate.

The life of the table came and went. People sat down, ate a mouthful, and hurried back to the kitchen. Mr. Hobbs sat at one end, outwardly impervious to the commotion, which was equally impervious to him. He was like a faithful dog, who, having been fed, is left to his own resources.

Mrs. Hobbs ate before the others so that she could devote herself to the logistic problem of cleaning things up in the kitchen fast enough to make room for new materials at a sink that had never been engineered for ten people.

Peter and Peewee were placed at the opposite end of the table from Mr. Hobbs, although why Susan troubled to put them there he could not understand, in view of the fact that neither of them ate anything. He had been brought up on the myth that

children were always hungry, but apparently the modern generation took no nourishment until it was well along in years.

It seemed to be Susan's chief concern to keep Peewee supplied with table silver, ash-trays, broken toys, electric utensils, assorted stones, sea shells, or whatever else might come to hand. Peewee tested each object by crashing it against the tray on her high chair, after which, if it failed to break, she threw it to the floor in disgust.

Occasionally, probably because this was supposed to be a meal, Susan introduced a bit of toast or bacon into the picture. These diversions Peewee consigned to the floor immediately, without even testing them against the tray.

"I should think she'd get more of a kick out of the glass and china. They break easier," suggested Mr. Hobbs. At that

The family life seemed to revolve about the kitchen. It quickly became, Mr. Hobbs observed, an utter milling confusion.

moment Peewee managed to get her hands on the egg-timer. She raised it high above her head, enjoying to the full the blissful instant before total demolition.

"Stop that!" yelled Mr. Hobbs, springing from the chair. "That's the egg-timer."

Peewee eyed him with amazement as he snatched it away. Then her face contorted, and she began to howl. Susan came running.

"Dad, what in the world are you doing to her? Oh, you poor little dear! Did naughty Bompas scare you to death?"

Mrs. Hobbs abandoned her sink. "For pity's sake, Roger! What are you trying to do to the child? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"She was trying to smash the egg-timer," mumbled Mr. Hobbs, but Susan had picked Peewee up and was walking her up and down the living-room. He had already been forgotten.

Peter's place was at Susan's other side. He was also on a hunger strike, but his approach was more mature than Peewee's. With hands clenching the seat of his chair, he scowled at Mr. Hobbs over an untouched plate of bacon and eggs, a full glass of milk, and a glass of orange juice he had partially disposed of through spillage.

Susan paid no attention. Mr. Hobbs controlled himself as long as possible. At last

To page 10

he came to the breaking point. "Listen, Susan. Are you going to sit there and watch that child starve himself to death? I haven't seen him eat for two days."

Peter's eyes brightened with anticipation. The lines of his mouth curved downward more sharply. Mrs. Hobbs, her ears always alerted for trouble, called from the kitchen. "Now, Roger, don't you get into that. You let Susan bring up her children her way."

"That's okay with me," said Mr. Hobbs. "All I want to do is keep them from starving to death on the premises."

Susan, unperturbed, rose, removed the unbroken eggs, the untasted milk, and the unspilled orange juice, and carried them into the kitchen. An expression of pain came into Mr. Hobbs' face as he heard the eggs being scraped into the garbage pail.

Peter slid from his chair and stood beside his grandfather. "Take off my bib," he demanded.

The sound of the wasted eggs was still in Mr. Hobbs' ears.

"Look here, young fellow, you say 'please' to me when you want me to do something. And let me tell you something else. Eggs and bacon and milk cost money. Don't you know there are millions of boys in this world who would give their shirts for that breakfast? You'd eat it if you were my child, by gosh. You'd eat it or you'd go to your room and stay there."

"Pops, will you please!" It was too late. Peter, having finally succeeded in creating the crisis for which he had been yearning, burst into anguished cries.

Mrs. Hobbs stuck her head into the room.

"Now I hope you're satisfied," she said.

"As a matter of fact, sir, I think you're absolutely right," said Byron Grant, extinguishing a cigarette in his coffee cup.

"Well, that's your opinion," said Stewart Carver, relighting his pipe carefully. "Susan and I just happen to have different ideas."

Jane Grant's modulated voice came from the kitchen. "I think I hear Byron, dear. Will you run up and see if he needs changing? I'm doing the formula."

Susan's voice was heard from the porch. "For heaven's sake, darling, stick to it and get your precious diapers boiled before I have to cook Peter's lunch."

"Wasted effort," shouted Mr. Hobbs. "Why cook it? It's easier to throw it away raw."

Before this avalanche of people had descended on him, Mr. Hobbs had also made careful plans for handling his end of the household duties. Mrs. Hobbs had said that one thing she couldn't stand was a lot of men bumbling around the kitchen, a sentiment that aroused no opposition from Mr. Hobbs. And so, by mutual consent, the chores and the house cleaning had become his responsibility.

He spent an evening drawing up a neat schedule, which he tacked very conspicuously by the kitchen door. Stewart Carver was to take care of the pump. That would show how good an engineer he was, thought Mr. Hobbs grimly. Stew was also assigned the garbage and bottle-and-can details. Byron Grant was the emptier of scrap baskets, tender of the incinerator, and general grounds keeper.

Kate was so utterly hopeless in the kitchen that Mrs. Hobbs donated her also to Mr. Hobbs' team. He appointed her cleaner of the upstairs quarters and remover of sand from the front stairs.

For himself he retained the portfolio of Minister of Living-room. Basically he was a

Continuing

neat man. Chaos distressed him. By taking over the living-room he could be assured that, once a day at least, it could be in order.

The early morning picture was discouraging. Every inch of space was covered by broken toys, incomplete decks of cards, dog-eared magazines, half-finished letters, capless fountain pens, half-empty packages of cigarettes, letters and postcards from friends, pipes, shells, colored stones, books, knitting, mending, photographs, and all the rest of the confetti of living that is inevitably dropped by a group of people in the course of a day.

It would have been a problem what to do with it all had it not been for an empty chest of drawers at one end of the room. He allocated a half drawer to each adult and the top drawer to unidentified objects. Each morning he collected all the flotsam on top of the chest and stored it item by item into its proper place, like a postmaster.

It was, of course, an unwarranted infringement of private rights and audibly regarded as such by everyone, but the daily miracle of creating order out of confusion brought peace to his soul and he went about his work heedless of protests.

He also found that, in the course of these morning round-ups, lost personal articles had a way of turning up—a missing pair of glasses from under the sofa, a pipe stowed away in a battered trailer truck, or a fountain pen being used as a bookmark.

The broken toys, shells, and colored stones presented another problem, until it occurred to him to empty the big round wood basket and use it as a dump for these juvenile collections.

Unlike their elders, neither Peter nor Peeewe regarded this as a violation of their privacy. On the contrary they were enthusiastic about the whole idea, and the happiest moment of their day was when Mr. Hobbs had finished his morning clean-up and they could spill the contents of the big basket in an alluring pile on the living-room floor.

It was a well-thought-out system, but, like Mrs. Hobbs' organisational plans did not work. Stewart and Byron were full of goodwill. Their spirit of co-operation was 100 per cent. Both of them, however, believed that one of their inalienable privileges was to sit on the rail of the porch and smoke for an undetermined time after breakfast.

No reference to their responsibilities Mr. Hobbs might make through the open windows of the living-room was broad enough or insulting enough to dislodge them. Concentrated on their unending arguments, they were oblivious to time, which slipped serenely by, while, from the kitchen, complaints about overflowing garbage pails and scrap baskets and the declining water pressure became steadily louder.

Eventually, yielding to a fate over which he seemed to have no control, Mr. Hobbs would find himself at the pump-house or watching the writhings of burning cartons or relieving his feelings by throwing empty bottles at the conical rock.

When his sons-in-law saw him returning from these expeditions, they were genuinely distressed. If only he would give them a moment to relax after breakfast all these things would be cared for. This was what he was asked to lift a finger.

They meant it. Mr. Hobbs knew that. They were good boys, his sons-in-law. He went upstairs to inspect Kate's department. Her bedroom door was still closed. Getting a broom and dustpan from the

hall closet, he swept around the edges of the rugs, working quietly so as not to wake her.

Although no one suggested otherwise, Mr. Hobbs declared fiercely at the beginning of his vacation that his evenings were to be his. He was going to read, he said.

All winter long he was either too tired or too busy or too harassed by yammering people to open a book. Now he proposed to get his fill of them and, what was more, he declared, he was going to read what he wanted, instead of a lot of trash that people forced on him.

There was a big, battered chair in the living-room—a comfortable chair in spite of its appearance, which, in Mr. Hobbs' opinion, made it unique among the chairs of Grey Gables. He had appropriated it for his sole use and he retired to it each evening with a book in his hand.

Across the room the Grants and the Carvers would be starting a bridge game, and on the other side of the table Mrs. Hobbs was at her never-ending task of knitting baby things. A peaceful hush fell over the house. The scene reminded Mr. Hobbs of a picture in an old St. Nicholas magazine.

The spell was short-lived, however, for bridge did not seem to be any deterrent to conversation or argument for



either the Carvers or the Grants. As their talk wandered controversially over the entire field of politics, sociology, international relations, and the general future of the world, Mr. Hobbs found it more and more difficult to keep his mind on his book.

The Carvers and the Grants seldom seemed to find an area of agreement. To Mr. Hobbs, struggling to prevent himself from being pulled into the current of their talk, it was difficult to know which side he disagreed with most.

He disliked these interminable arguments over questions to which there could be no categorical answer even if the participants had known what they were talking about. He tried to keep out of them.

Inevitably, however, some goad sank so deep that he could no longer endure it in silence—and there he was in the thick of the fight. It was bad for his digestion.

The subjects they talked about differed, but the pattern always remained about the same.

Byron: "Did you put on the jack of spades, dear? Well, that's your trick. What I'm trying to say is that all this talk about balanced budgets gives me a pain in the neck. The balanced budget is just as obsolete as the gold standard or the high-wheeled bicycle."

Jane: "I agree."

(You would, thought Mr. Hobbs, trying to concentrate on his book.)

Susan: "You're great ones to

talk. You'd balance your budget if you had to starve to do it. Is it my lead?"

Jane: "Yes, your lead. That's personal. For pity's sake, don't let's get personal."

"I'll tell you all something," said Mr. Hobbs. "If we keep on—"

Byron: "I'm not nearly so concerned with balanced budgets as I am with free speech. We're getting into the same state of mind in this country as the Salem witch hunters. Is this your ace?"

Stewart: "Nobody values free speech more than I do, but did it ever occur to your academic mind, Byron, that responsibility goes with freedom? Your trick, dear."

Byron: "Words! Same old red-herring words. The issue is, do we have free speech or don't we? I'll take that."

"I'd like to say something on that point," said Mr. Hobbs. Peter (from the second floor): "Mommie!"

Susan: "Free speech doesn't give anyone the right to teach my children treason. Yes, dear, Mommie's here."

"Let me tell you something," said Mr. Hobbs. "If I were a college president, I'd fire every—"

Peter: "Mommie, Mommie, Mommie, Mom—"

Stewart: "For goodness' sake."



dear, what's the matter with that child?"

Susan: "Oh, he just wants ginger-ale. I'll take him some when we finish this hand."

"I never saw a child consume so much ginger-ale in my life," said Mr. Hobbs. "This afternoon—"

Stewart: "No one believes in free speech more than I do, but when you're at war—"

Jane: "That's the kind of remark I can't stand. It's talk like that that makes war."

Susan: "I agree with you for once, Jane. What we've got to do in this country is to lead the world into a better way of life by helping those who have less than we have with everything we've got."

Mr. Hobbs put down his book. "Who's going to pay for it?" he shouted.

They stopped playing and looked at him as if he were a stranger who had just emerged from the floor boards.

"We are, sir," said Byron. "This country's going to pay for it. We're going to pay for it out of our boundless resources. It's the price of leadership."

Like an early Christian in a Roman arena, Mr. Hobbs looked around for a friendly face.

"Where are you going to get the money?" he cried frantically. "Are you going to keep on running this country into debt till the dollar's not worth a plugged nickel or do you want to keep on raising taxes till we're all doing slave labor? Heavens, I pay—"

One Big Happy Family

from page 9

"The trouble with your generation, sir," said Byron, who had an irritating habit of lowering his voice at such moments, "is that you're using outmoded yardsticks for measuring our economy. Did you put on the king, Jane? You keep measuring wealth in terms of dollars and balanced budgets and national debt. Wealth has nothing to do with dollars. Dollars are only symbols. Wealth is the natural resources of a country, the productivity of its factories—"

"The potential of its labor force," muttered Jane absently. "I seem to be one card shy."

"It's on the floor, dear," said Byron.

Mr. Hobbs ran his fingers under the edge of his shirt collar. His voice trembled slightly.

"Listen. If dollars don't mean anything, then there's something cockeyed about this island we're living on. It was dollars that bought the beef tonight that you all gobbled up so cheerfully. Nobody ever handed me any natural resources, and I never paid a grocery bill with the potential of a labor force. I wouldn't recognise one if it walked into the room. The trouble with you young fellows is that you've got your heads so far in the clouds you can't see the ground. I want to tell you that when I started out—"

"Roger, Roger," said Mrs. Hobbs, continuing to knit placidly. "I don't see why you always get so excited." She held up a half-knit sweater. "Susan, do you think that's going to be too big for Peter?"

"Looks all right to me, Mother. He'll grow into it if it is."

"Rubber!" shouted Stewart. "Darling, isn't that Peeewe? Will you look, like an angel? She may need changing."

"That was a good rubber," said Jane. "If you'd lend your king of spades the second hand, Susie, I think you'd have had us on the hook."

"I think I'll go to bed," said Mrs. Hobbs. "The air makes me sleepy. Coming, Rog?"

"I'm going to take the dogs out for a little while," said Mr. Hobbs. "I need air."

The two dogs rushed down the front steps and were immediately swallowed up by the darkness. He could hear them sniffing among the bayberry bushes in their everlasting, eager hunt for something that was not there.

Crossing the stubby lawn, he picked up the path to the cove. He had no light, but the air was luminous from a million stars. It pleased him to discover that some atavistic memory transmitted the feel of the path through his feet and enabled him to stay on it, if he moved slowly, even though he could not see it.

He passed the black form of the pump-house and continued on down until his feet touched the coarse sand of the cove. Here the stars seemed to shine with greater brilliance. Far off to the right the Minamatic Point lighthouse stabbed the darkness intermittently with its warning beams.

At his feet the small waves broke, pushing up the beach with a gentle hiss. Mr. Hobbs could hear the occasional sniff of the dogs as they buried their noses in some particularly stimulating mess. He suddenly felt less lonely, although up to that time he had been unaware of any feeling of loneliness. He felt integrated once more, a part of something real. Filled with content, he felt his way back up the path towards the house.

After two weeks Mrs. Hobbs' talkative sons-in-law had departed, and, although eight people were still living within the walls of Grey Gables, he had moments of loneliness. Without realising it he had

slipped into a baby's world—a world so fiercely concentrated on the beginnings of life that it had little attention to spare for end products.

Stated quite brutally, Mr. Hobbs, who was accustomed to being a motivating force, suddenly found himself cast in the role of a spare tyre, and it tended to upset his ego.

It was not a world in which he had any real desire to take an active part. He was ill at ease only because he was ignored, even though he knew that it was not premeditated.

From what was almost literally dawn to dark, Mrs. Hobbs, Susan, and Jane spent their time crashing around in the kitchen preparing food for little mouths, trying to push it into them, eventually scraping it into the garbage pail, sloshing water over little bodies, putting them to bed, getting them up, dressing them, undressing them again, hovering over them, rescuing them, and picking up after them.

Even in the evening, when the last bedroom door had been closed gently for the last time, babies dominated the general conversation. With the odds three to one in favor of their sex, Mrs. Hobbs and her two daughters gave themselves up to the luxury of woman talk.

No longer forced, through deference to male interests, to focus their attention on mighty horizons, they let their world shrink to the four walls of Grey Gables and lived contentedly within them.

Occasionally Mr. Hobbs sought to assert himself by venturing a droll story or referring to something going on in the world beyond the Island. The stories were received with brief and mirthless sounds symbolising laughter—the kind of amusement sounds that preoccupied people reserve for the very young and the very old and for the stories with which ministers enliven sermons.

As for the outside world, Susan and Jane and Mrs. Hobbs had become oblivious to its existence.

What depressed him most, however, was that usually when he made these conversational sallies they didn't seem to hear him at all. They were dead in the same way that a group of adults, interested in their own conversation, do not hear the prattling of a child playing on the floor at their feet.

About the only way he could be reasonably sure of commanding attention was to make a sudden and violent noise. The schedule of Quiet Hours, differing as it did for each child, resulted, when consolidated, in an enforced silence for the greater part of each day.

The normal life of Byron Dangerfield Grant, jun., for example, seemed to call for a more or less perpetual state of coma, as far as Mr. Hobbs could make out. The only time of day during which he appeared officially was from four to five-thirty p.m. The remainder of the day he was supposed to be either in a drugged stupor or being fed, and both conditions called for silence.

Peeewe Carver, on the other hand, gave official voice to her emotions from six to nine-thirty a.m., a period commonly regarded by more normal persons as dedicated to the night's sweetest sleep. By nine-thirty she was so exhausted by this premature display of energy that she had to be put to bed for an hour. This was repeated between one and two-thirty.

Peter was also a lover of the dew-soaked hours, to compensate for which he was thrust forcibly back into bed between twelve-thirty and three in order to recover his strength. As Mr. Hobbs pointed out, if all would only co-operate by sleeping a couple of hours longer in the morning, they wouldn't conk out in the hottest part of

To page 27



A delightful short short story
complete on this page

By ARTHUR MYERS

THE crisis in Martha Stewart's life began, she decided as she looked back on it, the afternoon she was interviewed by that inquiring reporter. He was a pleasant young man who had accosted her as she emerged from the door of the Sunrise Super-market.

He said, his pencil poised, "Madam, what do you think of the current French political crisis?"

It wasn't the question that bothered Martha. She had just finished reading about the current French political crisis over breakfast. It was after he had duly recorded her words that the trouble in Martha's psyche began.

"Your name and address?" he asked. She gave them to him. "And occupation?"

Martha frowned and hesitated for a long moment. Finally she murmured, "Housewife."

"Thank you, madam," he said, and was gone.

Martha waited a second, feeling let down, and then clutched her parcels tighter and made for the bus stop and home.

She got her normal portion of shoves as she got on to the bus, but today, instead of shrinking gracefully, she pushed back. She felt a sudden overwhelming need to assert herself.

Housewife! she thought bitterly. I should have said sales executive or personnel director or terrific sculptor, or gorgeous model who's thinking of a film career. That'd have made him take notice.

Why must she be the lame duck of the family? Jim, her husband, was so successful. Not that she didn't want him to be — she revelled in it — but he was so good at everything: a successful architect, a senior vice-president of his city club, on all sorts of local committees.

Even in his hobbies he was outstanding. Their mantelpiece was

full of trophies — figurines of golfers or bowlers or fishermen.

And the kids! Greg, at fourteen, was already another edition of his father: he was in everything, football, swimming, the debating society, on top in all his work, too. And Betty, at twelve, was beginning to show suspicious symptoms, too. She was a Girl Guide patrol leader, and had of late been demonstrating a talent for painting.

Martha bit her lip in self-reproach. She should be proud to have such a wonderful family. And she was! But they made her feel so ordinary.

About four o'clock Betty came home.

"Guess what?" Martha felt a sinking sensation, which she tried to suppress. "What, dear?" she asked.

"You remember those sketches I drew down along the river? Well, Miss Hadley showed them to somebody at the Playhouse and they're going to exhibit them!"

Martha felt the familiar struggle between pride and resentment.

"That's wonderful, dear," she managed to say.

It was quite an honor. The Playhouse was a professional stock company that often held lobby exhibits of local artists' work. Martha was startled that they would show Betty's sketches, even though she knew they were good.

"They're giving me a plaque!" Betty exclaimed.

"A plaque?" Martha said blankly.

"Yes, they give all their artists plaques. I don't know what its going to look like, but can I hang it over the mantelpiece, Mother?"

If you can find room with all the rest of the stuff there, Martha thought. She said, "Of course."

An hour later Greg came rushing into the kitchen. "Hello, Mother," he shouted, and began to sniff ecstatically. "Pot roast!"

Martha felt the tears spring into her eyes as she looked at the cup and read the inscription.

"You guessed it, Gregory, my boy," Martha said.

Greg opened the refrigerator and speared one of Martha's lemon meringue tarts. "What do you think? They're putting on an inter-school debate. And guess who's going to be leader of our team?" He gulped the tart in one bite and said, "I am."

"That's wonderful, dear."

"Picture in the paper, too."

Martha smiled dutifully. She had had her picture in the paper once in her life, when she got married. Anybody could get married.

"Another thing," Greg said. "I get a cup for being chosen leader. I get my name engraved on it."

"Really?"

"Think I'll put it on the mantelpiece," Greg mused. "Okay?"

"It'll be a worthy addition," Martha replied. She thought: That mantelpiece is going to break down some day.

"Martha," said Jim Stewart at the dinner table that evening, "you put sugar in my coffee!"

"I did?" Martha said abstractedly.

"How silly of me."

Jim's eyes were incredulous. "In sixteen years of married life I have never taken sugar in my coffee!" He smote his breast in mock consternation.

"I said how silly," Martha snapped. Immediately she could have bitten her tongue. What was the matter with her? Contritely, she said, "One cuppa coming up, no sugar."

Jim smiled. "Thanks." He leaned back, expansive, relaxed. But there

was a look in his eye. After sixteen years, Martha could tell.

"What's new since this morning?" she asked.

Jim cleared his throat. "Well, as a matter of fact I have a little piece of news. You knew the architects' convention will be held here this year?"

"Yes," Martha said hollowly.

"Well," Jim said, picking modestly at his napkin, "they've asked me to preside. And, incidentally, I'm getting a framed certificate for that model factory we put up."

"That's wonderful, Dad," said Betty.

Jim glanced towards the living-room. "Think I'll hang it over the mantelpiece."

Martha had no explanation for what she did then. She was not a hysterical woman — at least she never had been. But she rose from the table, cried, "Oh, nuts!" and fled from the room. She ran upstairs and threw herself on the bed weeping. After a moment she heard Jim come in and then felt his hand on her shoulder.

"What in the world's the matter, dear?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"Nothing! Nothing!" Martha wailed. "I'm just tired."

"Now, now," he said, "you're not the tired type. Tell me what's wrong."

She turned a teary face towards him and sat up.

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you. It's that you're all so — so wonderful and I'm nothing. You're

all doing things, winning things, and all I am is — is a housewife."

"But you're a terrific housewife," Jim said.

"You don't win medals for that," Martha cried. "I'm nothing whatsoever!" She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief, suddenly abashed. "I'm awful," she cried. "I'm an unnatural wife and mother!"

Jim gave her a thoughtful look.

Afterwards nothing was said about Martha's outburst. During the next week life went along as usual. Martha noticed a sort of suppressed excitement among the members of her family, but she attributed it to their new honors.

One evening, however, the agitation seemed closer to the surface than before. Greg and Betty were setting the table, and she noted they were doing it with one eye out the window, as though watching for something.

Then she heard the crunch of tyres on the gravel driveway, and Jim came tramping into the vestibule. The children hurried to greet him, and she could hear a whispered conference.

"Okay, we'll do it now," she heard Jim say. "Right now."

Martha turned to see them come through the doorway, beaming collectively. Jim had a big carton in his arms. He set it on the kitchen table, gave her an extra-hearty hug, and nodded towards the carton. "For you! Open it."

Martha made appropriate surprised noises. She opened the carton and found another inside. Of course it would be something tiny, all wrapped up, she thought — that was traditional in matters of this sort. But when she opened the third carton and put her hand in among the wrapping paper, she felt something hard.

She pulled, and extracted an oddly shaped object, still wrapped. "What on earth could it be?" she said.

"Unwrap it!" Betty exclaimed.

So she did, and then stared in bewilderment. It was a gold cup.

"Read the inscription," Jim urged.

Blinking, she read: To Martha Stewart, Virtuoso of TLC, from her fans — James, Betty, and Gregory.

She felt the tears begin to form. "What — what's TLC?" she stammered.

"Tender loving care," Jim said.

"But read the rest of it."

With blurred eyes she read the smaller inscriptions below:

For laughing at all jokes, not only the funny ones.

For never saying I told you so.

For outstanding cuisine.

For looking really interested when we talk about ourselves.

For making a home for us.

And then in larger letters: In short, For Outstanding Performance as Wife and Mother.

Martha had sat down now. She looked at the floor, not trusting herself to speak. Finally she said, "It's wonderful. Thank you."

"It's real gold plate," Greg said.

"Specially engraved," Betty added.

"Where do you want to put it?" Jim asked.

Martha glanced up. "The mantelpiece?"

Jim grinned. "Naturally. We'll put it right in the middle."

Martha sighed happily. Then she got up and hurried to the stove. "Holy smoke!" she exclaimed, "I almost let the potatoes burn." She smiled at them. "I can't do a thing like that. After all, I'm a housewife!"

(Copyright)



Imperial LUNCHEON BEEF



Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

MY hubby and I are farming, but we have built our home in the township. How often one sees two or more homes on the farm—the "old folk" and a married son or two. Sometimes this works out, but often the second house can become surplus, over-capitalising the farm, so placing it out of reach of a prospective buyer. Worth considering is building or buying a home in your local township for retirement. It is better than moving to the city, away from your life's interests, for by staying in the country town you can live among people of the same age group who are interested in the same things as you. Furthermore, when one of the pair inevitably passes on, the other will be left among friends.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. G. Spencer, Latham, W.A.

WE teenagers are foolish to spoil ourselves by imitating film stars—I'm thinking of the fashionable Audrey Hepburn haircut. Though the jagged hairstyle looks charming on her, it doesn't suit everyone, and some girls who wear it make themselves look quite hideous. Why don't they plan styles which will accentuate their best features?

10/6 to "4-Teena" (name supplied), Concord, N.S.W.

I AM an old woman, so probably my point of view would be regarded as old-fashioned, but why is it that little children are taught to sing all the latest "pop" songs? I was at an entertainment for old folks, where a group of tiny singers lisped fervent love songs. There are so many pretty songs which little mites could sing.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Henry, Fullerton Cove, N.S.W.

SINCE the birth of my first baby a few weeks ago, I have put on over two stone in weight. It is most annoying to hear people say, "Haven't you got fat?" It's quite bad enough having to buy new clothes, as my old ones are too tight. Anyway, I'm healthy and happy with my husband and baby daughter, so who cares?

10/6 to "10 stone 9" (name supplied), Goomeri, Qld.

AN Australian living in Norway, I sometimes compare my schooling, which started at the age of four, with the school-going age of Norwegian children. Most of them begin lessons at the age of seven. The younger the better, I think, for children are much happier having their first lessons and playing games than being in mother's way, while she does the housework. Besides, many children receive no further education once they have reached the leaving age.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Horn, Norway.

NEXT month hundreds of new teachers will be going out to their first schools, and feeling rather lonely and bewildered in strange towns. A tremendous difference in the teacher's attitude to the town and the people in it would result if folks extended a welcoming hand, with perhaps invitations to family meals or a day's outing in the car.

10/6 to "Hopeful Teacher" (name supplied), Enmore, N.S.W.

SEVERAL mornings each week when travelling to work by bus, it is my good fortune to be given an unofficial guard of honor by schoolboys dressed in ill-fitting khaki, toting 30s taller than themselves. When I realise the comical picture these cadets present I am usually amused, but later the sight of these boys receiving military training changes my humor to bitterness. Though in full agreement with compulsory military training, I consider the age of 18 the proper time to instil a sense of responsibility and discipline into rebellious youth. Surely we shouldn't be teaching boys hardly in their teens the rudiments of war.

10/6 to "Annie Oakley" (name supplied), Scarborough, W.A.

TO accept a reward after returning a lost article is, to my mind, being paid for not being dishonest and keeping the goods oneself. I can't understand why people say dolefully, "They didn't even give me a reward." Though I agree that costs sustained in returning the goods should be reimbursed, I see no reason why one should be paid for honesty.

10/6 to "Honest Joe" (name supplied), Naremburn, N.S.W.

MY mother, as usual, had listened to the door-to-door salesman and had bought something that she didn't want. Most annoyed with herself, she went over to her neighbor's house to pour out her woes over morning tea. She found to her amazement that the neighbor has a quick and efficient way of getting rid of a salesman. When he finishes running through his list of wares, she brightly invites him in to look at her water-color sketches—one of which she is sure he would like to take home to his wife. This completely flabbergasts him and he just can't wait to escape.

10/6 to "Teena" (name supplied), Largs Bay, S.A.

THERE are far too many stray dogs about, and this is mainly because parents allow children to take on pets without facing up to the fact that a puppy eventually turns into a dog. There is bound to be extra wear and tear in the house, muddy pawmarks, and barking. The butcher's bill increases alarmingly, and then there is the licence to be paid. In countless homes, unhappy youngsters watch parents shouting and kicking the family pet. Before long those faithful, pleading eyes and soft, silky ears have become the pitiful memory of a discarded friend, scarcely recognisable now as the scruffy tike forced to scrounge for food around shops and beaches.

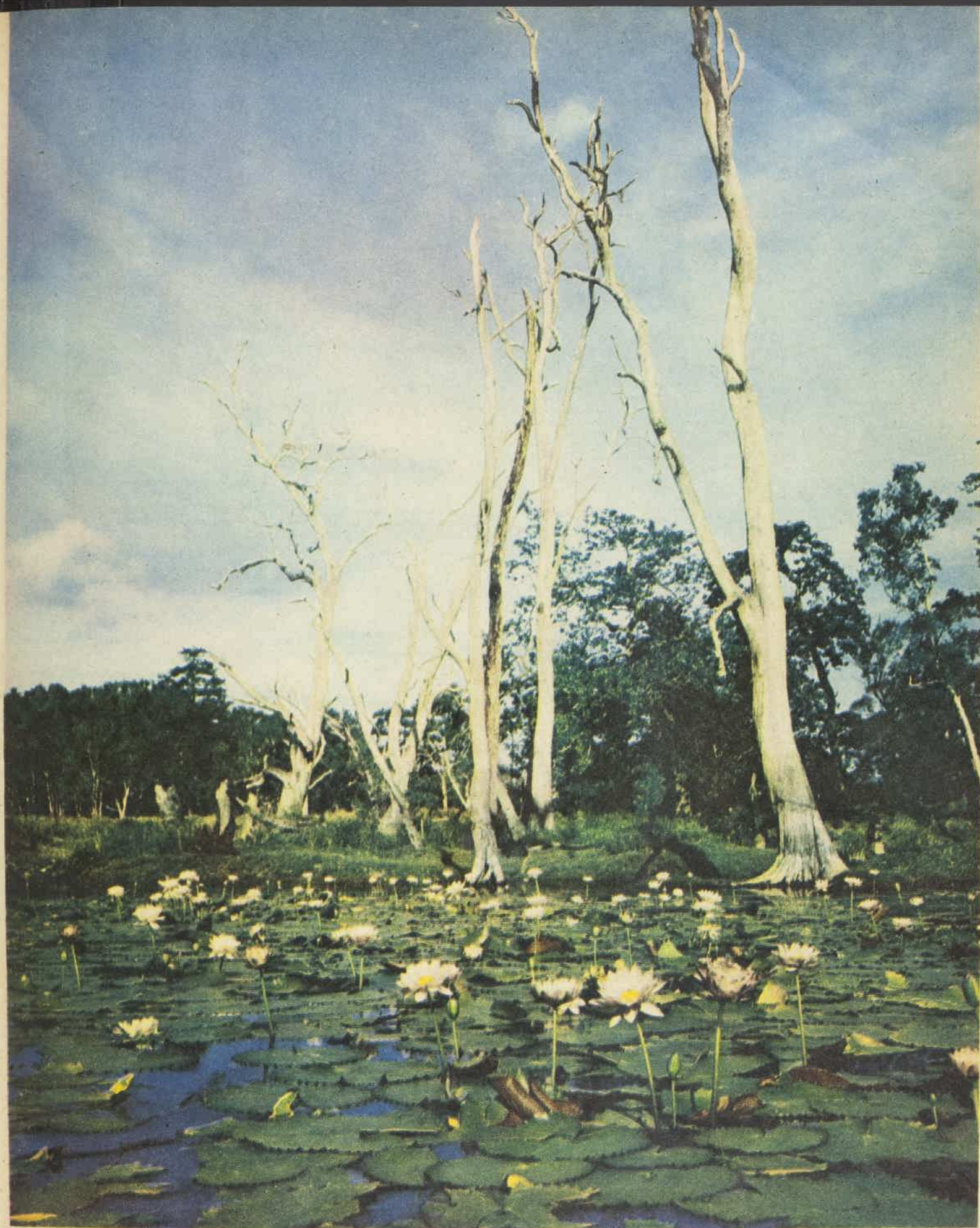
10/6 to "Sorry" (name supplied), Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

SQUABBLING among the children stopped abruptly when my husband and I decided not to hand out the regular pocket-money but to let them "earn their pay." If the four of them do their little piece of work well, a tick equal to threepence goes down on the board. If they are naughty, we mark down an "X," which means "minus threepence." The results have been startling. The children have never been so good, and actually look for work to do. Because they want to earn extra pay, they keep out of mischief, which is a great help to me. At the end of the week my husband gives them their money, which usually amounts to two or three shillings each.

£1/1/- to "Blue Eyes" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

WATERLILIES floating in the shadows of tall ghost gums in Lethe Brook, six miles south of Proserpine, North Queensland. Approximately 75 miles north of Mackay, Proserpine is the jumping-off point for tourists visiting the Barrier Reef islands, and flying-boats and launches leave regularly from the port. The district's main industries are sugarcane-growing and fruit-growing. This picture was taken by Mr. W. Hockley, South Yarra, Vic.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Facial hairs are on the list of bad worries that teenagers suffer from. They are not shameful, nor something to be put up with or brazened out. They are a simple cosmetic problem easily dealt with by a skin specialist or skilled beauty salon operator.

OF the half-dozen letters about this problem received this week, the one printed below is typical.

Here is the letter:

"I AM greatly distressed by facial hair, which causes me a lot of misery. When I was last in the city I made inquiries at one place, and their treatment by electric needle was both slow and expensive. What is the best method for removal? I am concerned as to whether it would be safe. I am just out of my teens, but please help me."

"Most Distressed," Wagga, N.S.W.

Do stop being miserable about facial hair. There are few women who are not troubled with it in some degree. When it distresses you so much, though, I think you really should save up and get something done as quickly as possible. Only a trained operator can tell you what would be the best method for your case, but have you considered using depilatory wax? Facial hair is very easily and quickly removed this way. A reputable beauty salon or one of the big stores will do an excellent waxing job quite inexpensively—from 10/6 for a heavy upper-lip growth to a greater cost for a bigger job. You can buy a waxing kit to use at home which costs about 30/-. It is easy to use, but a professional waxing is best for a start. About the safety of the different methods—any first-class beauty salon will tell you the safest and best method for your case, or you could consult a skin specialist.

"I AM 15 and my bust measurement is just 32in. I am a bit worried because I don't seem to be growing any more. Could you please describe some simple bust-development exercises to me, or tell me where I may get some information on this matter?" Lesley, Narrabeen, N.S.W.

A bust measurement of 32in. at 15 seems very satisfactory when you consider that the



DEBBIE'S RECIPE

A FROZEN fruit sweet made with marshmallows is Debbie's choice this week. It looks and tastes special and is easy to make.

MARSHMALLOW FREEZE

Four ounces vanilla marshmallows, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, 1 cup drained crushed tinned pineapple, ½ cup drained chopped peaches (tinned or fresh), ½ cup drained chopped cherries (or ½ cup glace cherries), 1 dessertspoon syrup from preserved ginger, 1 dessertspoon chopped ginger.

1. Cut marshmallows into quarters.
2. Place in top of double saucepan with milk.
3. Stir over boiling water until marshmallows have melted.
4. Remove from heat; cool.
5. Whip cream until stiff.
6. Fold in marshmallow mixture with fruit, ginger syrup, and chopped ginger.
7. Fill into refrigerator tray.
8. Freeze until firm.
9. Serve in individual sweet dishes decorated with cherries.

most common bust size among fully grown Australian women is 34in. And you haven't stopped growing yet. I don't know of any place that specialises in developing the bosom, but swimming is the ideal exercise for this purpose. But you should never worry about the size of your bust. This is a wonderful age for girls. Foundation-garment makers have produced help for us that, for a comparatively small outlay, enables all girls to have exactly the size bust they desire.

"FOR the past few months I have been constantly hampered in my studies by the advances of one of the masters at my High School. This is not just my imagination, because my girl-friends at school have noticed also and have remarked about it. He is about 23 and I am 15 and no beauty, but this does not seem to affect his outlook. In the classroom and at school functions he continually causes me embarrassment by his attentions. He also teaches my eldest brother, in

whom he takes a special interest, such as waiting behind to drive him home from school. Once I was flattered by all this, but now it is beyond a joke as far as I am concerned—but not so the staff, who have learned of his interests. I do not encourage him in any way, but avoid him as much as possible. Could you please advise me what I should do to hinder him?" "Scholar," N.S.W.

This Christmas holidays may resolve this situation—the young man may meet someone else while he is away from your town. If not, there is only one thing to do. Tell your parents and they will, I am sure, speak to the teacher. That should be sufficient; it takes a lot of sophistication to continue attentions in the face of parental opposition. Probably he is just as perplexed and annoyed as you are, for, no doubt, during the time you were flattered by his interest he thought you felt the same way as he does. He would probably appreciate advice that would let him know exactly where he stands.

DISC DIGEST

WHEN writing this column I'm always conscious of the fact that while a certain piece of music will appeal to one person it will probably leave another totally unmoved. But PMDO.1027 is that rare disc which should attract an extremely wide audience. It is the incidental and ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamunde." This composer is revered by "the classical type," and yet at the same time even a schoolboy who likes a good melody may be heard whistling his "Marche Militaire."

This 10-inch LP is played by the Royal Opera House

Orchestra of Covent Garden and it is conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.

It contains the familiar "Rosamunde Overture," two ballet sequences, and two entr'actes which, as the name implies, were originally played between the acts of a play, "Rosamunde, Princess of Cyprus."

Apparently it was a shockingly bad play, because it received only two performances way back in 1823. The music was thereupon bundled away in a cupboard and was not discovered until 1867 in

Vienna. One of the men who found it was Sullivan, of "G. and S." fame.

Schubert lovers will know that it contains several ideas which he uses again in other works, but even if the composer is little more than a name to you I think you'll find it hard to resist this stream of graceful melodies. To sum up, this is the sort of record which makes you feel the better for hearing it, and if you're a newcomer to recorded music there couldn't be a nicer way of saying hello to Franz Schubert.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

'Baby Talk' No. 9

Captions to this picture which best sum up what the baby is saying can win cash prizes totalling £100 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 9. Results of "Baby Talk" No. 6 are given below.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to our appealing baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

Rules for this fascinating contest are given below. But remember that each group of entries must be accompanied by the coupon.

Judges have no other way of telling to which picture you mean your caption to refer.

"Baby Talk" No. 9 closes on January 9 and results will be published in our issue dated January 25.

Entries which arrive at this office after that date or which do not carry the sender's name, address, and State cannot be included in the judging.

Captions should have a light touch and general appeal and be no longer than 15 words.

But, as prizewinners in contest No. 6 prove, the wittiest and most appropriate are generally shorter.



"Baby Talk" No. 9

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by entry coupon at left.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 9 close on JANUARY 9. Winners will be announced in our issue dated JANUARY 25.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly
"Baby Talk" Contest
No. 9
January 4, 1956

No. 6 CONTEST RESULTS

The taxidriver's "Where to, sport?" won first prize of £50 for Mavis Kilburn, 9 Claremont St., Campsie, N.S.W., in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 6.

JUDGES felt this caption best summed up the expression of a baby whom readers saw also as a tipster, C. J. Dennis' Sentimental Bloke, Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and—Rudolph Valentino!

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. A. Fulton, 17 Highlands St., Wavell Heights, Qld.

"Fair dinkum?"

Mrs. Milba Wilkinson, "Bon Accord," Shepherds Place, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"Buy oil!"

Sister P. J. Storie, Domiliary Staff, Royal Women's Hospital, Gratten St., Carlton, Vic.

"Er name's Doreen."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. J. Steele, 306 Railway Rd., Yeronga, Qld.

"Know anything good for Saturday?"

Mrs. E. Simmons, Church St., South Windsor, N.S.W.

"All right, you recruits, get into line."

Mrs. P. J. Pickering, 45 Balmoral Ave., Berkeley, Brighton, S.A.

"Scram—here comes the Head."

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Morrow Haynes, c/o M. Haynes, Boambee 2C., N.S.W.

"Bantamweight, eh?"

Mrs. Stuart Robinson, Holyoake, W.A.



"Where to, sport?"

"Anything under the counter, Bud?"

Mrs. N. Hewlett, Karoonda, S.A.

"Speeding again, and I warned you, remember?"

Mrs. P. Murphy, 36 Carlington Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

"How many loaves today, lady?"

Mrs. Marjorie Grose, 8, "Park House," Dowling St., West Kensington, N.S.W.

"Just you and me, son, but not a word to your mother."

In whatever role readers cast Baby No. 6, they were unanimous in assuming one thing—he was up to no good.

"Not a word to Bessie," tag line of the radio show "Much Binding in the Marsh," appealed to a surprisingly large number of entrants as the ideal caption.

Next in popularity were: "Don't look now, we're being followed," "It's straight from the horse's mouth," and "Do you think I came down in the last shower?"

In all cases, the first entry opened was put aside for final judging.

For the first time, references to the Olympic Games crept into some captions.



It's great fun for the family

... when you all fly **TAA**

Join the young in heart of all ages! Open your mind to the big thought of taking your family by TAA to new, exciting places — to see new sights — to do new things.

Flying with TAA is a happy, exhilarating experience, for TAA operates with quiet efficiency, taking all the trouble out of travel and replacing it with pleasure. From the moment you arrive at the city terminal your cares vanish.

The luggage becomes TAA's concern. You are driven to the airport. You board your aircraft and settle down in the deep-cushioned comfort of reclining chairs. Meals and refreshments are served — and drinks and magazines are yours on request. Baby's bottle is warmed. The kiddies have games and toys to amuse them. Mum and Dad can take forty winks and trained hostesses are right at hand to take care of everything.

Share together the fun of flying the friendly way. When you fly TAA, you enjoy air travel at its best. You stretch out and relax and arrive at journey's end refreshed and ready for the excitement that lies ahead. He is a wise "head of the house" who takes his family by TAA.

TAA offers you the choice of Australia's largest fleet of fast, pressurised airliners, including the Vickers Viscount — the aristocrat of Australian skies!

"Fly **TAA**
—the friendly way"



* You save £'s when you fly TAA "Tourist" between Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane

TAA's "Fly by Lay-By" Plan helps you pay for your family's air travel and accommodation in advance. Ask for details at any TAA office.

Bookings: TAA offices in all States or any authorised Travel Agent.

DUX

Germicidal
DISINFECTANT
with two distinctive aromas...

PINE or EUCALYPTUS



DUX Disinfectants are hard-hitting, potent, full-strength Antiseptics

Whatever your needs... whatever the temperature (freezing or boiling) the powerful Germicidals in Laboratory Tested DUX Disinfectants get to work immediately... keeping drains, receptacles, etc., clinically clean; free from germs and bacteria.

Always ask for DUX!

EUCALYPTUS... antiseptic germicide and disinfectant.
PINE... germicidal disinfectant with Quaternion.

GUARANTEE
The BEST is no dearer than the rest.



They're top of their class!

BROCK'S INDUSTRIES

BROCK LANE, NEWTOWN, N.S.W.
LA 2985 Telephone & Cables: Shampol, Sydney

MUMS SUMMER SENSATION!

PINEAPPLE SALAD

A DELICIOUS, COOL AND SATISFYING FAMILY MEAL

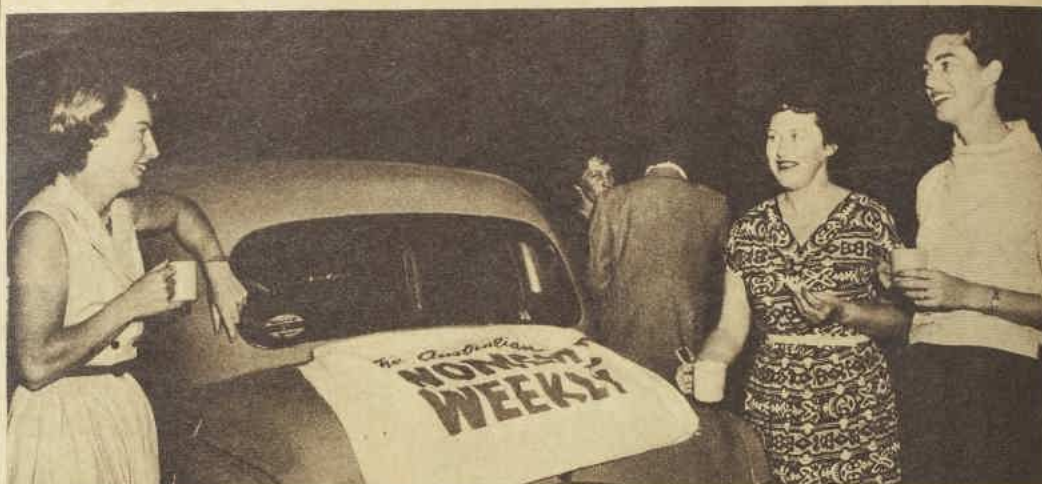
Make Mums Pineapple Jelly. Allow to cool and when the jelly sets at the edges, but is still soft, fold in the ingredients of vegetable salad—tomatoes, beetroot, onion, gherkin, etc., etc. Pineapple fruit can also be included, but only if tinned. When evenly folded through, chill until firm and serve with lettuce leaves, etc.

MUMS PURE FRUIT JELLIES

IMPORTANT: The higher gelatine content of Mums Jellies promotes firmer and faster setting—only genuine fruit flavouring is used. Mums is the quality jelly for best results. All good grocers stock Mums.



Men back-seat drivers



JOURNALISTS Barbara Richards, left, Helen Frizell, and Betty Best, far right, snatched time for tea and sandwiches. Cars travelled over 150 miles during rally, on roads which ranged from bitumen to dirt tracks.

All-women's car rally proved to be no peaceful afternoon-tea party

By
HELEN FRIZELL
and **BETTY BEST**,
staff reporters

Our Redex girls have been on the road again—this time in an all-women's rally which was billed as a "pleasant Saturday afternoon's drive... with afternoon tea to be served beside a sylvan stream," but which turned out to be a gruelling chase far into the night over 150 miles.

ACCORDING to our team, the average speeds were quite as high as many in the last Redex Trial.

The Y.W.C.A. Centenary Trophy Rally, organised by the Australian Sporting Car Club, attracted a record number of 89 women entrants.

Husbands were allowed to provide that they sat in the back seat. Instant disqualification followed if a man even travelled as a passenger in the front seat.

Our team comprised Betty Best, Helen Frizell, and fellow staff reporter Barbara Richards. We went in Barbara's Hillman Minx.

Enid Nunn, veteran of our two Redex Trial teams, had entered independently in her Morris Minor.

This time we left our turquoise-blue boiler-suits behind, dressing nautically in lilac cotton (Barbara), black tapering pants plus yellow-and-white boat-necked sweater (Betty), and navy-and-white futuristic-pattern cotton (Helen).

The fourth passenger in the car was staff photographer Ernie Nutt, now known as "Navigator Nutt." Camera balanced on his knee, Ernie sat in the back seat and soon became as keen as the rest of us to clock into controls on time.

By the end of the rally he was watching for signposts, urging us to hurry, and uncomplainingly removing dust from his eyes as it billowed in the windows.

An enormous crowd of fully a dozen—mainly officials—saw cars drive away from the Y.W.C.A. in Liverpool St., Sydney. The cars, which left at two-minute intervals, were identified as rally participants by a red cross taped on the right headlight.

Some keen women drivers, wishing to identify their cars further, drew out their lipsticks to write the balloted rally number on the windscreen.

Most of the competitors rolled up to the starting point without fuss, but one driver with small son and husband in the back of the car rushed out to get her final instructions and left her car parked in midstream.

She owns taxi

WITH a patient sigh her husband climbed out of the back seat, strolled round to the front, and parked the car by the kerb. He was back in his original seat before his wife knew what had happened.

Many of the cars had children in the back, but one entrant, Mrs. I. Windel, went even further. She had two dogs as supernumeraries.

Mrs. Windel had as her navigator Miss M. S. Vidal, who had driven for the Royal Flying Corps and the Australian Ambulance Corps in World War I.

Winners were Mrs. Ida Roach and Mrs. Marg. Rumble, in a Holden. A keen

trials and rally driver, Mrs. Roach runs a driving school and is the only woman to hold an open licence as a cab driver. She owns a taxi, and has been a taxi-driver for 15 years.

Miss A. Hird, of Deewhy, came second in her Vanguard, and Miss D. Lobb third in her M.G. T.F.

For her hill start and climb in sub-event B, Enid Nunn won the special trophy presented by the Australian Sporting Car Club.

Stocked with emergency food supplies (ham, curried egg, and chicken sandwiches), with chewing gum and flasks of coffee, our car, number 78, set off on the rally.

Run on the system of clocking into controls, the rally featured sub-events, including a kind of slalom in forward and reverse through flags, a hill start, and an acceleration and braking test into an imaginary garage at Marsden Park Air-strip.

Lined up at a small creek-crossing at the foot of the famous Old Razorback Road, we overheard a discussion on the steering test in the rally. In this test cars had to weave be-

tween flags, both backwards and forwards, within a certain time limit.

"How did you go on the flags?" asked one woman.

"Oh, no good," replied another. "I don't go backwards. If I can't get in forwards I don't go in at all. So, when the man said, 'Now do it backwards,' I just drove off!"

Close to us in the rally was a small English car driven by Mrs. M. Frizell, mother of staff reporter Helen Frizell.

After sitting at home listening to the radio through two Redex Trials, Mrs. Frizell decided that, with 34 years' driving experience, she would enter the rally. She took the car from the home garage, brought along Mrs. D. Hinchcliff as navigator, and belted along with the rest of the 89 cars through the creeks and the "bulldust."

Car skidded

SPEEDING through to Wallacia in pitch darkness, our headlights picked out a battered cream sedan with an oil-splattered bonnet facing us at a rakish angle on the wrong side of the road.

We pulled up and ran back to find Miss Margaret McLaren and her navigator, Miss Lois Tulloch, trying to help an official to prise the front mudguard and bumper-bar off the damaged wheel.

Their car had skidded into a bank, turned right round, and rolled over on to the driver's side. Both women had to climb out through a door right above their heads.

When we got to them they were both on their feet and steadying themselves with a cup of coffee. Miss McLaren had a nasty lump on her head and a badly bruised leg, but insisted that she was quite all right.

The rally ended at the Y.W.C.A. headquarters, Parramatta, where tired drivers, agreeing that they "wouldn't have missed it," hung round drinking tea to wait for the results.



DOGS Rikki and Pammy join navigator Miss M. S. Vidal at her window to watch the passing scenery during the car rally. The dogs had their share of the crew's rations.



GIFT FROM SANTA CLAUS is received by Jack Young at the Christmas party at Caroona station, a housing settlement and education centre for aborigines, situated 17 miles from Quirindi, in north-west N.S.W. The party was held in the station's public hall.

Aborigines enjoy wonderful party

The storeroom window opened, there was a great shout of joy from the 150 excited children, and the annual Christmas party at Caroona Aborigine Station, N.S.W., had begun.

JOSTLING each other for position, before the window, the children reached out to receive fruit, bottles of soft drink, and packets of party food, prepared by Mrs. John Spencer, wife of the station manager, assisted by a dozen women of the station.

While the children ate their party fare underneath, or in, the branches of the nearest shady tree, staff photographer Ron Berg and I went into the station's hall to await the arrival of Father Christmas.

When, at the appointed time, the double doors swung open, the excited children raced in, their big brown eyes wide with excitement and faces lit with flashing smiles.

As the schoolmaster, Mr. Edgar Pearson, and his wife and the Rev. N. Bagnall, of Quirindi, arrived, there was clapping and cheering.

Suddenly the children began cheering loudly again. Santa Claus had arrived and stood waving in front of the Christmas tree in the hall.

He called up the children one by one to receive their presents.

There were gifts for the aged aborigines on the station, too. "Jack Young," called Santa Claus, and a short, energetic old man, with a battered grey felt hat pulled down over his forehead, stepped from the crowd.

Jack, who is a retired jockey and well known on country racetracks, is the only three-quarter caste aborigine living on the station. All the other

205 adult residents are either quarter-caste or even lighter.

Santa Claus, continuing his distribution of presents, called "Granny Sampson," but the day had been too windy for Granny to attend.

Mr. Spencer, who was standing beside me, said, "You must meet Granny before you go. Come with me and we'll take her present to her."

Granny Sampson, who was 89 on Boxing Day, has been

By PAT SOBEY,
staff reporter

called "Granny" so long no one remembers her Christian name. She is related to almost all the 40 families on the station.

Granny has 82 grandchildren and 95 great-grandchildren.

When we arrived at Granny's house she was leaning on the balcony rail, sipping a cup of tea and looking towards the mud flats beside the river where she had lived for 50 years before moving to the station.

She is a little, bent old woman with wise brown eyes, a firm handshake, and the deep contralto voice so common among the older aborigines.

"Hullo," she said. "Has Santa Claus gone yet?"

"No, Granny, not yet," said Mr. Spencer, "but look what he has brought you."

Carefully Granny unwrapped the cup, saucer, and plate and the pipe and plug of tobacco. "How lovely," she said, "but don't take my picture holding the pipe, will you? People will laugh at me."

We followed Granny into her homely little kitchen, where a blue enamel teapot was warming on the fuel stove; where there were flowers in a bowl, and a huge, well-scrubbed wooden table in the centre of the room.



THE NEAREST TREE made a good place for aboriginal children at Caroona station to enjoy the soft drinks and party food distributed to them at their annual Christmas treat. None of the aborigines at the station is a full-blood. Some are quarter-caste.

"I reared my twelve children round this table," said Granny, running her hand over its smooth surface, "and when they were all sitting round it there wasn't room to wriggle."

Granny moved from the mud flats to the higher ground at Caroona station four years ago. Five years ago she had her only trip to Sydney. "Too much noise," she said, "and too many people pushing—but I loved the shops."

Before the Christmas party began, Mr. Spencer showed Ron and me over the station and its new baby health clinic.

An Englishman and a veteran of both world wars, Mr. Spencer took over at Caroona 18 months ago. His Canadian-born wife is matron at the clinic.

"Caroona station is the final stage in assimilating the aboriginal into the white man's way of life," Mr. Spencer said.

Caroona, an educational centre as well as a housing settlement for aborigines, is one of the 18 aboriginal stations in N.S.W.

"For many years it was called 'Walhallow,' meaning 'place of much water,'" said Mr. Spencer, "but it was very rough."

"Seven years ago the Aborigines' Welfare Board took over and replaced the shanties with modern weather-board homes. A church and hall were built and the school renovated."

"Now the station is the labor pool for the district."

Schoolmaster Mr. Edgar Pearson showed me the school-rooms. "I have 67 children on the roll," he said, "but never a week passes without a few extra scholars, who are visiting relations here, dropping in for a week or so."



GRANNY SAMPSON, who celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday on Boxing Day, looks out at the mud flats beside the river where she formerly had lived for fifty years.



PARTY CAPS added to the enjoyment of the day for this happy group of children. Sixty-seven children are on the roll at the station's school, run by Mr. Edgar Pearson.



ICE-CREAM was an indispensable item at the party and was distributed from a truck by seven members of the Apex Club who came from Quirindi to assist at the party.



Morning

Noon



and Night



you can't beat

VITA-BRITS

DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL
SATISFYING

crisp, golden
toasted whole
wheat biscuits

with milk or
fruit for wholesome
morning meals



spread like bread
for snacks and
school lunches



AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE BREAKFAST BISCUIT

Canecutters inspired earthy new drama



REVUE. Ray Lawler, young Melbourne playwright, works a seven-day week with the Union Repertory Theatre. Here, foreground, he directs members of the company in a rehearsal of their Christmas revue.

RAY LAWLER (right), who wrote "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," is a bachelor. He is the first Australian to have a play produced by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. Sydney season opens shortly.



Australian author has a starring role in his own hit play

A new Australian play, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," which recently had its premiere in Melbourne, has been hailed as an outstanding success. London theatrical interests have cabled for the script, and it is the first play by an Australian author to be produced by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust. It opens a three weeks' season at the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney on January 10.

AUTHOR, Ray Lawler, of Melbourne, who achieved overnight fame throughout Australia for his play, is still dazed by his success.

He thought the play, with which he won the Playwrights' Advisory Board competition for an Australian play, would be too Australian for an audience brought up on imported shows.

The play is set in a drab tenement house in Carlton, an industrial suburb of Melbourne.

The characters are two barmaids and two rugged

Queensland canecutters visiting Melbourne during the off season.

For years the canecutters have been coming south to their girl-friends, but in the 17th year none of them can find his former happiness.

For 17 years one of the canecutters has brought down a kewpie doll for his girl-friend.

Ray Lawler got the inspiration for the canecutters in his play when he was in Brisbane for a year with comedian Will Mahoney (Eve Hayes' husband), doing "almost everything."

He stage managed, adapted

sketches, wrote lyrics, and acted as "stooge" for the comedian.

At the theatre where he worked he observed two canecutters wooing chorus girls, and was impressed with their magnificent, self-confident masculinity.

Ray, who plays a starring role in "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," as well as carrying on his seven-day-a-week job as director of productions at the Union Repertory Theatre in Melbourne, has been on the verge of success since the age of 21.

It was at that age that Ray wrote his first full-length play, "Hal's Belles," which was produced at the Melbourne Repertory (now the Arrow Theatre), and in which Frank Thring made his first appearance.

J. C. Williamson's took an option on the play, but nothing came of it.

"I thought fame and fortune were just around the corner," Ray said. "But I'm still waiting."

Off stage, Ray is a polished, friendly young man, very different from the strident Australian character he portrays in his own play—the tough, bouncy Queensland canecutter who, although his height may not be impressive, has cut quite a figure with the ladies in his day.

By **BARBARA WALLIS**, staff reporter

Ray says it was the producer, John Sumner, an Englishman and general manager of the Elizabethan Theatre, who was the first to see and emphasise the truly Australian values in the play. "Characteristics which I had accepted as universal, John Sumner recognised as typically Australian," Ray explained.

Sumner, whose services were loaned by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, which promoted the play in Melbourne, even graded the Australian accent used by the cast.

"At first we all started on the same level with an ordinary Australian accent," Ray said, "but gradually Sumner graded the 'Australianness' of the speech."

"He pointed out that men from the outback would speak with rougher voices, and would be less articulate than city women working in a hotel bar."

"Incidentally, the cast found the Australian rhythm of speech much more natural to them than the usual English or American rhythm they have to use."

One of the most gratifying moments for Ray was when Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson saw the play. Dame Sybil announced afterwards: "This is a play which could only have grown from the soil of the country."

She added that she would like to see it produced in England—a wish which is likely to be fulfilled.

Ray believes that Australian plays should have a distinctively Australian flavor.

"I don't mean that references to wide open spaces and



SCENE from "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." The two canecutters and their girl-friends, finding that the old magic has gone after 17 years, brighten up when the girl next-door appears in the doorway on her way to a dance.

gum trees should be dragged in by the scruff of the neck," he said, "but, in the words of Dame Sybil, a play should grow from the soil of the country."

"Australians have a tremendous, often inexpressible, wish for green pastures, for things far away," he said.

It is this romantic yearning for the fairy tale which will never come true that Ray has tried to show through the drab surrounds and almost inarticulate characters in his play.

On several occasions when John Sumner was producing the play, he asked Ray if he could re-write a line to make an idea clearer.

"But I said to him, would a canecutter be able to express that idea more clearly? I have tried to keep my Australians in character all the time."

Ray's writing has not always been so realistic. He started off writing sophisticated plays set in far-off cities.

Ray, who was born in Footscray, an industrial suburb of Melbourne, left school at 13 to work in an engineering fac-

tory, where he was employed until 1945.

This young Australian playwright and actor, now in his early thirties, cannot remember a time when he was not interested in the stage.

His acting career began at the same time as his writing career. At the age of 19 he wrote a one-act play for a small amateur group and took a small part in it.

I asked Ray, who has written 10 full-length plays (three of them pantomimes), whether his latest and most successful play was typical of his work.

He smiled, and told me about the comment of a woman who had seen a number of his earlier plays. "It was excellent, Ray," she said, "but I do wish you would write one with a happy ending."

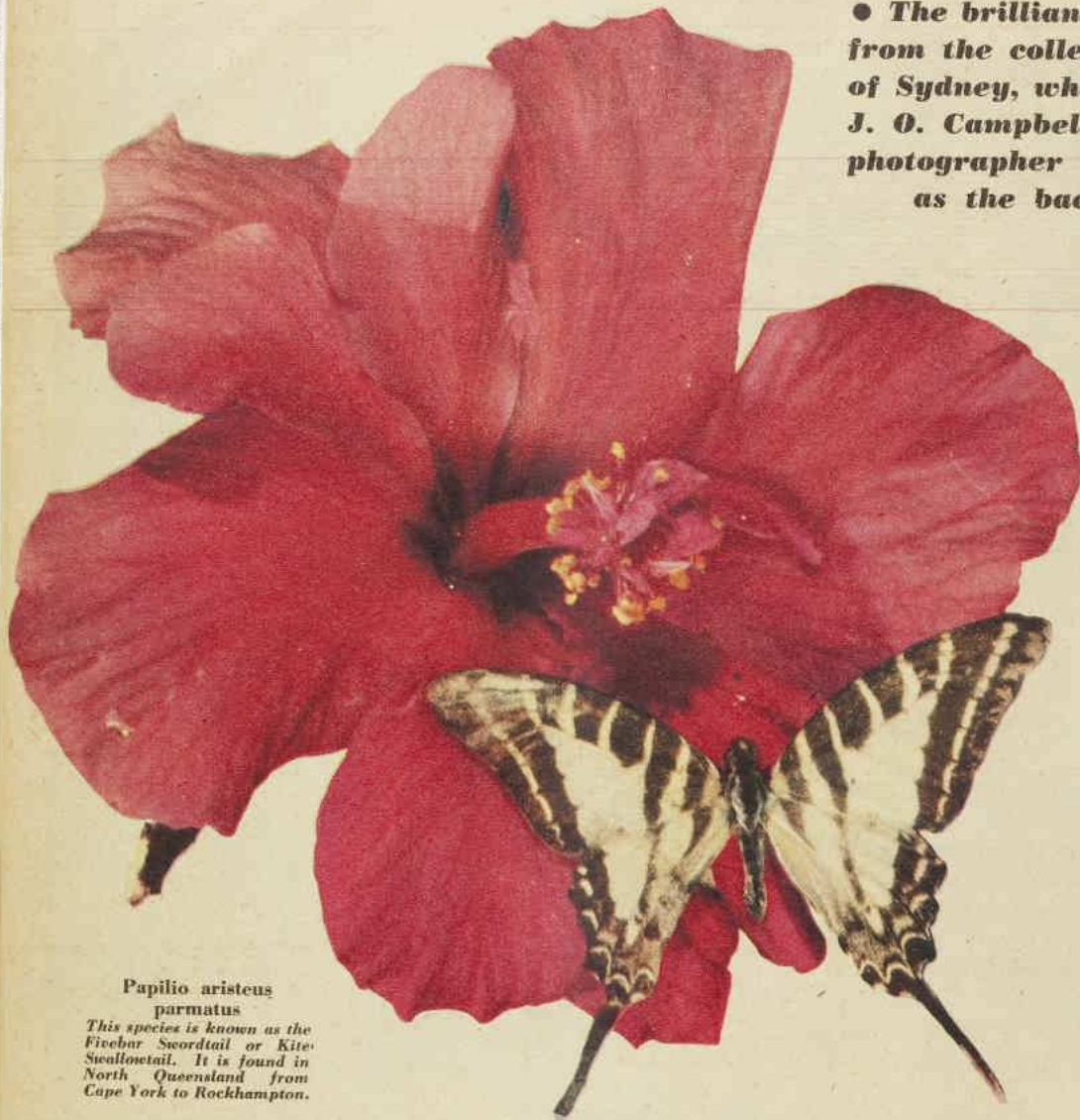
"However, this play isn't really tragic," he said. "I have tried to show the constant struggle of people to make contact with one another. You see, people feel emotions too deep for words, especially the ordinary people you meet every day."



TENSE MOMENT in Ray Lawler's play when Roo (Noel Ferrier) hurls kewpie dolls to the ground. For 17 years he has given one to his girl-friend Olive (June Jago, kneeling). Left, Ray Lawler plays the major role of Barney.

BUTTERFLY BRILLIANCE

• The brilliant butterflies pictured here are from the collection of Mr. Stephen Kellner, of Sydney, who recently bought it from Mr. J. O. Campbell, of North Queensland. Staff photographer Clive Thompson used flowers as the background for his pictures.



Papilio aristus
parvatus

This species is known as the Fiebor Swordtail or Kite Swallowtail. It is found in North Queensland from Cape York to Rockhampton.



Papilio priamus

These are sometimes called Birdwing Butterflies and are common in North Queensland. Similar species which are found in the Solomon Islands are blue.



Papilio sarpedon choredon

The Blue Triangle is the name often given to this variety. It is found along the east coast of Australia from the Torres Strait to 100 miles south of Sydney.



Precis orithya albicincta

Known as the Blue Argus, it is found in Queensland, the Torres Strait Islands, and round Wyndham. Its larvae feed on snapdragon and other plants.



Catopsilia scylla gorgophone

This variety is better known as the Yellow Migrant. It is an Australian butterfly with migratory tendencies and flies great distances. It feeds on cassia bushes.



Telervo zolus zolus

This species was among the insects captured by Cook's party in 1770. It is found in North Queensland and is sometimes called Cairns Hamadryad.

Camera catches beauty of fine collection

Papilio ulysses joesa
Found in North Queensland,
this butterfly is considered
to be one of the most beau-
tiful species in Australia.



Papilio aegeus aegeus
Sometimes known as the Orchard Butterfly, this
species, which feeds on citrus leaves, is found in a
belt extending from North Queensland to Victoria.



Papilio codrus medon
There are 13 sub-species of this group, which are
found in areas ranging from the Philippines to the
Solomon Islands. This particular butterfly occurs
in New Guinea and in the adjacent islands.



Hestia idea
The Molucca islands are the
home of this species, which
is called the Paper Butterfly
by natives. The butterflies
look like scraps of paper
when blown by the winds.



Unforgettable...

in a dream gown of imported Chantilly Lace. Neckline stown with seeded pearls; bouffant skirt with cascading nylon-tulle ruffles falling into a train. This is only one of our many beautiful creations.

You and your attendants can have their gowns made to your own design and budget.

Duchess Salon
(We are Importers and Manufacturers)

215 CASTLEREAGH STREET (Cnr. Piccadilly Arcade), SYDNEY. BM 3918

"They'll whisper about you."



Perspiration
odours do
offend

Play safe—use

MUM

The back seat's pretty lonely—it's much better when you have someone with you. You'll be taking a back seat every time you come in contact with others if you don't make sure of your personal freshness by giving an extra 30 seconds to your toilet care.

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower, then you can be sure of social acceptance.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



MUM keeps you nice to be near
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

MB-24/6C

MURDER AND MYSTERY!

Who murdered the trout fisherman? Who caught the trout, then threw it away? Who killed the cat that ate the trout? These intriguing questions all form part of the plot of Ngaio Marsh's latest thriller, "Scales of Justice," which begins as a four-part serial in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. A Crime Club choice, in the best Ngaio Marsh tradition, "Scales of Justice" is a story you won't want to miss. Look for it next week.

THE three star Hungarian runners who recently visited Melbourne to try out climatic and track conditions for the 1956 Olympic Games like Australia so much that they hope they will be chosen to return with Hungary's Olympic Games team.

The runners—Sándor Iharos, 25, László Tabori, 24, and István Rozsavlgyi, 26—were invited to Australia by the Victorian Amateur Athletic Association.

When they raced on the new cinders track at the partly finished Olympic Park in Melbourne, Australian athletes were able to get an idea of the running standards overseas, and the Hungarians were able to familiarise themselves with conditions in Melbourne.

The three Hungarians share eight world records, ranging from the 1500 metres to the 5000 metres.

In spite of their rigorous training, the Hungarians are as naturally light-hearted as they are light-footed.

Nuggety, 47-year-old coach Mihály Igloi, himself a former champion runner, is the man behind the success story of the three young Hungarians.

Igloi is a fanatic about weight, and insists that his three lean charges keep to their racing weight.

The day before his first race in Australia, Sándor Iharos, who is the tallest of the three men but weighs only 9st. 4lb., gained 4lb.

Coach Mihály Igloi immediately ordered him to bed without dinner.

In spite of language difficulties, the three young Hungarians were on excellent terms with Australian runners and eager to swap ideas on training.

While the boys were jogging round Olympic Park oval one day, Igloi noticed a young Australian running "very badly."

The Australian's style so offended the famous coach's athletic instincts that he stripped off his coat and gave him a demonstration of the correct way to run.

The evening before the 5000-metres race at Olympic Park, when Australia's "Flying Milko," Dave Stephens, made his sensational win over Tabori and Iharos, Dave and the three Hungarians trained together.

After the race, Iharos and Tabori warmly congratulated Stephens on his victory. They made no excuses for their defeat.

However, coach Igloi said his runners were still feeling the effects of the five-day plane trip to Australia and the sudden change from the Hungarian winter.

RED wine, according to those who know, should be served at room temperature.

Recently, a young man wishing to impress a party of friends ordered a bottle of claret at a country hotel.

The wine came back icy cold, and, when the young man protested, the waitress said loftily: "You want it warmed up? I thought that was what it was supposed to do to you after you drank it."

Worth Reporting



"Honey, I wish you'd try a little harder to cut down our food bill!"

Maoris in Welsh eisteddfod

MUSSELS, pipis, toheroas, and blue-cod will be flown across the Tasman in specially refrigerated planes to feed 26 Maori entertainers who will be performing in Melbourne and Sydney in early February.

There will be 14 women and 12 men in the group—all of them schoolteachers—who will dance and sing the traditional Maori canoe songs, poi songs, and hakis.

The object of their Australian visit is to raise money to send a Maori choir to Wales for next year's eisteddfod.

The Welsh eisteddfod organisers have invited the Maoris to compete, and will guarantee to pay their fares one way. The remainder of the fares will have to be paid by the performers themselves.

The costumes for their performances will be provided by the Maori Welfare Department of New Zealand, and the performers will wear their maroon teachers' college blazers and grey skirt or slacks during the day.

They like their cuppa

MEMBERS of a certain club in Sydney have for their motto: "Every time we meet we must either make or buy each other a cup of tea."

The name of the club is "The Teamakers' Club of Australia," which was founded last March by radio personality Del Cartwright. It already has 500 members.

By holding regular afternoon tea parties in their homes, and charging for the cups of tea they serve, club members have raised more than £300 for the Crippled Children's Association of N.S.W.

They are hoping to bring the figure to £500 by the club's first anniversary.

The Teamakers' Club badge is a white enamelled map of Ceylon, with a tea bud stamped on the northernmost tip.

They help when needed

MELBOURNE housewives' greatest friend is the "Personal Messenger Service," organised by Mrs. Peter McMillan and Mrs. Barry Palmer, of Malvern.

These two energetic women have already enrolled 50 women messengers who will lend their services to families in need—bathing the baby, doing the weekend shopping, cooking the evening meal, and watering gardens for families who are away from home on their annual holidays.

The messengers work on a commission basis—the people they help pay 4/- for each job done.

Most of them are married women, but among them are radio announcers, former nurses, university graduates, musicians, and one racing-car driver.

"Women benefit on both ends of the proposition," Mrs. McMillan pointed out. "The messengers are finding this a way to make a few extra shillings in jobs for which their own married lives have trained them, and those who call on us for help are glad to have their burdens lightened by people they'd normally meet on a social basis."

COMPLETE NOVEL NEXT WEEK

● "Rose of Sharon," a novel by Jerrard Tickell, is complete in our issue next week.

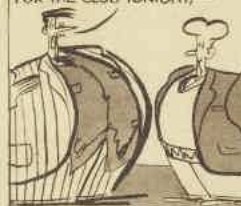
Readers will remember his amusing book "The Hero of St. Roger," which was published as a serial last year. Earlier successes of his were "Appointment With Venus" and "The Hand and Flower," both of which were filmed.

● Make sure of your copy now by ordering it from your newsagent.

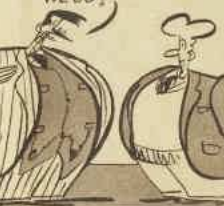
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

LET'S PRACTISE A DUET FOR THE CLUB TONIGHT.



NOW WHAT SHALL WE DO?



WELL, I'LL SING AND YOU LISTEN!!



This is the way
4 out of 5 families
protect their homes
against flies and mosquitoes



Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray, the most economical and, by far, the safest to use. Mortein kills insects swiftly and surely, yet Mortein can be sprayed with complete safety anywhere in the home. (Although Mortein is so safe—it is not a "wishy-washy" spray—it has not been "watered down.") The insect-killing power of Mortein is greater than that of any other insect spray known.

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure★Pak for 15/11 or an 8-oz. bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/3, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy. So the important thing is to insist on Mortein.

"When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!"

Spray Mortein Plus
 or spray *automatically* with



Mortein Pressure★Pak

* A **NEW** big reason why parents encourage their children to read **CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY**...



**NOW 2
MAGAZINES
IN 1**

**Chucklers'
Weekly**



**LOOK
AT THE
LINE-UP**



* With **NEW 16 page
LIFT-OUT COMIC BOOK!**

PARENTS! Chucklers' Weekly is the kind of magazine you like to see children read!

Each week thousands of parents throughout Australia buy Chucklers' Weekly because they know the editorial content is good for their children.

They know, too, that the kiddies love its refreshing entertainment.

There's no room for horror strips in Chucklers' Weekly's 48 pages. They're taken up with thrilling stories, humor, and adventure strips, puzzles, hobbies, sport, 200 weekly cash prizes and many other features to interest children of all ages.

A survey taken by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation recently described Chucklers' Weekly as the only informative and educational children's magazine in Australia.

- THE STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT
- A new two-part Biggles serial by Captain W. E. Johns in which Biggles comes to Australia.
- A special guide to careers for boys and girls.
- New section on fashions, cooking, and etiquette for girls.

PLUS: These brand-new strips . . .

- Flash The Wonder Dog.
- Beetle Bailey.
- Marlin Keel — under-sea adventure.
- The Twins at Silver Creek — new Australian picture story. **AND**

200 CASH PRIZES EVERY WEEK

PLACE A STANDING ORDER FOR

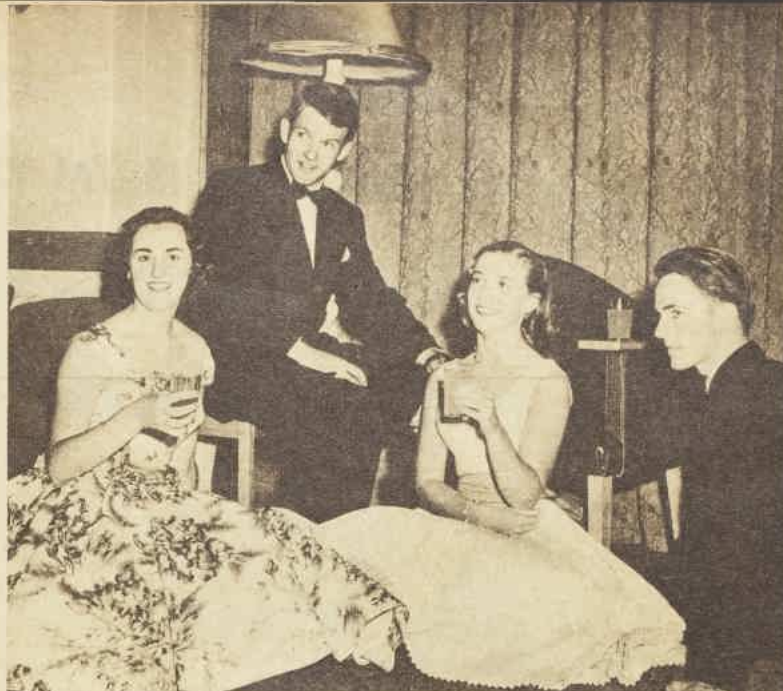
CHUCKLERS' WEEKLY

with your newsagent

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY (Tuesday in W.A.) ONLY 9d.



SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN. John Pearse and his bride, formerly Janet Featherstone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Featherstone, of Hobart, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants Judith Anne Dunstan and Wyndham Rose. The wedding reception was held at the home of John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Deric Pearse, of Darling Point.



YOUNG HOSTESS Marea Tancred (left) with Stephen Stening (second from left), Pamela Byrne, and John Tarlinton, who were guests at Marea's coming-out dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Tancred, of Drummoyle. The party was held at the Pickwick Club.



QUARTET OF GUESTS at Marea Tancred's coming-out dance are (from left) Bill McCall, Mary Tancred, Loretta O'Neil, and Peter Pigott. Mary wore a ruched dress of rose taffeta, and Loretta's ballerina was made from a sari.

★ SOCIAL JOTTINGS ★

EARLY in the New Year lots of homes will be welcoming new babies home from hospital.

Anthony Peter Stafford and his mother, Mrs. Bob Stafford, will leave soon for "Kooyong," Tooma. Mrs. Stafford was formerly Sheila Connor. Another prospective debutant of the 1970's is Kenneth Monro, son of Ken and Sue Monro. Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Brunninghausen.

And it was a daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Peter Macgrath, also for Mr. and Mrs. Murray Macgowan. Mrs. Macgrath was Pam Humphries, and Mrs. Macgowan was formerly June Casey, daughter of the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, and Mrs. Casey.

RECENTLY engaged Valerie Horn left early this week for "Havilah," Mudgee, to stay with her fiancé, Denis White, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter White. Valerie is the daughter of Commander and Mrs. J. S. Horn, of Woolahra.

A FLAT at Rushcutters Bay is waiting for newlyweds Barry and Judy Trumper, who are honeymooning at Yamba. Judy and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Herford, of Roseville, arrived home from seven months overseas just eight weeks before the wedding.

A NEW house, "Tuncoona," at Bourke, is almost completed and will be ready for Robin Anne Penzer and Will Ridge after their marriage on January 26 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Robin Anne is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. S. Penzer, of "Morton Plains," Bourke.

AFTER eight years overseas, it's the first Christmas in Australia for Joan Baldick, who returned to Sydney recently to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Baldick, of Darling Point. Joan and her parents stayed over Christmas with Joan's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Boyd, of Rylostone.

ST. JAMES', Spanish Place, London, will be the scene of a pretty wedding on April 4, when Janice Moorhouse, of Mosman, and Barry Nader, of Roseville, are married. Janice, who is travelling on board Arcadia, tells me that she and Barry are planning a six weeks' honeymoon in Spain, Italy, and the South of France.

BRIEFLY . . . Sue Siddins and Bridget Pennefather are spending a ski-ing holiday in Austria. . . . Pretty lilac tulle ballerina was worn by Margaret Cochran, of Lismore, at her coming-of-age party last week. *Anne*



TO MARRY IN LONDON AT EASTER. Lillian White, eldest daughter of Australia's High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White, and John Bennett, of Melbourne.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Jan Ryder, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ryder, of Bellevue Hill, with her fiancé, John Higson, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Higson, of Darling Point. John and Jan, who is wearing a diamond ring, plan to marry next year.



LEAVING St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, after their wedding are John Melocco and his bride, Mrs. Melocco was formerly June Palmer, younger daughter of Mr. F. J. Palmer, of Seaforth, and of Mrs. V. M. Palmer, of Balgowlah.

DISCOVER HOW CONTINENTAL BRAND

**makes summer meals
more satisfying!**



'Turn a cold shoulder on that hot kitchen,' says Betty King

**'...and serve your family the
perfect "one hot dish" for Summer!'**



Betty King
Home Economist
of World Brands

Even when the day's a scorcher, your family still needs a sustaining hot dish. That's where Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup can be a real help. Serve it with a big, healthy salad or tasty sandwiches — and forget about that hot kitchen for the rest of summer.

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, made from real chicken and brimming with enriched egg noodles, is the ideal start to any summer meal. It's so light, yet so nourishing — and could anything be easier to get ready? Takes only 7 minutes. Why not keep several packets of Continental brand Soup on hand? Plenty of quick snacks and picnic lunches ahead, remember!



THOSE BEACH APPETITES
"Living by the beach has drawbacks", says Mrs. A. R. Murch of Avalon, "especially when my young hopeful brings his friends in for lunch. Only one way to satisfy their appetites — big bowls of Continental Chicken Noodle Soup."



SAVOURY SUGGESTION
Mrs. E. Harvey of Castlecrag gives this hint for economical Jellied Chicken Salad. "Add 3 level dessertspoons of softened gelatine to hot Continental Chicken Noodle Soup — stir. Then mix in diced cooked meat and vegetables. Cool to set."



THE OPEN ROAD
"We often go camping in summer", writes Mrs. C. Headley of Neutral Bay. "When lunchtime comes around, Dad boils the billy, we take out the packets of Continental and in a matter of minutes — soup's on!"

Continuing . . . One Big Happy Family

the day, and the rest of the world wouldn't have to wake up in the most deplorable part of the morning.

Mr. Hobbs amused himself one evening by making a chart showing the hours during the day when he could be himself and the hours when he must talk in whispers. The results confirmed his worst suspicions.

Dawn 9.30 10.30 12.30

Byron, Jr. Silence Silence

Peter Silence Silence

Peter Silence

4 5.30 6.30 Bedtime

Byron, Jr. Unrestricted area Silence

Freewee

Peter

There were exceptions to this

schedule, of course. One did

not have to maintain silence, for

instance, when the beneficiaries

were howling or otherwise rais-

ing Cain. The dawn to nine-

thirty watch, for example, al-

though officially out of bounds,

was pretty sure to be an open

period for anyone wishing to be

vocal, but at no time during

the day did Mr. Hobbs feel less

in the mood for self-expression.

When he had completed the

chart, he noted that the only

fully unrestricted period was

from four to five-thirty. He

studied this for a while then

added a fourth line.

R. Hobbs COMPLETE SILENCE

He pinned the chart to the

wall near the kitchen door and

declared dramatically, "I hereby

declare these premises to be a

Trappist monastery."

Susan and Jane went right

on talking. Mrs. Hobbs looked

over her shoulder. "Roger,

what are you doing?"

It was not all as bad as the

chart indicated, however. Once

asleep, Mr. Hobbs could be

quite stubborn about resuming

consciousness, and there was a

blissful period between half-

past seven and eight each

morning when Byron, jun., had

howled himself into a state of

exhaustion and Peter had

stopped banging at the bedroom

door and been hauled away.

Relative silence pervaded

Mr. Hobbs' bedroom. He could

hear a murmur of voices from

the kitchen. Through the open

window floated the soothing

swoosh of little waves from

the cove. The drone of a pass-

ing plane emerged from no-

where, swelled, and slowly

faded out, merely emphasising

the silence by its passing. It

was an hour for burrowing

deeper into the bedclothes and

enjoying that delicious half

sleep that is one of the true

luxuries of a vacation.

There was a flaw in every

diamond, however. At this

moment Mrs. Hobbs was apt

to stick her head into the bed-

room.

"Listen, darling, the girls

want to clean up and get off

to the beach. It's not fair to

them for you to lie here all

day. After all, it's their vaca-

tion, you know."

Experience had taught him

that it was useless to argue

this point. He would kill a few

more minutes after Mrs.

Hobbs was gone, staring at

the ceiling and trying to figure

out why the girls couldn't

clean up and get off to the

beach, even if he lay in bed

for the rest of the month. This

inevitably led to the conclu-

from page 10

that. To Susan, Jane, and Mrs. Hobbs, however, starting for the beach seemed to involve almost insuperable problems.

First, of course, there was the question of who was going to stay behind with Byron, jun., and, usually, Peewee. The resulting arguments vacillated between two extremes. They had a barometric quality. Either everyone insisted on being a martyr (which meant the day was either chilly or overcast) or everyone regarded himself as having been imposed on long enough (which meant fair weather).

What annoyed Mr. Hobbs was that no one ever gave the matter a thought until he backed the car out of the garage and sat, with the engine running, waiting for them to get in.

Next came the assembling of the gear, another haphazard performance by Mr. Hobbs' standards. Gradually, however, after an interminable wait and much tooting of the horn, the back of Susan's station-wagon was piled with beach-battered miscellany and everyone was in place.

"Rog, don't go for a minute! My dark glasses! Oh, dear, did anybody see my dark glasses?"

"Mother, they're just where you left them. On the kitchen table."

"Rog, dear, will you just dash in and have a look, like an angel? I'm no good on the beach without those dark glasses."

"There," said Mrs. Hobbs complacently as Mr. Hobbs slid behind the wheel once more.

"Now think, Rog, whether you've forgotten anything else. There's no use getting down there and having to come all the way back."

The parking space behind the dunes was a dangerous area where cars were apt to back suddenly into the unwary bather as he dreamily flicked the wet sand off his feet and ran the edges of his damp bath towel between his toes.

It was a place where child-crazed mothers were constantly manoeuvring their cars into soft spots in the sand beside the track, causing rear wheels to dig deeper and deeper and rear ends to chatter and shake until soft-hearted bathers pushed them out.

"Now, children, don't run off and let Bompas carry everything," said Mrs. Hobbs. "Here, Peter, you take your ring and towel. You take the radio and the camera, Susan, and I'll take this stuff."

Selecting their burdens they trudged off happily, leaving Mr. Hobbs to cope with what was left. This usually consisted of all the unmanageable articles—the beach umbrella, whose sharp-ended pole was always slipping off his shoulder and threatening to pierce his foot like a javelin; the picnic basket; and the back rests, which he could only carry by pressing them painfully against his body with his elbow.

He comforted himself with the thought that no one had as yet invented a portable beach television set.

It was all worth it though as he lay in the buoyant water, floating on his back with arms outstretched. The waves, hurrying shoreward, passed beneath him in a succession of soft bumps. He watched the terns circling over the water a few yards out, their heads bent downwards in watchful concentration. Occasionally one dropped like a stone and then seemed to bounce upwards from the surface of the sea, a silver glint protruding from its

beak.

From the beach behind him came the sound of children's voices, the occasional bark of a dog, and the rhythmic, velvet crunch of the small waves.

Here, in this brief moment, he found fulfilment of all his vague winter dreams. This was the moment he would carry away with him in his memory—an experience so vivid, so richly colored that it would be as clear to him months hence as something seen through a window.

"Where's Kate?" asked Mr. Hobbs, towelling his shoulders.

Mrs. Hobbs looked at him with unbelieving eyes. "What do you mean, 'Where's Kate?'"

"I mean, 'Where's Kate?'" said Mr. Hobbs irritably.

"Why, darling, you know perfectly well she's visiting that Cranford girl at Harwichport. I do wish you'd try to collect yourself and pay attention. It isn't attractive to be so vague."

"I do pay attention. Nobody ever tells me anything. What Cranford girl?"

"Jane Cranford. Kate's friend from Detroit."

"I never heard of her."

"Why, Roger Hobbs! She visited us last Christmas vacation. I think you're getting senile."

Mr. Hobbs grunted and returned to his book. Kate confused him, although he wouldn't have admitted it. No child of his had ever succeeded in living such a complex life. As a result he seemed to have lost touch with her completely during the past few years.

Once he had thought that they were unusually close to one another. Then she had suddenly gone underground, like those queer rivers that disappear without warning into desert sands. He had hoped to pick up the ties again during these weeks at Grey Gables, but the child was never there and nobody even bothered to tell him where she was.

Now that Mr. Hobbs thought about it, Kate had been acting queerly for some time. For instance, she had always eaten like a horse, in defiance of a figure that was never meant for that sort of thing. She had always preferred blue jeans to dresses, and her normal contempt for all things masculine was withering.

Then suddenly she had ceased eating almost completely, she never passed a mirror without stopping in front of it, she spent hours in her room pulling her hair this way and that, and the hitherto despised males were in her life from morning till night.

Too many automobiles, that was what was the matter. All these young, pretty boys seemed to own automobiles as soon as they got out of their baby carriages. They'd be putting motors on kiddie cars next. It went to girls' heads. Like that silly ass in the convertible with all the gadgets who came for Kate the other night. How did he rate a car? Silly ass with a crew cut. As a matter of fact, now that he thought of it, he'd seen that red convertible drive in more than once.

"How did she get up to Harwichport?" he asked.

"I told you yesterday, dear. She drove up with the Griswold boy."

"The who boy?"

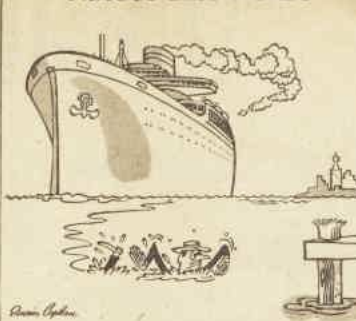
"Darling, Sam Griswold. The one who comes to see Kate all the time in the red convertible."

Mr. Hobbs straightened up in his chair. "Don't tell me you let her go off with that specimen?"

"Listen, Rog. In the first place, Sam Griswold is not a specimen. He's a very nice boy. In the second place,

To page 33

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Plenty of time, Fred, plenty of time. That 'All ashore' business doesn't mean a thing."

MOTHER



"Mum! You know how you're always saying you'd like to have the kitchen painted?"

It seems to me

LADIES who make the sort of New Year resolutions designed to modify the ravages of time will be entranced with a paragraph in one of the upper-class American magazines.



Dorothy Drann

"The elbow," it runs, "is a giveaway, but you can conceal its age and yours by Well-Bows, little foam rubber cushions in checked gingham and terry cloth. Tie them on at night over elbows which have been massaged with cream."

What a costume for a vaudeville act—nightwear with all the accessories, curlers, hair-net, elbow-wrappers, and, I shouldn't be surprised, white cotton gloves.

And yet there must be some women, strong in faith and weak in humor, who will wear the things. Otherwise nobody would be bothered manufacturing them.

Such women must be single, surely? Or perhaps, sophisticated American life being what it is, they disappear between marriages into secret haunts full of cold cream and elbow-beautifiers—a kind of No Man's Land.

ANOTHER item on the beauty front comes from a traveller just back from America.

She arrived in New York in the middle of a mammoth advertising campaign for a new face wonder-worker.

Carried away by the extravagant claims made for the lotion, she approached a salesman at a cosmetic counter.

"Will this stuff really do my face good?" she asked. "You see, I'm an Australian and I don't want to waste dollars for no result."

"Madam," said the salesman with more force than charm, "this product will do for you what water does for a prune."

CHILDREN's party hostesses comment with greater surprise than I think is warranted on the tastes of their young guests.

They say that cakes come a bad second to saveloys and sausage rolls, but that hundreds and thousands and conversation lollies still command a following.

Saveloys and sausage rolls rated high back in my day. I think I liked them better than anything else except sardines and mustard pickles.

We liked cakes, too, but often had to leave them because of a miscalculation of the capacity required to accommodate sausage rolls accompanied by lemonade.

Sometimes it is the appearance of the young party-goers which is so misleading.

I know a 13-year-old who is so fair, so beautiful, and so willowy that she looks as if she should live on nectar and ambrosia.

Her mother asked her to choose the menu for some contemporaries asked to dinner.

"Fish and chips and strawberry ice-cream," replied the beauty promptly.

THAT much-criticised outfit worn by Princess Margaret to the races certainly did look odd in the photographs.

The experts pointed out that she wore suede shoes, pigskin gloves, and carried a suede handbag, a mixture of town and country wear. They remarked that her tunic coat, of a peculiar length, didn't match her dress.

If the Princess were anyone else the explanation would be simple. She could have worn the shoes because they were comfortable, the gloves because she couldn't find the suede pair, and the coat because she felt cold at the last minute.

But I don't suppose that's the kind of thing that ever happens at Clarence House.

NOW that Christmas is over some pathetic tales are told of generosity that missed its mark.

It is no use pretending that people are invariably pleased with the gifts they receive.

One wife I know had the greatest difficulty in maintaining composure when her husband arrived home with a treasure.

"Do you know what it was?" she asked on a rising note.

"A fish tank, an elaborate fish tank, with goldfish in it."

"Already we have a cat and a dog, which are nice for the children. We have fowls, which pay for their keep. But goldfish! Every time I look at the thing I think of what the money would have bought. Several pairs of stockings, for a start."

I made sympathetic noises and added, "May I have that for a paragraph?"

"Yes," she said bitterly. "You can have it. Indeed" (I modify her phrasing for print), "you can have the goldfish, too, if you like."

PHOTOGRAPHS of a girl wearing only a coat of silver paint while dancing at a party in the Treasury Building, Whitehall, London, have been sent to the Prime Minister by a Labor member, Arthur Lewis. Mr. Lewis said: "This kind of dance would far better be staged in a more appropriate place."

For every pursuit there's a time and place, Though the line, on occasions, is tricky; It's well to remember when going the pace That the Government's awfully sticky.

In trade you can get away with a lot—Have a care in the Civil Service.

For a nude, whether covered in paint or not, Makes heads of departments nervous.

The Treasury's high in its dignified rank, Not a place for a frivolous bunny.

For the cardinal rule is (example: a bank) That nothing's more solemn than money.

SUMMER MEALS...in a matter of

When the weather is hot and to go in search of a breeze quick and easy menus are the

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cook



LEMON fluff patties are a fine finish to a summer meal. Edible cake containers are available at some large stores or you could use cooked biscuit pastry-cases or meringue-shells to hold the lemon fluff filling. See recipe menu 1.



SAVORY fish is a versatile dish worth trying. Served as a main course, it is good with a green salad, tomatoes, or green peas. Served as a buffet dinner or supper dish, it is sure to win you compliments. See recipe menu 2.



PACKAGED and tinned foods are invaluable to the busy homemaker who wishes to spend less time in the kitchen and more time outdoors during summer.

To serve a really good dinner, and not just a casual snack in a matter of minutes, it is necessary to do a little planning in advance, and some preparation in the cool, morning hours.

The following menus, incorporating dishes made with tinned or packaged foods, are appetising, satisfying, good to look at, and easy to prepare.

The cook will appreciate them, and the family will enjoy them.

Suggestions for early-in-the-day preparations are given with each menu.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1.

Chilled tomato soup

Crumbed cutlets

Mashed potatoes, shredded cabbage

Shredded raw carrot and parsnip

*Lemon fluff patties

Morning preparation:

1. Prepare tomato soup, place in jug to chill.
2. Coat cutlets with egg-glazing and breadcrumbs.
3. Prepare lemon fluff patties.

STRAWBERRY CREAM SHAPE is a glamor dessert that is surprisingly easy to make. Ring the changes sometimes by using sliced bananas instead of strawberries and flavoring the cream layer with coffee essence. Serve it with cream or custard. See recipe menu 3.

of minutes

and the urge
is strong.
best choice

Cookery Expert

LEMON FLUFF PATTIES

One packet lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, edible cake containers (cooked or uncooked), cooked pastry-cases, or cooked meringue-shells.

Dissolve jelly in the hot water, allow to become cold, but not set. Beat chilled evaporated milk with lemon juice. Add sugar, gelatine dissolved in extra hot water, lemon rind, and vanilla. Gradually beat in cold jelly and continue beating until very thick (color yellow if liked). Pile into patty-cases, sprinkle tops with toasted coconut.

MENU 2.

Papaw cocktail
*Savory fish
Green salad
Fruit flummery

Morning preparation:

1. Prepare chicken noodle soup.
2. Cook rice.
3. Hard-boil the eggs.
4. Prepare salad ingredients.
5. Make flummery.

SAVORY FISH

One packet chicken noodle soup, 2 cups water, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 12oz. tin salmon or other fish, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chutney, 1 tablespoon extra butter, parsley to garnish.

Cook soup in the 2 cups water for 7 minutes, cool. Melt butter or substitute, mix in flour, cook 3 or 4 minutes. Add milk, stir until it boils and thickens. Add prepared soup and reheat. Stir in flaked fish and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Place a thick layer of rice in greased ovenware dish, or individual casseroles. Dot with chutney, then add a thick layer of fish mixture and make a border of rice. Place small dabs of butter here and there on the rice, also dabs of chutney. Reheat in moderate oven, and serve garnished with parsley.

MENU 3.

Iced tomato juice
Chicken salad

Rare carrot sticks. Radishes
Buttered yardstick bread
*Strawberry cream shape

Morning preparation:

1. Prepare tomato juice, place in jug to chill.
2. Prepare salad ingredients, except rare carrot sticks.
3. Make strawberry cream shape.

STRAWBERRY CREAM SHAPE

One and half packets red jelly, 1 packet custard dessert, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 2 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, strawberries.

Dissolve jelly in the usual way, set a thin layer in base of ring mould. When firm, add a layer of prepared strawberries, and a little more jelly; allow to set. When firm, add more jelly, reserving some for the second layer. Prepare custard dessert according to

directions, using milk and evaporated milk mixed together. When cool, stir in dissolved gelatine, and when cold, but not set, pour carefully into mould, chill until set. Add balance of unset jelly, and chill until set. Turn out on to serving-dish, decorate with strawberries, serve with cream.

MENU 4.

Green Vichyssoise
Baked cheese and bacon savory
Lamb's tongues and luncheon ham with salad
Papaw wedges and lemon sherbet
Coffee

Morning preparation:

1. Make green Vichyssoise and place in jug to chill.
2. Prepare ingredients for baked cheese and bacon savory as follows: remove rind from bacon, make toast, grate cheese.
3. Prepare salad ingredients.
4. Make lemon sherbet.

COOL, refreshing summer dinner, above, is quickly prepared and served. Dishes illustrated include green Vichyssoise soup, baked cheese and bacon savory, lamb's tongues and luncheon ham with salad, papaw with lemon sherbet, coffee. See menu 4.

GREEN VICHYSOISE

One cup coarsely chopped raw potato, 4 chopped shallots (green stalks included), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups prepared chicken soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk, cucumber, parsley.

Simmer vegetables with chicken soup and salt for 10 minutes. Rub through a strainer or blend in an electric mixer. Return to saucepan with evaporated milk, and reheat without boiling. Allow to become cold, chill. Thin further with milk if necessary, serve with a slice of cucumber and a sprig of parsley to garnish.

BAKED CHEESE AND BACON SAVORY

Six slices bacon, 4 large slices cold toast, 3 eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 cups grated cheese, paprika.

Cut bacon slices in halves, remove rind.

Place on oven tray. Cut toast slices in halves and arrange in shallow, greased ovenware dish. Beat eggs well, add milk, mustard, salt, and cheese. Pour over bread, dust with paprika. Bake in moderate oven until puffed and brown. Place bacon in the oven 5 minutes after the cheese dish, and bake until crisp. Arrange on top of cheese dish and serve.

LEMON SHERBET

Two teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt.

Soak gelatine in the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Place second quantity of water in saucepan with the sugar. Boil 10 minutes. Add soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add lemon rind and juice. When cold, pour into refrigerator trays, and freeze until it begins to firm around the edges. Turn out into chilled bowl, whip until fluffy, then fold in egg-whites beaten until stiff with salt. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Just before serving, stir or beat until mushy. Serve on wedges of papaw.

• More summer meals overleaf.



● Here are delicious recipes that fit in well with any of the seven appetising menus in this special summer cooking feature.

A MENU that appeals to you often needs adjusting to bring it more into line with family tastes.

The recipes on this page make it possible to alter any one of the menus in this special feature without detracting from the taste, appearance, or easy preparation of the meal.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

QUICK MEAT LOAF

Try this appetising meat loaf, made with tinned luncheon beef, instead of crumbed cutlets in Menu 1, or instead of grilled steak in Menu 5, or hamburger patties in Menu 7.

One 12oz. tin luncheon beef, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated or fresh milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cooked rice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread-crumbs, 4 eggs, extra chopped parsley.

Put luncheon meat through the mincer. Add tomato juice, evaporated milk or fresh milk, cooked rice, grated onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, breadcrumbs. Fill into greased casserole. Make four deep hollows in the top of the mixture with the back of a spoon. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Drop a whole unbeaten egg into each hollow in the top, bake 10 to 12 minutes longer or until eggs are set. Garnish with a ring of chopped parsley around each egg.

LEMON VELVET PIE

A cooked biscuit pastry-case filled with lemon velvet filling may be substituted for apricot chiffon pie in Menu 5, or lemon filling instead of apricot chiffon may be filled into an uncooked breakfast-cereal case.

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 packet lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 dessert-spoons gelatine.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water, add lemon rind and juice. Warm the milk slightly, add evaporated milk, sugar, and gelatine dissolved in a little extra hot water. When cold, beat until it starts to thicken, then fold a little at a time into the cold, unset jelly. Mix well without beating. Pour into cold pastry-case, chill until set. May be decorated with whipped cream before serving.

CORN SOUFFLE

Serve a light, hot savory such as this corn souffle before a salad main dish, or serve it instead of the baked cheese and bacon savory in Menu 4.

Two ounces butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole-kernel corn.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk mixed with evaporated milk, and stir until thick. Fold in cheese, corn, beaten egg-yolks, salt and

pepper. Stir in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish and stand in a larger dish of cold water. Bake until set, half to one hour. Serve at once as mixture falls if allowed to stand.

CHILLED TOMATO CREAM COCKTAIL

This is a delicious concoction to serve instead of chilled tomato soup in Menu 1, iced tomato juice in Menu 3, or chilled vegetable cream soup in Menu 7.

Two cups chilled tomato juice, 1 cup chilled cream or evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic or 1 small grated onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice, salted savory biscuits.

Mix tomato juice, cream, garlic, sauce, cayenne pepper, and crushed ice in a large, screw-top jar and shake well. Pour into glasses and serve with the salted savory biscuits, which may be heated or left cold. This quantity makes 5 or 6 servings.

PAPAW AND PINEAPPLE COCKTAIL

Tropical fruits make a refreshing fruit cocktail to start dinner. Serve papaw and pineapple cocktail sometimes instead of avocado cocktail in Menu 6 or papaw cocktail in Menu 2.

One and a half cups cubed peeled pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups cubed peeled papaw, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, mint.

Boil sugar, water, and grated



BOWL OF SWEET PEAR SLICES, tossed with salad greens and a small quantity of piquant chutney, can be your salad specialty this summer. Coat pears with lemon juice to preserve color. Use fresh salad greens, chilled to crisp perfection. For a hot dish to follow, try tinned baked beans topped with bacon and heated in a casserole in the oven until the beans are hot and the bacon cooked.

lemon rind for 5 minutes. Cool, pour over pineapple and papaw mixed together. Chill thoroughly. Serve sprinkled with chopped mint.

SCALLOPED FISH AU GRATIN

Made from tinned fish and delicately flavored with processed cheese, this easy fish dish may be served instead of savory fish in Menu 2 or baked fish fillets in Menu 6.

Two and a half tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, salt, pinch cayenne

pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1lb. tin salmon or other fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated processed cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed breakfast cereal.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in flaked fish, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice, cheese, and parsley. Fill into ovenware dish, top with crushed cereal, and reheat in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.



Five days of new freedom

Meds tampons are so absorbent . . . so completely protective . . . and, what's more, so comfortable you never know you're using them. Meds are the modern form of sanitary protection. Next time try Meds — available with or without individual applicators.

Meds

THE
MODESS
TAMPON

Want to know
more of Tampons?

Our FREE Meds book tells you all about internal sanitary protection. Write for your copy to Nurse Reid, Johnson & Johnson, Box 1331, G.P.O., Sydney — it will help you towards greater comfort and enjoyment.



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON • THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

EASY TO PREPARE



PLATE of red-skinned apple wedges, slices of processed cheese, and long cool drinks are a welcome sight on a hot day. The drinks should be thoroughly chilled and the apple wedges cold and crisp. See menu 7.

BAKED bream or flathead fillets flavored with onion, tomato juice, and grated processed cheese make an appetising main dish for a summer dinner or luncheon. Lemon slices or wedges are used as a garnish. See menu 6.

● Summer menus, planned so that kitchen time is cut to a minimum, can still be interesting.

ATTRACTIVE presentation and colorful trimmings that can be arranged in a few minutes add interest to quickly prepared meals.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 5

Sherried grapefruit
Grilled steak with grilled
bacon rolls
Mashed potatoes; green peas;
grilled tomato halves
***Apricot chiffon pie**

Morning preparation:

1. Wash and dry grapefruit.
2. Make bacon rolls.
3. Shell peas.
4. Prepare apricot chiffon pie.

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE

One and a half cups crushed breakfast cereal, 3oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups apricot pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, whipped cream, apricot halves (fresh or tinned).

Melt butter, add crushed breakfast cereal and lemon rind. Press over base and sides of 8in. tart plate, chill. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 or 6 minutes. Add to heated apricot pulp with sugar and salt. When mixture is cold and beginning

to thicken, fold in evaporated milk whipped with lemon juice. Pile into tart-case. Decorate with whipped cream and apricot halves.

MENU 6

Avocado cocktail
***Baked fish fillets**

Green peas; mashed potatoes
Apple and rice meringue
Coffee

Morning preparation:

1. Shell peas, place in a screw-top jar in refrigerator or wrap in food-wrapping plastic.
2. Make apple and rice meringue.

BAKED FISH FILLETS

Six fillets bream or flathead, lemon, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, 6 slices white onion, 1 cup tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Wash fillets well in salted water, pat dry on a clean cloth. Rub both sides with a cut lemon and roll up, starting from the thick end. Secure with cocktail sticks. Place in shallow ovenware dish, lightly greased. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Place a slice of onion on top of each rolled fillet. Carefully add tomato juice, spooning a little over each piece of fish. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and cheese. Bake in a very moderate oven until flesh is white and flaky and top lightly browned. Serve at once.

MENU 7

Chilled vegetable cream soup
Hamburger patties
Carrot slices; French beans
Creamed potato
Biscuits and cheese with
apple wedges
***Chilled fruit drink**

Morning preparation:

1. Make chilled vegetable cream soup and store in a jug in the refrigerator.
2. Prepare hamburger patties, wrap lightly in greaseproof paper and store in refrigerator until ready for cooking.
3. Remove ends and strings from beans, but do not cut or slice until just before cooking.

CHILLED FRUIT DRINK

Make fruit juice concentrate as directed. When quite cold, place in refrigerator until well chilled. When required, place about 1 tablespoon (or more according to taste) into a glass and fill with iced water. Decorate with a slice of lemon.



APRICOT chiffon pie, made in an uncooked cereal case, is a delicious treat. Apricot pulp, tinned or made from home-cooked fresh or dried apricots, combines with evaporated milk to make the light fluffy filling. See menu 5.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Jan. 2

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, green, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. There's luck in the main chance.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, blue, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. There's luck in hopeful planning.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, green, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. There's luck in hanging on to gains.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Your luck lies in co-operation.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, yellow, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Wednesday. Keep your eye on the target.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. There's luck in a windfall.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Endings are sad, beginnings lucky.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Your luck lies in busy places.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, purple, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Another's loss will be your gain.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. There is luck in self-confidence.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, stripes. Gambling colors, stripes. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. You may find luck on the footpath.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, purple, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. There's luck in doing a favor.</p>	<p>★ If still on holidays, you'll be the motivating force behind a dozen social projects. Your suggestions will be carried out with high enthusiasm.</p> <p>★ Vacationers zip through a complicated programme, anxious not to miss anything. Those back to normal conditions are apt to be concerned with future plans.</p> <p>★ A word of caution in regard to money matters is timely. If it's a case of easy come, it's also a case of easy go. Put some of your winnings down south.</p> <p>★ The ideas of associates could induce a decision in regard to your work. If a housemaker, you rally members of the household to participate in your schemes.</p> <p>★ Plenty of energy, but you scatter it over too wide a field. You begin gaily, but soon fade away because you are attracted by some other enterprise.</p> <p>★ This is the right moment to carry out any plan, requiring creative imagination. To do your best, you must be deeply interested in the work and results.</p> <p>★ Quite a few of you will be spending days at home, either as an interlude between two different jobs or because you are functioning happily as a housewife.</p> <p>★ Your schedule ought to run smoothly this week if you make your head save your heels. When in doubt, get expert advice from books, magazines, or people.</p> <p>★ Investments of a mildly speculative nature may have a bearing on your plans. Do not count your chickens before they're hatched, and profit considerably.</p> <p>★ If you have favors to ask, a request to make, or interviews with those in authority, try to prepare in advance what you will say, take great care with your appearance.</p> <p>★ Should you be meditating a new departure in your career, keep it to yourself until you have made decisions and worked out details. If it does not come off, no loss.</p> <p>★ Pleasant interruptions may be expected, but they tend to hinder progress. Many of you will find the best solution lies in rising early and accomplishing much.</p>	<p>★ Home could become just a place to sleep this week. There are far more thrilling things to do and see than within your own four walls. If a grandparent, baby-sitting.</p> <p>★ If you can get away for the week, the day, or just the evening, you'll gather new ideas and open up new vistas. Holiday accommodation may be a stumbling block.</p> <p>★ A friend might lend you a flat or beach cottage, or last-minute cancellations take you off on a surprise voyage of discovery. Changed arrangements could attract.</p> <p>★ Should members of the household scatter in different directions, this could be good for all of you. When you are reunited you'll have many new subjects of conversation.</p> <p>★ Many of you will be back counting calories after the Christmas splurge. Health and keep-fit systems may be on the cards. That's fine, but don't push it to extremes.</p> <p>★ Housework may be fun since you straggled that hundredth sense of duty. Should dust be in evidence, close your eyes to it. Dishes in the sink are no disgrace.</p> <p>★ With some of the family away, or a recent guest departed, you can have your home to yourself once more and breathe a sigh of relief. Eat your favorite dishes.</p> <p>★ Hours at home may be devoted to planning what you intend to do in the coming year. Ambitions may get an airing as you select or discard your targets.</p> <p>★ Shifts due to transfers in connection with occupation, removals to a more desirable district, or a business arrangement such as sharing premises with a friend.</p> <p>★ A household difficulty or a nagging domestic worry may be unexpectedly dissipated through no action of yours. Others find a gift embarrassing.</p> <p>★ Those compelled to stay home for financial reasons or saving up for future travel may, through the kindness of friends, enjoy impromptu sociability.</p> <p>★ Do not permit chance acquaintances to use your place of residence as a home from home. If hints do not work, come out into the open and speak plainly.</p>	<p>★ Should the prestige or glamor of a wonderful personality give you an inferiority complex, think it over. You may be just as fine a human being.</p> <p>★ Vacation romances can be delightful at the beach or in the country, when you have leisure to be at your best, but how will he or she fit with your friends?</p> <p>★ Should there be opposition to your love affairs or trouble made by jealous people, regard this as a test of your love. Unless you appreciate the source will dry up.</p> <p>★ Create the moonlight and roses atmosphere if you wish to persuade the one and only to declare his love. Both sexes in your sign are fascinated by the idea of a home.</p> <p>★ The beloved may show his or her affection more by deeds than words, but don't expect this to be all one-way traffic. Unless you appreciate the source will dry up.</p> <p>★ This is your time for love and romance. Many of you are about to choose a life mate, others are beginning to perceive the dawn of a wonderful love.</p> <p>★ A stranger may be brought to your home by a friend, or a mishap may cause you to meet someone destined to play a major part in your life.</p> <p>★ Learn to be a good listener. If the one-and-only never gets a word in edgewise, a monologue on your part will grow tedious. Do show an intelligent interest.</p> <p>★ A discussion on a frank basis of finances would be a fine gesture appreciated by a fiancé. Engaged couples cannot plan wisely without facing the practical side.</p> <p>★ So you're falling head over heels in love and you're deadly serious about it. Should the onlookers tease you, keep your sense of humor. A romance is amusing.</p> <p>★ Are you keeping a secret from the one you love, either through fear of hurting him or her or because you lack the courage to come straight out? Better face the music.</p> <p>★ Don't desert the boy that lives next door—once you're known all your life—for the exotic stranger with handsome face, a sophisticated manner, and more money.</p>	<p>★ There will be the temptation to cultivate people because they can be useful in furthering an ambition. A hit-and-run closed circle may welcome you.</p> <p>★ You are all for widening your horizon, learning new skills in sports and hobbies, increasing your understanding of people. You will gain something from this attitude.</p> <p>★ The necessity to slow up and rest tense nerves may conflict with your equally strong wish to be among those present. Wise subjects will go off by themselves.</p> <p>★ Much pleasure in company with the opposite sex. Whether it's formal or informal, young and old will appreciate party-going in the evening.</p> <p>★ Some stay home and grumble because they have to work, others find leisure in which to dart off with a friendly group. Happiest occasions need no preparation.</p> <p>★ Being on the spot, you'll receive an unhelped-for chance to join in an exciting diversion. Popularity is high just now, and friends made at this time will become permanent.</p> <p>★ Home entertaining in the summertime can be easy and inexpensive. Some of you will blossom out in this way and discover how much you can enjoy your own parties.</p> <p>★ This is high time for clinics and beachcombing. Anything in do with the water will bring you rest and relaxation. Your sign belongs to the water group.</p> <p>★ You may be obliged to compromise between what you would like and what you can have, but you could find that you have not lost anything of value.</p> <p>★ Launch into any social scheme which promises diversion. Your personal magnetism is on a high plane at present and will carry you into social adventure.</p> <p>★ Should you be kept home through the minor illness of a member of the family or other causes, you'll have a good excuse to stay away from certain social events.</p> <p>★ A regular circle for young and old. You'll find amusement in suit your own tastes and drag in others on the ways of your enthusiasm. Success in competitions.</p>
--	--	---	---	--	---

CARTER meets TARTAR

BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS
—the way Nature intended

All-Bran*, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, restores regularity the natural way by supplying the bulk lacking in modern foods. Rich in whole bran minerals and vitamins, All-Bran builds up your vitality instead of draining it away and leaving you with dull nagging headaches. Enjoy All-Bran sprinkled over your breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with milk and sugar. Drink plenty of water. If, after 10 days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and get double your money back.

* ALL-BRAN IS A TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. AB-55-3

Continuing . . . One Big Happy Family

(from page 27)

Kate will be a junior at Smith this autumn. She doesn't need a nursemaid any more."

"Maybe so. I'm not sure she doesn't need a psychiatrist, though. Have you noticed that child lately, Peggy? When she's home—which isn't often—she picks at her food like a bird, and she never opens her mouth. Spends most of her time in her room in front of her mirror. I opened her door the other night and she was standing in front of the mirror making faces. I tell you, Peggy, that child has been going too hard. She's exhausted."

Mrs. Hobbs knitted for some time in silence, then she said, "Did it ever occur to you, Rog, that Kate might be in love?"

Mr. Hobbs put down his book. "Kate!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Kate! Who'd be in love with Kate?"

"Well, Sam Griswold, for instance."

"That irresponsible ass!" shouted Mr. Hobbs. "That hot-rod plumber! That's what happens when you let your children go running all over the country with every Tom, Dick, and Harry!"

"How do you know he's an ass, dear? Now, look, Rog, you've been all through this twice before. Why don't you save yourself the wear and tear and get used to the fact that the last of your children has grown up?"

Mr. Hobbs awoke with an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. For a moment he couldn't recollect what it was. Then he remembered. Guests were arriving. The thought was so distasteful to him that he pulled the bedclothes over his head and tried to recapture sleep. Mrs. Hobbs was moving about the room.

"Please get up, Rog. I don't know how I'm ever going to get this place ready, as it is."

Mr. Hobbs took advantage of the opening.

"What in the world is there to do?" he asked. "You always fuss so. We pick up the Turners on the three o'clock boat. The thing that gets me, though, is why you asked the Turners in the first place."

"Why I asked them! You were the one who insisted on their coming. Now, please don't just be there being difficult. You promised me that you'd weed the garden terrace, and you haven't done it. You promised to fix the screen-door latch so it doesn't fall apart every time the door slams. It isn't done. There's a mountain of cartons to be burned. I don't—"

"Okay, okay," said Mr. Hobbs. "I just don't like to be hurried so, that's all." He threw his bathrobe over his shoulder and shuffled off to the cove.

The sun was still close to the horizon as he descended the path to the beach. The water in the little cove was like a silver mirror. Beyond the point, where it joined the open sea, it turned suddenly blue as an offshore breeze darkened its surface like rubbed velvet.

On an exposed rock a few yards off the point a gull brooded. As Mr. Hobbs waded into the water the gull flapped away, complaining loudly. A family of tiny crabs scuttled from beneath his feet, escaping death by inches.

He plunged in with a splash and, burying his face beneath the surface, thrashed violently through the water for several feet, using what he conceived to be a crawl stroke. Having made this concession to virility, he turned over on his back and paddled slowly out to the gull's rock, watching the strands of mist along the shore

vanish slowly before the onslaught of the morning sun.

What in the world was he going to do with Martin Turner and his wife for two days? He hardly knew them. At the moment he couldn't even remember clearly what they looked like, but five months ago, sitting in the sun-drenched courtyard of an Arizona ranch, he had regarded them as intimate friends.

When they had announced that they were motoring up the New England coast during August, it was the most natural thing in the world to ask them to spend a couple of nights on the island. Now, as he thought of all the real friends they should have invited to visit Grey Gables and hadn't, the whole thing became completely inexplicable to him.

He dried himself thoughtfully, climbed the path, and examined the half circle of lawn at the top, bordered by beds of sun-baked zinnias, which Mrs. Hobbs referred to as the terrace and which he had promised to weed. It was hard to tell which were weeds and which crab grass.

He looked over the cartons and empty bottles outside the kitchen door, and then went on to the clothes-yard to hang up his towel.

THE deep-throated greeting of the Island Queen shattered the calm of the summer afternoon as she rounded the buoy and headed for the dock. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs stood beside a weather-beaten pile and watched her approach with sombre faces.

As the Queen drew near the dock, however, Mrs. Hobbs, who was always quick at such things, recognised their guests on the upper deck, and her expression immediately changed to one of eager animation.

"There's Emily," she cried, plucking at Mr. Hobbs' sleeve. "See? In the floppy red hat. Imagine wearing a hat like that on a boat! That's Martin right behind her. Yoo-hoo, Emily!"

Mr. Hobbs disliked being plucked.

"I see, I see," he said crossly, without relaxing his smile. "Don't go all to pieces." He clasped his hands and shook them over his head like a fighter entering a ring.

The ferry crashed against the piles. The Martin Turners disappeared into the crowd that was fighting a way slowly down the narrow metal stairs to the main deck. Animation faded from the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs like sunlight shut off by a passing cloud.

Five minutes later the sun shone once more, however.

"There they are," cried Mrs. Hobbs. "There's Emily, just in front of the milk-truck. They must have left their car on the mainland. I guess they put it in a garage to save the cost of bringing it over."

"Garage, my eye!" said Mr. Hobbs. "I'll bet they left it on the street and saved some more money."

The Turners staggered up the ramp, their knees buckling under the weight of suitcases. Mrs. Hobbs rushed towards them with outstretched arms.

"Emily!" she cried. "Emily! How perfectly wonderful!"

"Peggy!" cried Mrs. Turner, dropping her suitcases in the middle of the ramp. "This is too exciting!"

They embraced, each kissing the air beside the other's right ear. Mr. Turner dropped his suitcases also. The disembarking passengers flowed around them like a stream around a

rock. A few, failing to notice them, stumbled over them and glared balefully.

Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Turner seized hands and pumped vigorously.

"Well, well, Martin," said Mr. Hobbs heartily. "Welcome aboard."

"Glad to see you, Hobbs," said Mr. Turner, "and we're certainly glad to get here after that trip. Zowie, what a tub!"

Mr. Hobbs hated being called Hobbs. It made him feel like a stage butcher. He also resented strangers making disparaging remarks about the Island Queen, but this was no time to register annoyance.

"Here, let me take your things," he said. "We had to park our car about two blocks away."

He bent his knees slightly to pick up the two enormous suitcases that Mr. Turner had been carrying. At the first tug he glanced down to see if they were caught on anything.

"I don't know why you should do that, old man," said Mr. Turner, making no attempt to prevent him. "But if you're going to mist, I'll take Emily's."

"Decent of you not to make me come back for them," muttered Mr. Hobbs, but he knew they could not hear him, as the three of them had already started walking up the dock, laughing and chattering.

Mr. Hobbs trundled after them slowly with the great bags. They stuck out like tanks on either side, making it impossible for him to move through the crowd without knocking them against people's legs.

When he arrived at the car, Mrs. Hobbs was alone.

"Martin and Emily have gone to look for some kind of light filter for their camera," she said. "They've gone in for three-dimensional color pictures. They're so interesting. They always have something new. Their daughter has just been married. You remember her—very tall and pretty. She married that boy—". But Mr. Hobbs did not hear her. He was trying to force the huge suitcases into the baggage compartment without getting a hernia.

Half an hour later the Turners reappeared. They had not only found just the filter they were looking for but had also discovered an enchanting book called "Our Island Birds."

"You probably have it at the house," said Mr. Turner. "But it's something we wanted anyway."

Mr. Hobbs couldn't make out whether they were giving it to him or not, so he merely said that he didn't think he had it.

"Let's show off the Island!" cried Mrs. Hobbs gaily. "We'll take Emily and Martin home by the Headland Road. It will be beautiful today."

Anything that promised to kill time was agreeable to Mr. Hobbs. They wound their way through the traffic of Long Beach, talking eagerly about mutual friends at the ranch. Mr. Hobbs had a sickening feeling that once they reached the end of the list conversation would be about over.

Mr. Turner was sitting in front with Mr. Hobbs.

"I suppose you do a lot of photography in a place like this," he said.

"Peggy's the photographer in our family," said Mr. Hobbs. "She takes a new picture of the kids at least every five minutes."

"What does she use?" asked Mr. Turner.

"A camera," said Mr. Hobbs, surprised.

"Did you ever try a super-speed lens for that kind of work?" said Mr. Turner. "If

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

On the 1956 party line is the sleeveless torso dress finished with a high, shoulder-to-shoulder neckline.

THIS fashion flash answers a teenage reader's query—

"I WOULD like you to design a simple cotton frock with a high neckline suitable for informal parties. The frock is to take on my holidays; I am going up north. I want the design a bit unusual, but not frilly, as I look best in rather tailored styles."

The dress I have chosen for your holiday wardrobe is illustrated at right. The sleeveless torso top with its high neckline is very new in 1956 fashion. The bow trims at the shoulders are matched to the band at the hipline. They are both made in contrast. I hope the dress is the type you had in mind. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in size 30 to 36in. bust. Lines under the illustration give further details and how to order.

"I AM to be matron of honor to my sister next month, and am worried about what to wear on my head. I am wearing a honey-colored satin ballerina, and would like something in a matching color for the hat."

I suggest one of the new-for-autumn cape hats made in the same satin as your dress. A cape hat is rather like a neatly folded handkerchief and is worn far back from the hairline, with a "back drop" covering the back of the hair.

"IN a few months I will be needing a black one-piece to wear at night. It is for quite informal occasions, but I want it smart. I am 36, and have a clear complexion and brown eyes. I take an S.W. fitting."

Very new for informal evenings is bouffant black faille made in street length. Have the dress designed with a moulded bodice and spreading skirt, and finished with close-fitting, above-elbow sleeves plus a deep V décolletage. N.B.: Sleeves plus a deep V décolletage is autumn fashion news, chic.



D.S.176.—One-piece dress in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE some nigger satin to make myself a late-day frock. I want the style smart but plain. Would you please help me with a suggestion?"

I suggest a one-piece made with a belted skirt shaped out below a low-torso bodice finished with a self-material belt at the hipline. The effect suggests a two-piece middy top and smooth skirt. Have the top finished with a modified sailor collar and short, uncuffed set-in sleeves. By the way, classic court shoes made in satin and matched in color to a late-day dress are new and chic.

"WOULD you please let me know if it is permissible to wear wrist-length gloves with a deb's dress?"

Yes is the answer—wrist-gloves are an American style and one I like. Youthful arms are very pretty, so why cover them up?

"IS it correct to wear an evening frock with an ankle-length skirt to a formal dance, or would it be best to wear a floor-length skirt? I have both styles."

Both are correct. Personally, I think nothing really makes a woman look prettier or more romantic than a floor-length ball gown.

Beauty in Brief:

CLEANSING ROUTINE

by CAROLYN EARLE

● The best method of removing make-up and cream from the face and neck is designed to prevent stretching the skin and at the same time keep the circulation moving upward.

IT involves the use of two tissues at once, one wrapped around each hand like a mitt.

Start the treatment at the eye area, placing the left hand at the left temple on the outer side of the eye and using the right hand to stroke in under the eye towards the nose.

Now, keeping the right hand there at the inner eye corner, use your left hand to stroke over the upper eyelid, sliding it out to the temple. Reverse for the opposite side.

To tissue off the rest of the face, use the same upward, outward strokes

that you employ in applying beauty preparations. Stroke the jawline from chin to ear, the cheeks from lips to temples.

Smooth tissues upwards between the eyes to the hairline, alternating hands in a sliding movement out to each temple, down under the eyes, and over the nose.

Cleanse the throat with large, circular sweeps, using the left hand for the right side and the right hand on the left. Be sure to go over each area as often as necessary with clean tissues for a thorough clean-up.

To page 35

Delicious
fruity drinks for
**LESS THAN
1^p A GLASS!**



this little  bottle...

makes two big bottles



which make **50** large glasses
of delicious fruity drink

Big Sister



**TUTTI
FRUTTI**

FRUIT JUICE COMPOUND

Just imagine! 50 fruity drinks from one little bottle! Think of the money you'll save on drinks this summer with Tutti Frutti. You simply add a little sugar, some hot water and, in sixty seconds, your delicious cordial is ready to serve. Even with the cost of sugar added, that's less than a penny a glass. Easily made up in your own home. Give the family plenty of Tutti Frutti this summer. Healthful! Refreshing! Inexpensive!

Choose from 6 delicious flavours

- ORANGE • LEMON • LIME
- PINEAPPLE • RASPBERRY

and the new tantalising **"COCKTAIL"** It's a winner!

you ever did, I'll bet you'd never put up with anything else."

Mr. Hobbs, who didn't know what Turner was talking about, said he'd have to try one some time.

"It gives you depth," said Mr. Turner. "I never got such depth with any other combination. You ought to send for one."

"How do you like our view?" interrupted Mrs. Hobbs.

Mr. Turner glanced towards the ocean. "The only trouble with a view like that," he said, cocking his head slightly and squinting one eye, "is that it has no centre of interest. I hear you do a lot of portrait work."

"Who? Me?" There was dismay in Mrs. Hobbs' voice.

"You ought to get Rog to give you one of those new cameras," advised Mr. Turner. "I was just telling him the idea. If you're trying to get depth, there's the camera for you. In a light like this at 1/8." He was still talking when they drew up before Grey Gables.

Mrs. Hobbs gave an involuntary grunt as he pulled one of the suitcases from the baggage compartment.

"Aren't those awful?" said Mrs. Turner. "When you come to a place like this, though, you never can tell what you are in for, so Martin and I just bring everything. Why don't you let Martin take them, Rog? He has a bad back, but if he tackles them one at a time and rests on the way they probably won't do him any harm."

"I wouldn't think of it," gasped Mr. Hobbs.

"At least I can hold the door open for you, old man," said Mr. Turner, bounding past him up the front steps.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, Jane, Susan, and Peter were assembled on the grass terrace, which Mr. Hobbs had weeded so laboriously only a few hours before. It seemed to him that it looked rather ratty without the weeds.

The Turners were dressed to the nines. Mr. Turner wore an immaculate white coat, rusty red trousers, and blue canvas shoes with thick crepe-rubber soles. Mrs. Turner had on some kind of embroidered peasant costume and was weighted down with colored necklaces and bracelets. She gave Mr. Hobbs the feeling that she might break out into grand opera at any minute. Mr. Hobbs, in a pair of old grey flannels, felt like a tramp.

"I suppose you two are bridge fiends," he said to the Turners in an exploratory way. He might as well find out the worst and have it over with.

"We don't play cards," said Mrs. Turner. "They bore Martin almost to death."

"I don't suppose you want to do anything this afternoon anyway," said Mrs. Hobbs. "You must be tired after your trip. Rog is planning to run you over to the country club in the morning. I notice you didn't bring any clubs, but he can fit you out."

"Martin doesn't play golf," said Mrs. Turner. "He used to, but he gave it up. We can't stand married couples who split up every weekend over golf. Don't you feel that way?"

Mr. Hobbs dodged the question.

"Perhaps you both play tennis," he said. "Peggy and I are too ancient, but Susan and Jane will give you a good workout."

"No thanks, old man," said Mr. Turner. "We don't play tennis either. As a matter of fact we don't go in for any of those country-club activities. Emily and I lead a very simple life. In the winter we like to chum around together at

concerts and galleries and that sort of thing. And when the good old summertime comes along, we just like to get out in the open with our camera and a pair of fieldglasses. We adore the ranch, as you know, and our desert rides together, but the best thing of all is to get out on your own trotters and see what you can see. By the way, Hobbs, are you a bird spotter?"

Mr. Hobbs was so sunk by the impact of what he had heard in the past few minutes that he jumped like one who has been unexpectedly pinched.

"I'm interested in birds," he said, somewhat amazed at his own words.

Mrs. Hobbs shared his amazement. "Why, Roger Hobbs, you don't know a cow from a cuckoo."

"We keep a season score," said Mr. Turner, ignoring her. "Two hundred and forty-four so far this year. Not bad for August."

"Two hundred and forty-four what?" asked Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. Turner looked at him suspiciously. "Species," he said. "Different kinds of bird. We'll take you out tomorrow morning. Got any glasses?"

Mr. Hobbs said he had.

"What power and field?" asked Mr. Turner.

"I don't know," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Well, you can use ours," said Mr. Turner, the implication being that a man like Mr. Hobbs was sure to have the wrong kind, anyway.

"Look!" cried Mr. Hobbs excitedly. "There's a big bunch—over there, sitting on the telephone wire."

"Barn swallows," said Mr. Turner, scarcely glancing at them.

"I don't see how you can tell," said Mr. Hobbs admiringly. To him they were just so many blue-black beads strung on the wire.

"Couldn't be anything else," said Mr. Turner, "the way they're bunched and everything. Then look at the markings. That cinnamon-buff underneath and the white spots on the tail. Barn swallows are the only ones with white spots on their tails."

"That's very interesting," said Mr. Hobbs. He borrowed Mr. Turner's fieldglasses and studied the barn swallows carefully. He could see no cinnamon-buff undersides; and if there were any white spots on their tails they were sitting on them. To him they were still blue-black beads strung on a telephone wire.

"See what I mean?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. Turner looked pleased. "You're going to be a good bird-spotter," he said.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Turner had insisted on taking Mr. Hobbs for a bird walk. Mrs. Turner had volunteered to stay home and keep Mrs. Hobbs company.

"This time of year we ought to identify about thirty-five," said Mr. Turner at breakfast.

"Thirty-five is a teeny bit high," contradicted Mrs. Turner sweetly. "Some have migrated. Thirty-three might be nearer."

"Thirty-three to thirty-five," said Mr. Turner. "I like to give myself lots of leeway." They both laughed heartily, as if this was an excellent joke.

The barn swallows had been their first identification. Mr. Turner took a pad and pencil out of his pocket. "Here," he said, "you keep score." Mr. Hobbs wrote, "Barn swallows."

Mr. Turner walked with a long, springy stride. Mr. Hobbs found it difficult to keep up with him. Mr. Turner glanced at him from time to time.

Continuing

"You've never done much walking, have you?" he said.

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Hobbs. "I've been walking ever since I was a baby." He was getting tired of this sort of thing.

"You don't walk right," said Mr. Turner. "You wouldn't last any time at all walking like that. You walk with your knees stiff. You ought to bend them at each step. Exaggerate it a bit and you'll get the idea. Walk as if you were sitting down."

Half squatting, they walked painfully down the road for several minutes. An automobile came up unexpectedly from behind them. The occupants of the back seat turned to stare at them from the rear window.

"Get the idea?" said Mr. Turner.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Hobbs, straightening his legs with relief.

"You come down too hard on your heels," said Mr. Turner severely. "Try to have the whole foot touch the ground at the same instant—and don't toe out like a duck. Try toeing in for a while. That will break you of the habit."

Mr. Hobbs tried it, although he hated himself for doing so.



He felt as if he was about to dislocate every joint from his knees down. What did this maniac think he was? An india-rubber man? When he thought Mr. Turner's attention was diverted, he resumed his normal way of walking.

"There we are," said Mr. Turner so suddenly that Mr. Hobbs started. "Put down a chickadee."

"Where?" asked Mr. Hobbs. His voice was tense and he darted glances in all directions, as if he expected to see a cloud of maddened chickadees come charging down on them from a treetop.

"Over there somewhere," said Mr. Turner, waving his hand towards a clump of trees. "Can't you hear it? It goes chick-a-dee-dee-dee." Mr. Turner made thin, squeaking noises. Mr. Hobbs listened intently. All he could hear were some crickets in an adjoining field.

"Oh, yes," he said, and wrote, "chickadee" on the pad, under "barn swallows."

They walked in silence for a few minutes. "Those aren't very good shoes for this sort of thing," said Mr. Turner.

"I know they're not much to look at," said Mr. Hobbs, "but they're awfully comfortable."

"You need something that will hug the foot more. The Austrians make the best walking shoe. Mine were made for me in Austria. I advise you to get a pair if you're going to do this sort of thing much. But it doesn't matter this morning, because we're not going to get very far." His tone indicated that if the expedition had not been shackled to a ball and

One Big Happy Family

from page 33

chain like Mrs. Hobbs it might have accomplished something. "There's a chewink."

Mr. Hobbs looked among the trees beside the road, but could see nothing.

"You're looking in the wrong place," said Mr. Turner impatiently. "Over on the skyline above those woods."

Squinting, Mr. Hobbs was able to distinguish a dot above the distant trees. It could also have been a gnat flying around his face.

"I don't see how you can be completely sure it's a chewink," he said.

"Line of flight," said Mr. Turner. "Chewinks fly this way." He illustrated with the palm of his hand. "Can't miss 'em. Well, that's three species you know. Now you try identifying them. That's the way to learn."

Mr. Hobbs wrote down, "chewink," and proceeded down the road, staring so hard into the trees and bushes that his eyeballs felt as if they were protruding.

"Not many birds out this morning," he said conversationally.

"Oh, yes, there are," said

Mr. Turner from suddenly and whipped his fieldglasses out of their case. He studied a clump of trees to the right, then handed the glasses to Mr. Hobbs.

"Want to see a red-eyed vireo?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Hobbs. His hands trembled slightly as he took the glasses. He examined the clump of trees from their roots to their topmost branches. All he could see was a slight movement of leaves caused by the soft August breeze.

"I'll be blowed," he said, handing the glasses back to Mr. Turner.

"Ever see one before?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Never," said Mr. Hobbs. "First one I've seen this year. Don't know why. They're common enough." Mr. Hobbs looked disappointed.

"Will you hand me the glasses a minute?" Mr. Hobbs said, trying to keep the tension out of his voice. Now it was his turn to study a tree to the left. "See that tree ahead? Well, there's a big limb that branches off to the right about ten feet above the ground." He handed the glasses back to Mr. Turner. "Follow it to extreme tip. There's a bird there." His voice broke slightly, like a choirboy's.

"Barn swallows. Three of them," said Mr. Turner, scarcely touching the glasses to his eyes. He resumed his swinging stride down the wagon track. There was a long silence.

Mr. Turner appeared to be brooding. "I nearly missed that sharp-shinned hawk," he said. "This has been a bad season for me, even though I have spotted more birds than I ever have before at this time of year."

"How many did you say you'd spotted?" asked Mr. Hobbs, feeling that a little interest was called for.

"Two hundred and forty-four," said Mr. Turner. "That's what I was telling you yesterday. And now that red-eyed vireo makes it two hundred and forty-five. I ought to see a hundred and ten or fifteen more before the end of the year. That won't be a bad score. It's the ones you miss that get you though. I've had two inexcusable misses this year and it worries me."

"I know," said Mr. Hobbs understandingly.

"One was in June," said Mr. Turner. "About the second week in June, I should say. I was walking through country just about like this, and I flushed up something in a field just behind my left shoulder. I turned fast enough. I had my eye on him all right. Then it was gone and I don't know what it was."

Mr. Hobbs turned this episode over in his mind for several minutes. "Bad luck," he said finally.

"Not at all," said Mr. Turner sharply. "It was carelessness. Just stupid carelessness. And the second was just the same thing. I heard the note just as clearly as I hear that phoebe now—put down 'phoebe'."

Mr. Hobbs, who had heard nothing but Mr. Turner's voice, obediently wrote down "phoebe."

"I heard it just as clearly as you and I hear that phoebe, and then someone hooked an automobile horn at me and I jumped aside and lost it."

"That's the way it is," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Inexcusable," said Mr. Turner.

The wagon track led past a large grove of scrub oak, twisted and contorted by the winter winds from the sea.

"Ought to find something here," said Mr. Turner.

They circled the edge of the grove. A few yards ahead of

them a dead tree stood beside the track. Mr. Hobbs thought he saw something move among the bare branches. He was about to call Mr. Turner's attention to it, but he couldn't risk another barn swallow.

At that moment Mr. Turner's glasses shot up to his eyes and focused on the same spot. He gave a cry of excitement. "It can't be! Yes, sir, it is! It's a saw-whet owl! What do you know about that! Way out here!"

He handed Mr. Hobbs the glasses. "Well!" said Mr. Hobbs, sweeping the glasses back and forth in a vain search for the tree. "That's something, isn't it?" He wrote down "saw-toothed owl" and they plodded on.

He was getting very tired now. They came to the southern edge of the woods. Broad fields, dotted with sheep, spread out towards the sea, gradually merging into salt marshlands. A large pond lay between the marshes and the dunes and he could hear the muffled pounding of the sea.

Far down the shore line he could make out the faint silhouette of Grey Gables, standing on the highland above the sea. The thought of walking all the way back to it made the impulse to sit down almost irresistible.

"Well, I guess we'll have to leave the shore birds for another trip," he said.

"No sense doing that," said Mr. Turner. "Those fields up ahead are full of good stuff, and that pond ought to be a gold-mine."

"The only trouble is it's almost noon. It'll take us over an hour to get back and lunch is at one."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother too much about lunch, old man. When you're out in the open, meals are a movable feast. It's what you're doing at the minute that counts. The girls will be so busy gossiping they won't know whether it's lunchtime or dinner."

Mr. Hobbs said nothing, but he had misgivings. Only last night, when they were going to bed, Mrs. Hobbs had said—whispering because of the thin walls—that if he left her alone all day with "that woman" she'd shoot him. He also remembered that her last words had been not to forget that lunch was at one.

During the next two hours Mr. Hobbs tottered after his house guest across vast fields and oozing marshes, forcing his way through bayberry thickets and dragging his feet through loose sand.

Mr. Turner's energy seemed to increase in inverse ratio to Mr. Hobbs' flagging vitality. He wasn't satisfied with crossing the fields, but insisted on traversing them like a hound-dog in search for a scent. They came at length to the edges of the pond behind the dunes. The air was alive with shore birds.

Mr. Hobbs sank down on a log.

"Here's a wonderful place to watch them," he said.

"The sun's in the way," said Mr. Turner. "It's much better on the other side of the pond." On the other side they waded through tall marsh grass, kicking up clouds of mosquitoes like dust at every step. The grass grew longer as they approached the edges of the pond until it was over their heads. Mr. Hobbs began to feel like an African-buffalo hunter.

Then he parted the grass on the edge of the pond, and all his weariness fled from him like a cloak. Twenty feet out in the shallow water stood a bird a man could see. There was no formless blue-black bead strung on a telephone wire, no phony sound that only Turner ears could hear, no black spot on the horizon, but a great blue-grey creature, standing in

To page 38

and Baby Bear
said...“Someone’s
been eating my
Kellogg’s Corn
Flakes!”...



We've brought the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears right up to date because—to more and more families all over the world—breakfast MEANS Kellogg's Corn Flakes. (Even father-bears forget to grumble when they taste that famous Kellogg's flavour!) If you're still getting breakfast the hard way, it's time you discovered how good these Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste, how good they make you feel. Chances are you'll catch onto the same wonderful idea and start serving the world's finest energy breakfast yourself . . . Tomorrow morning?

Imagine! Breakfast on the table fast as you can snap open a packet! Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with milk, sugar, fruit and toast, give your family a third of their food needs for the entire day. No wonder people say "It's today's biggest breakfast bargain!"



CFF

Stars in the sun

★ When the sun is high and hot over the beautiful Mediterranean coast, celebrities from all the world's glamor centres gather to laze on the sands of famous beaches. The four lovely actresses on this page were photographed having fun on the Venice Lido. They are rising starlets Eunice Gayson, Belinda Lee, and little Mary Ure, of the English stage and films, and talented Italian film star Eleonora Rossi Drago.

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON



ITALIAN ACTRESS Eleonora Rossi Drago (above) looks carefree and charming sipping a drink while sunbathing on the Lido in colorful holiday costume. A top drama star and award-winner of the Italian cinema, Eleonora has a world-wide film following.



PRETTY teenage actress Mary Ure (left) enjoys the sea breezes. Mary is already established in London's West End and recently won a new movie contract with the Korda organisation. She is thought by studio heads to be a bright screen hope.



SPARKLING Eunice Gayson, a Rank starlet, got her first starring break recently — but not from her own studio. Hollywood gave Eunice her chance by sending her to Spanish Moroccan locations of "Zarak Khan" after her beach holiday.



BLOND Belinda Lee, reported to be the most glamorous star-of-the-future on the Rank payroll, gave up work for a Lido holiday after finishing the Norman Wisdom comedy "Man of the Moment." There are lots of parts in sight for Belinda.

from page 35

transfixed dignity on one leg and gazing fixedly into space.

Putting a warning finger to his lips, Mr. Hobbs pointed dramatically, much as Balboa must have pointed when, after leading his ragged Spaniards through the jungles of Panama, he first glimpsed the Pacific Ocean.

Mr. Turner's camera clicked. The heron, without deigning to turn its head, flapped its great wings several times, then flew slowly above the still water of the pond towards the grove of scrub oak.

"Well, well," said Mr. Turner. "So the amateur wins the Oscar. Know what that was?"

"A whooping crane," suggested Mr. Hobbs hopefully.

"No. That was a great blue heron. Congratulations."

It was almost three o'clock when they turned into the driveway of Grey Gables. Mr. Turner's knees were still bent and full of spring. Mr. Hobbs, on the other hand, had the drawn look that is characteristic of survivors.

Mrs. Hobbs and Mrs. Turner were sitting on the porch. Although they were chattering, just as Mr. Turner had predicted they would be, Mr. Hobbs recognised an expression on his wife's face that he did not like.

"Hi-de-ho, you nice people," called Mr. Turner.

Mrs. Hobbs omitted salutations. "For goodness' sake, Rog," she began, but Mrs. Turner interrupted.

"Peggy's been so upset by you boys. She thought you'd been attacked by a bird. I told her that when men go birding there's no telling when they'll get back. I kept saying to her, 'Don't worry. They'll be here when they get here.' Any luck?"

"Hobbs picked up a great blue heron," said Mr. Turner.

Mrs. Turner clapped her hands. "Wonderful!" she cried. "Phooie!" said Mrs. Hobbs. "They're all over the place. I hope you men don't expect much to eat. We're having a big buffet-supper party tonight, and if anyone steps inside that kitchen he'll get shot."

The Turners, with unconscious consideration, retired to their room to doze and criticise their host and hostess. Mr. Hobbs also took to his bed, and fell immediately into an exhausted sleep. Mrs. Hobbs was finally free to struggle unhindered with the preparations for her party.

For almost a month the Hobbs' had accepted invitations in the carefree spirit of those who have an unlimited time in which to repay their obligations. Mrs. Hobbs had been a well-intentioned but procrastinating hostess. Now, with the summer almost over, the enormity of their social debt had suddenly dawned on her.

Using the Turners as an excuse, she had asked everyone she could think of to a buffet supper. If they all came, it was difficult to see just how she was going to feed them or even get them inside the house.

At this point, however, the comfort or pleasure of her guests was a secondary consideration, if it entered into her calculations at all. Her purpose was to eliminate names from a list, and if she had to jam people in like sheep in a sheepfold, why that was just too bad and their own fault for coming.

The worst had happened. The nightmare of every hostess had become reality for Mrs. Hobbs. Practically everyone she had asked had accepted with pleasure. She had apparently been unfortunate enough to pick an off night.

In an attempt to allay her fears Mr. Hobbs said that it might turn out to be a good thing. If the place was suffi-

ciently overcrowded, it would be harder for people to see what a broken-down dump it was.

And now the fateful hour was at hand. The party was in full swing. It resembled every party that had been given in Rock Harbor during the past summer. The caterer who had cooked the food was the same caterer who had cooked similar food for almost everyone there. The same maids were engaged in dispensing it to the same people who had received it on so many former occasions.

Mrs. Hobbs was aware of all these things, yet like every other hostess she cherished the illogical hope that her party might somehow be different. She hoped this particularly tonight because not only was her school-friend Mrs. Archer Gabrielson among the honored guests, but the latter had brought her mother, the venerable and terrifying Mrs. Thornton Barstow.

If Mrs. Archer Gabrielson was the pivot around which the social life of Rock Harbor revolved, then Mrs. Thornton Barstow was the granite base on which it rested. She was the actual owner of the historic colonial house over which her daughter presided with such distinction and charm. She was probably the one who paid most of the bills.

In a past generation it had been Mrs. Thornton Barstow who decided the social fate of new summer residents. Since deafness had made it increasingly difficult for her to keep abreast of the local scuttlebutt, however, she had relinquished the torch to her daughter as the next in line of succession.

Quick to sense these subtle changes, the "Island Messenger" now announced on the first day of July each year that Mrs. Thornton Barstow was visiting her daughter, the popular Mrs. Archer Gabrielson, at the latter's charming home, "Millstones."

There were many people at the party whom Mr. Hobbs would have preferred to sit beside rather than Mrs. Thornton Barstow. In fact he would have taken another bird walk through the darkness with Mr. Turner in order to avoid it. Mrs. Hobbs had warned him, however, that if he so much as took his eye off the old hag all evening she would exterminate him when the last guest had gone.

Mrs. Thornton Barstow had reached an age and social position where she did not feel constrained to talk to every Tom, Dick, and Harry unless she felt like it. This was an evening when she did not feel like it. In view of the fact that she heard the loudest sounds with the greatest difficulty, her conversation with Mr. Hobbs could scarcely be described as animated.

They shared a particularly rickety card table. The other two occupants of the table, whom Mr. Hobbs could not remember ever having seen before, were engaged in one of those intimate conversations that always made him feel that if the participants were not married they should be.

Mrs. Thornton Barstow picked at her food and glared around the room, occasionally nodding grimly, as if she were giving permission to some unseen executioner to do his duty.

"We think your island is very beautiful," said Mr. Hobbs desperately. Five minutes had passed without a word being exchanged. He felt that he had to say something or rush screaming from the room.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Thornton Barstow.

"I say, 'We think your island is very beautiful.'" Mr.

Hobbs raised his voice, watching his table companions anxiously from the corner of his eye.

Mrs. Barstow adjusted her hearing device, which lay somewhat poorly concealed in the upper recesses of her abundant bosom. "What say?" she inquired.

"I say, 'We think your island is very beautiful,'" shouted Mr. Hobbs.

"I don't hear very well," said Mrs. Barstow in a confidential voice.

"It doesn't matter," shouted Mr. Hobbs. "It was a silly remark." He was conscious of an expanding circle of silence around them.

"Who made a silly remark?" asked Mrs. Barstow, tuning up her hearing aid. For the first time her aged face registered animation. "My daughter, you say? Did Polly make a silly remark? It's not the first time."

"Who's taking my name in vain?" Mrs. Archer Gabrielson craned her lovely neck towards them.

"Nobody," shouted Mr. Hobbs, and then to Mrs. Barstow, screaming, "I did."

"You did what," said Mrs. Barstow impatiently.

"I made a silly remark," shouted Mr. Hobbs.

"What for?" asked Mrs. Barstow.

Mrs. Archer Gabrielson took her mother home on the stroke of ten. Their departure was like pulling a cork from a bottle. In fact, if anyone had looked into the pantry at Grey Gables at almost any time from this point on, he would probably have seen Mr. Hobbs doing just that.

Nobody looked, however. They were all too occupied with one another. In fact, Mr. Hobbs was becoming conscious of the fact that nobody would notice if he and Mrs. Hobbs went to bed. In other words the party was on the verge of becoming a great success.

Sometime later — he was not sure just when — there was a particularly noticeable commotion in the neighborhood of the front door. One of the caterer's maids approached Mr. Hobbs. Her face had the eager look of a harbinger of bad tidings.

"I'm sorry, sir, but they's some people at the door that says they want to see you. They claim they're friends of yours." The note of distaste in her voice indicated that she was used to better things.

The sounds from the front door were growing louder. Gathered round it Mr. Hobbs was dismayed to find a grotesque group of male and female tramps. They were dressed in every conceivable combination of ill-fitting sea clothes — sou'-westers, oilskin pants, ragged sweaters, and blue jeans. The fog-soaked hair of the women clung darkly about their faces. Several were barefooted.

A big man in oilskin pants and a lifeless-looking black jersey detached himself from the group.

"Hobbs!" he roared. "You miserable old bullfrog! We're shipwrecked mariners. Hot off the yacht. Crew of H.M.S. Melissa, sir, seeking succor and good cheer from ever-amiable and generous—"

"I'm Mrs. Binger," said a tall, dark woman who might have been attractive if she removed her wet hair from her eyes. "It's a perfect imposition to land on you like this when you're giving a party. But Harry insisted that you'd made him promise to drop in

To page 39

ORSON IS A DADDY AGAIN

By BILL STRUTTON in London

It was a bit of a disappointment to Orson Welles and the Contessa Paola Mori Di Girfalco, who is, as they phrase it somewhat ungallantly in films, Orson's latest wife, when their offspring turned out to be a girl.

FABULOUS Orson has yet to be blessed in his marriage ventures with a son, and the third Mrs. Welles—he calls her Bunny—had her eye not only on founding a dynasty of genius but on achieving something his earlier wives had failed to do.

However, many of Orson's friends are heaving stony sighs of relief and saying it is just as well it's a girl. The world would not be big enough for two Orsons.

Recently London has been treated to the film which marks the meeting, romance, and nuptials of Orson and the dark and strangely lovely Paola Mori. The film is "Confidential Report"—made mostly in Spain during 1954.

In it, Paola emerges against a confused but exotic European background as the star, Orson's own discovery for films as well as for himself.

He and Paola were married as secretly as is possible in films at Caxton Hall Registry Office in London last May.

After the ceremony they ducked into the country for two days, then fled to France, hid in Versailles, and finally embarked on a nomadic honeymoon in Provence so that Orson could film bits and pieces for British television.

Then they went on to Lake Garda, where Orson improved the shining hour by making a film about the ghost of an ancient Roman who haunts one of the lakeside chateaux.

It must have been a strange honeymoon for the young couple, for Orson is reputed to get so engrossed in his work that he becomes unconscious of everybody around him.

Met in Rome

IN fact, it was this habit of rapt other-worldliness while he was filming which first got him into trouble with Paola. Four years ago, when she was 20, Paola was filming feature roles in Rome.

At that time Orson was making one of his frequent visits to Rome, and strolled the Via Veneto every night with a cigar in his mouth and a different girl on his arm. A friend pointed out Paola.

"Beautiful, eh? And intelligent, my friend. But about as easy to handle as a wild horse."

Whereupon Orson wanted to meet her.

"Meet that madman?" Paola said. "Never!"

Whereupon Orson wanted to meet her all the more.

At a film party he sat in a corner, drank gloomily, said nothing, brushed off solicitous questions from his host, and shot an occasional beetling glance in the direction of a somewhat disturbed Contessa Mori. At the end of the evening he got up, walked over to

her, said gravely, "I love you," and departed.

After that Paola's family at their beachside villa were suddenly stirred out of their domestic calm by a deluge of telephone calls that came at all hours of the day and night.

Florists turned up with big baskets of flowers. The post office delivered an average of 10 telegrams a day, all ardent and all providing telegraph clerks with reading matter such as they had never had before.

Cables

THERE was a general sigh of relief when it was learned that Orson had left Rome to gypsy about Europe again. But the deluge of cables continued—from Paris, London, New York, Madrid, and Vienna.

When Orson decided to film his own story, "Confidential Report," in Spain, he had already chosen his star—the new, scarcely known Paola Mori. She accepted with misgiving. But her first letters home from location in Spain were reassuring. Orson, she advised her parents, needed handling. He had a terrible

temper. But it lasted only 10 minutes, and then he was as sweet as an angel. And what a genius! He could make a potato act!

When Paola returned home she burst into tears in her mother's arms, and wailed, "I'll never marry him. When he works he doesn't know anybody. He scarcely looked at me in the studio restaurant."

When he had finished directing and editing his film, Orson realised Paola was no longer there. The deluge of cables started all over again. She cut it short by retorting in a letter that she wanted nothing more to do with him.

Then Orson appealed to Paola to return to Madrid to re-make certain scenes from their film. Two weeks later her father was startled out of bed in the night by the phone ringing. Just like old times. "He's wonderful," yelled Paola from Vienna. "And I'm going to marry him."

She followed this up with a letter which explained: "It's not true to say he's abnormal. It's just that he is hypernormal."

NEW YEAR PROGRAMMES AT CITY THEATRES

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," Delux color CinemaScope drama, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Glass Slipper," MetroScope color romance, starring Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding. Plus "Sequoia," animal feature, starring Jean Parker. (Release, review unavailable.)

LYCEUM.—★ "One Good Turn," comedy, starring Norman Wisdom, Shirley Abicair. Plus ★ "Little Red Monkey," thriller, starring Richard Conte, Rona Anderson.

MAYFAIR.—★ "How To Be Very, Very Popular," color CinemaScope comedy with songs, starring Betty Grable, Sherree North, Robert Cummings. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★ "Davy Crockett," technicolor period Western, starring Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," color CinemaScope adventure, starring James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas, Peter Lorre. Plus featurettes, including Disney's "Toot, Whistle, Plunk, and Boom."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Strategic Air Command," technicolor VistaVision drama, starring June Allyson, James Stewart. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Tall Men," Delux color CinemaScope Western, starring Clark Gable, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Cameron Mitchell. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Fire in the Blood" ("La Rage au Corps"), French drama with English sub-titles, starring Francoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Love Me or Leave Me," color CinemaScope musical drama, starring Doris Day, James Cagney. Plus featurettes.

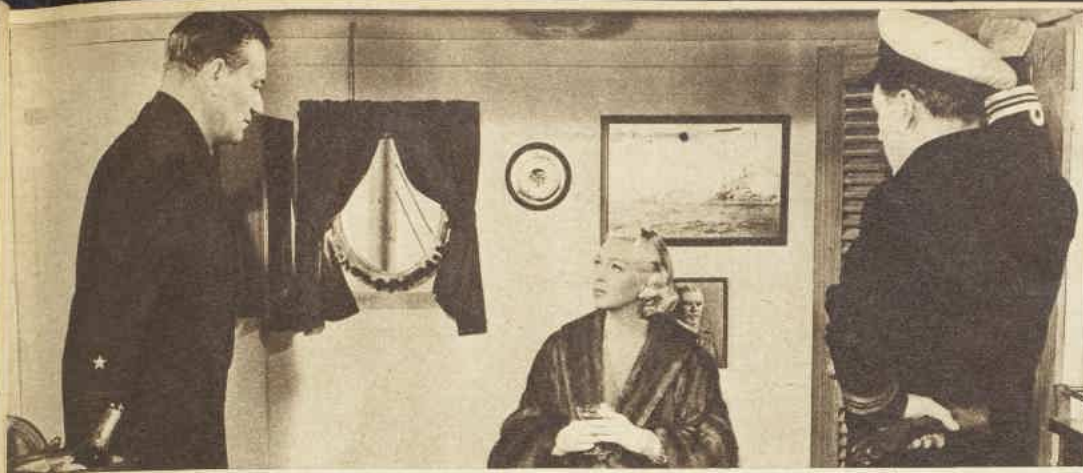
VICTORY.—★★ "The Rainbow Jacket," technicolor racing drama, starring Bill Owen, Kay Walsh, Robert Morley. Plus ★ "Radio Cab Murder," thriller, starring Jimmy Hanley, Lana Morris.

Not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"A Kid For Two Farthings," Eastmancolor comedy-drama, starring Celia Johnson, Diana Dors, David Kossoff. Plus featurettes.

Continuing . . . One Big Happy Family

from page 38



1 CAPTAIN KARL EHRLICH (John Wayne), left, anti-Nazi skipper of the freighter *Ergenstrasse*, in Sydney Harbor, dispenses drinks to his friend, Commander Napier (David Farrar), of the British warship *Rockhampton*, and Napier's fiancée, Elsa Keller (Lana Turner). Unknown to Napier, Elsa is a Nazi adventuress and an old flame of the captain. Determined to get his ship home, Ehrlich slips out of the harbor bound for Valparaiso. Some days out, he finds that Elsa has stowed away.

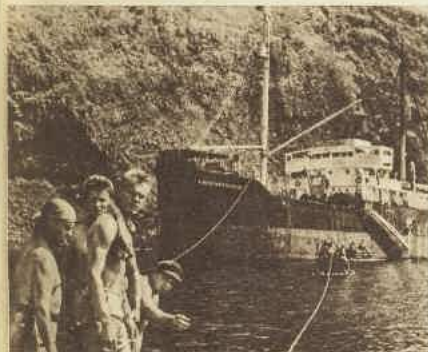


2 BRUTAL Nazi mate Kirchner (Lyle Bettger), centre, sent to raid Auckland Island for food and fuel, wantonly shoots fishermen. Napier vows to avenge them.



3 CLASHES over the shooting and over Elsa follow. The crew is upset when they must burn lifeboats as fuel.

Wartime adventure



4 REFUELLING at Pom Pom Culli, Ehrlich spots *Rockhampton* from afar. Two volunteers are cut adrift in the last boat to lure the warship away.

★ "The Sea Chase," in color CinemaScope, is an adventure of the early days of World War II that is based on Andrew Geer's novel of the pursuit of a nondescript German freighter from Australia to the North Sea by the British Navy.

The suspenseful story stresses the hardships of the chase without food and fuel, as well as the ingenuity of the German skipper (played by John Wayne) and his officers (Tab Hunter and Richard Davalos are in the company) in keeping going when surrender would not have been a disgrace.



5 SEARCHING the area, Napier is not deceived by this ruse and chases the quarry into Valparaiso harbor.

if we anchored in Rock Harbor, and we do need some milk and butter, and all the stores are closed."

"And ice," said a voice in the background. "We need tons of ice."

Mr. Hobbs had recovered himself.

"Come in," he cried, trying to roar like Mr. Binger. "Come aboard. I'd never have forgiven you, Harry Binger, if you hadn't popped in." The thought of the introductions to come entered his mind, coupled with the knowledge that he could not remember any of his guests' names. "Peggy," he shouted frantically. "Peggy."

It was midnight. The damp, ragged crew of the *Melissa* were sprawled about among the invited guests. With the assurance that comes from fighting the elements with bare hands (and feet), they had pretty much taken over. One of the crew, a baby-faced girl with short blond hair, had a concertina, and a young man by the name of Dack or Quack or something had appointed himself master of ceremonies.

He stood on a chair, waving his hands for silence.

"Now, mates, fill up your beakers with rum and stow yourselves, 'cause you're going to hear something. You're going to hear—hey, Captain, why don't you put the good cheer an' the ice right out here on the table, where we can all help ourselves? Then you won't have to be jumping up and down all the time. Alex, help the captain carry the grog on deck. And now mates—and mismates—you've got a treat coming. You're going to hear our most disable-bodied seaman, Salty Clayberry, sing 'Locked in the stable with the sheep.' I mean, 'Rocked in the cradle.' Well, anyway, he'll be accompanied on the push-and-pull by the equally able-bodied Vivienne Grace, and that's the important thing."

Everyone applauded and screamed approval. The man called Alex, accompanied by another cruiser, came bursting out of the pantry with an armful of bottles and the ice jug.

"Hold everything," Dack or Quack was on the chair again, his arms stretched above his head. "Before you hear this beautiful rendition, let's all fill up our tankards and drink a health to our genial host—" he leaned down and whispered to Mrs. Binger, then straightened up—"we'll all drink chicky-chick to our beloved host, Rog Hobson."

"The name is Hobbs," said Mr. Hobbs, but Salty Clayberry had already started to sing.

Life at Grey Gables had entered a new phase. The guests were gone. With the lifting of the fog the cruisers had departed on their carefree way. Kate had returned from some mysterious visit.

Mr. Hobbs was never sure just where she was, and as a result her returns always came as an agreeable surprise to him. During his last expedition she had wangled a driving licence from the gullible Department of Motor Vehicles and fallen in love with a boy without a car, two events destined to have a marked effect on Mr. Hobbs' life.

Up to this point automobiles had not presented a major problem. Mr. Hobbs had his sedan, and for a period there had also been the Carvers' ancient station-wagon and the Grants' equally venerable two-door. Kate's needs had been cared for by the boy with the red convertible.

Byron had driven home in the two-door, however, and shortly afterwards the station-wagon had given up the ghost. Susan said that when it got like that Stewart was the only one who could set it in motion again. So she helped Mr. Hobbs push it into the garage to await its master's return. At which point Mr. Hobbs' car had assumed the hacking for the entire family.

It was Kate, however, who had transformed the car shortage from a minor to a major crisis. Her new romance being apparently without automotive resources, it was up to her to provide transportation if the delicate roots of love were to be properly nourished.

From early morning until late at night she was continually rushing off to unknown places that were only accessible by automobile. And she had a passion for keeping them unknown.

"But, Mother! Do I have to tell you every little place I go? I'm really not a child, you know. I'm not going on wild parties. I'm not coming home bug-eyed and running into telegraph poles. It's so humiliating, Mother, to be cross-examined every time I ask for the car."

"Darling," Mrs. Hobbs was somewhat afraid of her youngest daughter. "You fly to pieces so. It's all right for you to take the car, but your father likes to know where it is and when it will be back."

"Why does everyone always have to talk about Dad's car and Dad's this and Dad's that? Is this a family or is it an oligarchy or something? All I do is ask for the car and there's a scene about it. Why can't we be more integrated?"

"Where's the car?" asked Mr. Hobbs. "I told Jack Ogden I'd meet him down on West Beach and do a little fishing."

"Kate has it, dear," said Mrs. Hobbs nervously.

"When's she coming back?"

"I don't know. They're all going to the movies at Long Beach, and then they're going to the Lobster Pot for dinner. After that they're going dancing somewhere."

The veins in Mr. Hobbs' forehead stood out as he fought for control.

"Good," he said. "Good. My car goes tearing all over the Island, filled with a lot of screaming maniacs dropping cigarette butts all over it—lighted cigarette butts. I can't go fishing so that a lot of children can spend somebody's hard-earned money at the Lobster Pot. Whose vacation—"

"Rog! For heaven's sake! Talk to Kate about it. Don't scold me."

He wandered into the living-room and picked up "Our Island Birds," which Mr. Turner had left for him. Mr. Hobbs was a conscientious man, whether the matter had to do with birds or business. If Mr. Turner had given him a valuable bird book, he felt that the least he could do was to go bird-walking with it. He might even see another great blue heron.

He took his binoculars from the hook behind the door, stuck the book under his arm, and set off down the road in the direction of West Beach. The bushes on either side were alive with birds. They were darting about in such a hysterical fashion, however, that he

To page 40



6 ANGRY words are exchanged when Napier tackles Ehrlich at a welcome party. Here Elsa convinces Ehrlich she really loves him. Later the freighter puts to sea disguised as a banana boat.



7 SHELLED when she is intercepted by *Rockhampton*, the freighter sinks in the North Sea with Elsa and Ehrlich aboard. The ship's log proves Ehrlich innocent of the Auckland incident.

was not able to get a good look at them.

Mr. Hobbs decided that there must be some kind of crisis going on in their lives. It didn't seem like just the time to pry into their private affairs. He tried walking with his knees bent the way Mr. Turner had recommended, but it hurt his joints, so he resumed his natural gait.

He came to a gate, and, feeling the need for more privacy than the road afforded, crawled through it. A wagon track led off across the moors. He followed it, secure in the knowledge that here there would be neither birds nor people to bother him. Here was only grey-green moorland rolling toward the sea, land that, through the ages, had grown to resemble the sea itself. Above it fat white clouds floated majestically across an enormous sky. He felt very much alone and suddenly peaceful.

It was soothing to walk over these gently rolling hills where one hollow looked just like the last and each rise like the one before — soothing and at the same time mentally stimulating. His mind travelled back over the events of the past month, and for the first time he was able to bring them into some focus.

It had all been so different from what he had expected — good, rich, satisfying, to be sure, but not in the way he had expected. He had learned much in a few brief weeks, but there was still much that eluded him.

He had learned that the relationship between a parent and his matured children is something that cannot be allowed to grow wild but needs constant weeding and tending.

He had learned that age spans cannot be bridged and that one cannot be a comrade to an adult child or to a grandchild or to any other person, for that matter, who is too far removed in years. Such ties can only be based on need or respect.

He had learned how difficult it was to stop thinking of his daughters as children and to realise that they were adults, as well aware of rain as he was and much more qualified than he to decide whether or not to come indoors because of it.

He realised now that there was only one point where his life had truly touched the lives of his children. It was in the early years when they had been helpless and needed him because of it, when the need ceased, their paths had diverged.

There was nothing depressing about that. Grown children no longer needed parents as such. That should be self-evident. When one tried to hold them by continuing to play the old role, there was natural resistance. Parents wanted their children to develop — obviously not as children, but as mature men and women. It never seemed to occur to parents, however, that their children might want them to develop — not as parents but as people.

His thoughts wandered to Kate. He supposed she'd be the next to go. Of course that was natural and what he wanted, but he suddenly realised that he wanted it with his head, not his heart.

The trouble was that the minute they married they changed. It was hard to explain, but none the less true. They went down the aisle as his children, but when they turned away from the altar they were women and no longer belonged to him — or, indeed, to anyone else.

He was right back where he had started. It was hard for him to believe that a sensible man could resent the fact that his daughters had become quite capable of taking care of themselves. He was afraid

Continuing

from page 39

it was at least half true though.

He tortured himself with this idea for a while, then discarded it and forced himself back into reality. He had reached the sea. The wheel tracks disappeared in deep sand. Passing between two great dunes, he came out on West Beach, a strip of complete loneliness, deserted for the moment by even the gulls and the terns.

A fog was moving in from the ocean, its fingers already probing among the dunes. The pounding of the surf alone broke the silence. It was an ideal setting for the first chapter of a murder mystery. Mr. Hobbs turned and started back rapidly along the track.

He could not outwalk the fog, however. It overtook him and spread across the moors. Their friendly grey-green color disappeared, and they suddenly turned dark and hostile.

He came to a fork in the wagon track. On the way in, he had noticed nothing of this kind, and now he had no way of knowing which direction to take. The right-hand track looked a bit more used, so he followed it, but without conviction. A hundred yards farther on he came to a second fork. Blindly and without reason he again took the right-hand track. He was trapped, imprisoned in mist. A man might wander on these moors until he dropped exhausted.

He thought of Grey Gables. They would all be sitting around the living-room, Susan and Jane and Mrs. Hobbs, chattering in that idle, endless way all women seem to enjoy so much. Peewee and Peter would have shaken all the toys out of the big wood basket on to the living-room floor — the unbroken, half-broken, and totally demolished — thus creating the atmosphere of chaos that was their special delight.

"I wonder where Pops is," Susan might ask as it grew darker. Somehow or other he knew that she would be the one to bring it up. Now, in his hour of crisis, he felt tenderly grateful to her for it.

"Oh, he's wandering around somewhere," Jane would reply. "He'll be along."

Little did they know that at that very moment their father was staggering blindly over the fog-shrouded moors using his last strength in a desperate effort to reach them. Eventually they would find him, of course, face downward (Mr. Hobbs was always found face downward) on the grey-green turf. His eyes filled with tears as he thought of the anguish that would be theirs.

The trail forked again. Desperately he dropped to his knees and examined the ground at the junction. It seemed to him that he could distinguish a footmark in the soft earth of the left-hand track — a footmark pointing toward the sea. He bore left, and a moment later, to his astonishment, he found himself at the gate. A car whizzed past on the highroad.

He leaned on the gate, savoring his relief.

"There's Pops now," said Jane, as his footsteps sounded on the porch.

"Well, I've had quite an adventure," said Mr. Hobbs, striving not to be dramatic. He hung up his binoculars behind the door. "I was out on the moors, and the fog —"

"That's nice, dear," said Mrs. Hobbs. "And before you sit down, will you start the pump? The water hardly runs in the upstairs bathtub, and if I don't get a bath tonight I don't know when I ever will, with all these babies and everything."

It was the end of the summer. Labor Day, that curious

holiday that is the grand finale to all holidays, was almost at hand. Already, anxious housewives were making reservations for this and that delicacy at the food shops of Rock Harbor.

Mr. Hobbs had an uncomfortable feeling that somewhere along the line he had allowed his morale to slip badly. All the things he had planned to accomplish remained largely undone. The books he had looked forward to reading faced him reproachfully on the living-room table.

Somehow there had been no time for the deep-sea fishing trips, no time for the vigorous routine of daily exercise that was to have restored the tone to his less than bulging muscles, no time, no time.

Days had a tendency to resemble other days. Routines were being established. Rats were being dug. Time was beginning to accelerate.

It was the moment of stillness before the storm.

Susan finished reading her letter, folded it carefully, and replaced it in its envelope.

IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by M. McLean. Colonial Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane.

THIS is her entry:

"If someone appears determined to go ahead with an action we feel can only do him harm we sometimes shrug our shoulders and say 'Your blood be on your own head.'"

"The phrase comes from the second book of Samuel, chapter 1, verse 16, where David is speaking to the man who confessed killing King Saul: 'Thy blood be upon thy head; for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed.'"

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Address entries "Bible Quotations," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Stew arrives Friday night on the late boat," she said. "He's bringing Jack Halstead with him."

"Jack who?" asked Mr. Hobbs.

"Oh, Pops, you wouldn't know him. He's a friend of ours we used to see a lot of when he lived in Los Alamos. His wife died a little while ago. It's very sad. Stew ran into him in New York. He's bringing him along to cheer him up."

"Don't forget that Byron gets here on the eight o'clock boat that same night," said Jane.

"That's all right," said Mrs. Hobbs. "I have it all down on a piece of paper just when everybody gets here. I had a postcard from Kate today. She thinks she can make the five o'clock boat, but she can't be sure. Then Byron gets in at eight. And now you say Stew will be in on the eleven-thirty with this Mr. Halsey."

"Halstead, Mother. Please." "Halstead then. Your father will simply have to make a lot of trips to Long Beach that day." The telephone rang. Everybody stopped talking to count the rings.

"Four," said Susan and Jane, without doing anything further about it.

"Wouldn't it be possible —" began Mr. Hobbs.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Hobbs on her way to the front hall to answer the phone. "Everything's arranged."

It was a long-distance call

from Kate. The rest of the family sat silently, trying to piece the conversation together from Mrs. Hobbs' replies.

"That will be splendid, dear. Of course there's room. We'd adore having them. Of course, dear, I hope you're having a lovely time."

"If that brat turns this place into a girls' dormitory over the weekend, I'll kill her," said Jane.

"She will," said Susan grimly.

Mrs. Hobbs returned to the living-room. Her face was beaming. "Isn't that nice," she said. "Kate's bringing three college friends."

"Three!" cried Jane.

"Mother!" Susan slumped back in her chair.

"Where in the world does she think they're going to sleep?" asked Mr. Hobbs. "Listen, Peggy, that child is completely irresponsible. Do you realise that would mean eleven adults and three babies in this house over the entire Labor Day weekend? I won't have it. I tell you. It's idiotic. You just go right back to that phone."

"You're absolutely right,

settled a difficult problem to everybody's complete satisfaction."

There was a brief silence. "Nuts," said Mr. Hobbs, but he knew he was beaten. He strolled casually into the kitchen so that his defeat might not be too obvious.

All Friday afternoon and evening, all day Saturday, the "Island Queen" scooped its human freight from the mainland and poured it on to the island, like a dredging operation. In Long Beach, the sidewalks were crowded with couples in bathing-suits, young girls in sunsuits, whole families in playuits — sauntering idly, all undressed and no place to go.

Farther down the shore at Grey Gables things were in an unusually advanced state of chaos. Its varied activities moved at different levels, like clouds.

At the lowest level Mrs. Hobbs darted ceaselessly and untrigly, her energies fed by hidden forces, trying to run a small hotel without sufficient bedding, chairs, glasses, silverware, or kitchen utensils; improvising; stretching; cheating; preparing snack meals for children; preparing snack meals for adults; making beds; going to cocktail parties; washing dishes; putting them away; getting them out again; sweeping; and in stolen moments packing everything possible into trunks and suitcases in preparation for the exodus on Wednesday.

At another level the Carvers and the Grants, although basically anxious to be helpful, were absorbed in the unending problems of their immediate families. Yet in spite of their absorption one sensed a tense alertness.

Susan and Jane were like boxers sparring for an opening. This was because both of them had accepted at least ten invitations for the next three days. They knew that someone was going to be stuck with the job of baby-sitting, and neither had any intention of being trapped or put upon, although each of them had every intent of trapping or putting upon the first unwary person who showed weakness.

At the level above, the very young sensed the excitement in the air, although to them it meant neither parties nor chores, but rather bottles that were not quite warm enough; food forced between their smeared lips by impatient hands; familiar, beloved stories read so fast that they could no longer understand them; bedtime half an hour earlier; and, what was most confusing of all, a shift in the focus of attention that left them, suddenly, unaccountably, on its half-darkened edges.

All these things they were prepared to combat with every weapon at their command — and their arsenal was better stocked than they realised.

Up among the lighter clouds, Kate and her friends moved more freely and with less continuity of direction. They had dumped their ill-packed suitcases in whatever corner had been assigned to them, and there, the suitcases now lay, lids open and contents exposed in a jumbled mound of color.

They never unpacked. Whatever they pulled from the suitcases was trown like seed over the premises. The living-room, the hall, the stair rail, even the porch were strewn with their surplus gear.

Mr. Hobbs had no idea where they were at any time, but they came screaming back to the house periodically for a change of costume.

At these moments, no mat-

ter how hopelessly their possessions were scattered about or scrambled together, they always seemed able to lay their hands on just what they wanted, and in an incredibly short time they emerged, not a shapeless mass of wrinkle as one might have had a right to expect, but fresh and pressed as if they had just walked out of the cleaners'.

Then they were off again, their non-stop, excited chatter punctuated by peals of hysterical laughter as they went tearing out of the drive.

At the very highest level of all, where the air was thin, Mr. Hobbs drifted wistfully and aimlessly, surveying with distaste the confusion that surrounded him wherever he turned. He picked up an old magazine and cleared his favorite chair of sweaters, bathing suits, damp towels, and what appeared to be Mr. Halstead's underwear.

He hated short stories, but there was no use starting a book now. He wouldn't even have time to finish a short story. Too late to start. Too late to finish.

He couldn't find anything that interested him and wandered to the rear of the house.

Beside the kitchen door a new mountain of cartons had accumulated. He carried them down to the burning place and sat down on a rock to watch the flames.

A cockeyed thing, vacations. In order to have his family about him, he had to spend his time dragging cartons all over the place and burning them up. For the same reason Mrs. Hobbs must spend hers stewing around the kitchen. Susan and Jane spent theirs washing diapers, cooking children's meals, getting them up, and putting them to bed. The only ones who had a real vacation were the children, who obviously did not need one.

"Will you give me what clothes you're not going to wear again so I can pack them?" said Mrs. Hobbs.

Mr. Hobbs stood in the doorway of his shallow closet and surveyed his wardrobe. Most of the garments hanging on the twisted wire hangers had been there since the day he unpacked them. He had given so much careful thought to his summer equipment that it was incredible he could have been so wrong.

Mr. Hobbs' car stood in the driveway in front of Grey Gables, jammed to the roof with suitcases, cartons, paper packages.

The Carvers and the Grants had pulled out the day before. Kate and her friends had left in search of new pleasures. Mr. Hobbs was not sure what had happened to Mr. Halstead. He had just disappeared in the confusion. And now, in a few minutes, the front door of Grey Gables would be shut and the old house would turn to the dark, brooding silence from which it had been aroused weeks before.

Mr. Hobbs had been up since dawn. At six o'clock in the morning he felt quite relaxed about the ten o'clock boat. In four hours one could do almost anything, with time to spare. The packing was all out of the way. Most of the stuff had even been stowed in the car the night before. There was nothing to do but eat a leisurely breakfast, finish loading, empty the garbage, fill in the pit, burn the trash, turn off the bottled gas, and motor quietly to Long Beach and the ferry.

It was nearly half-past seven by the time they had eaten and cleaned up the breakfast dishes. Two hours and a half with practically nothing to do. He sat down on the top step of the porch. The pressure would be removed from life if people would only plan ahead a little.

To page 41

He sighed a relaxed, contented sigh.

At seven forty-five Mrs. Hobbs began to produce a stream of miserable little objects that, for some reason or other, had not been packed and must now be carried loose. Other things had to be done up, and there was no string. Then he had to unload most of the car to get at the picnic basket.

Mr. Hobbs glanced at his watch. It was thirty-two minutes past eight. A nightmare thought crossed his mind, and he pulled out his ferry reservation to verify it. All cars for the ten o'clock ferry were to be in line at nine forty-five. Scattered about him on the brown grass was a motley assortment of packages, double boilers, electric toasters, salad bowls, and meaningless objects; it looked as if someone had taken a kitchen and tipped it out on the front lawn.

"Hey," he shouted. "Hey. Do you know what time it is?"

No one answered. With exaggerated calmness he walked around to the back of the house and stuck his head through the kitchen door.

"We leave," he said, "in exactly fifty-five minutes."

"Well, I can't do it," said Mrs. Hobbs. "And if you haven't got anything better to do than stand around being difficult, come in and get to work."

"I'm packing the car," said Mr. Hobbs and returned hastily to his post. Each to his own task. He began to fit the kitchen utensils into the spaces between the cartons.

Now it was twenty-five minutes to ten. No longer was it a question of arriving at the ferry fifteen minutes before departure. If they made it at all, they'd be lucky. Mr. Hobbs had reserved space for his car a month ago. If he missed the boat now, heaven alone knew how long he would have to stay on the island. For the summer colonists, who had fought so

hard, a few weeks ago, to leave the mainland, were now struggling with equal determination to return to it.

Mr. Hobbs sat in the car, tapping the wheel with nervous fingers. His shirt was soaked with sweat, his hair was in his eyes, and there were dirt streaks on his face. Mrs. Hobbs finally appeared, her arms full of loose objects. He hardly knew her in her city clothes.

"Oh, dear," she moaned. "I know I've forgotten something. I hate so to be hurried."

Mr. Hobbs glanced at his wrist-watch, and at that precise moment a dark-green convertible turned into the driveway. Its top was down, Mrs. Archer Gabrielson sat immaculately behind the wheel, and beside her, equally immaculate, rode Mr. Kenneth Wainwright. The convertible swept around the circle and drew up beside them.

"My dears, how lucky. Another minute and you'd have been gone. Ken and I are on our way over to Bentley Farms to look at a dog, and we just wanted to say good-bye. We do hope you loved the island and that you'll want to come back another year. Don't we, Ken?"

"We sure do," said Mr. Wainwright, carefully adjusting a light-yellow muffler, which he wore under his sport coat. "Now maybe there's something we can do for you. Everybody forgets something when they leave the island. Now what have you forgotten?"

Mrs. Hobbs clapped an agitated hand over her mouth. "The garbage!"

Mr. Kenneth Wainwright looked startled but showed no other signs of flinching. "Charmed," he said. "Where does it go?"

"Oh, please, no," cried Mrs. Hobbs. "I'm so embarrassed. I don't know why I spoke about

it. You asked me what I'd forgotten, and it just popped into my mind and out of my mouth."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Wainwright. "I'm the scavenger of forgotten things. What does one do with garbage at Grey Gables?"

"It's an imposition, Ken," said Mrs. Hobbs, doubtfully.

"It's a pleasure, my friend. Just say where."

Mr. Hobbs glanced again at his watch. Fifteen minutes to make the ferry.

"Just follow the path from the kitchen door to the edge of the bluff. The pit is right below the edge. I'll never forget it, Ken. Oh, yes—and while you're at it, would you mind throwing a few shovelfuls of earth over it?"

"Of course. Don't worry. Goodbye. Good luck."

They started. Mrs. Hobbs made a sound, half moan, half scream. Mr. Hobbs slammed on the brakes.

"The icebox," she said. "We forgot to defrost it."

"Forget it," said Mrs. Archer Gabrielson. "The firm of Gabrielson and Wainwright moves into your house and takes care of everything—garbage, icebox, trash, papers, anything."

"Good heavens, Ken. I forgot to empty the scrap baskets. The incinerator is right by the pump-house."

"Okay, Rog. Goodbye now. You'll miss the boat."

They were turning into the main road. Mrs. Hobbs suddenly stuck her head out the window.

"The empty bottles," she screamed.

The southwest wind, blowing strong from the sea, caught her words and tossed them back at her. Mrs. Gabrielson, standing beside her green convertible, waved a lemon-colored glove. "Goodbye, Peggy. Good luck. 'Bottles,'" screamed Mrs.

Continuing . . . One Big Happy Family

from page 40

Hobbs, and collapsed into her seat as a clump of bushes cut off her view of Mrs. Archer Gabrielson, Grey Gables, and the sea.

They drove silently westward over rolling New England roads. Mrs. Hobbs was asleep. Her face looked drawn, and her mouth, relaxed, showed lines of fatigue.

Mr. Hobbs looked at her anxiously, although his concern was not entirely unselfish. He wanted to go to sleep himself.

To keep awake he went back over the month that had just ended. He was surprised at how little imprint some things had left and the vividness of other scenes as they drifted across his memory.

The confusion, the moments of weariness, his failure to carry out his original plans, the times when he felt that he had blundered into a world to which he did not belong, all the petty exasperations and frustrations were already in the process of being washed out of his consciousness.

The pictures he was carrying home with him were of a different sort—the feel of wet sand under bare feet, the cry of a scolding gull, the sigh and moan of the southwest wind as it poured through his bedroom window, the dive of a tern, the lift and fall of seaweed as the incoming tide crept between the rocks, the muted sound of distant surf, wind-blown dune grass tracing its signature in the loose, dry sand.

He saw again the nearness and immensity of the August night sky and the grey wall of a fog bank creeping in from the sea. He felt the coolness of quiet, green water and the freshness of the morning breeze on his face.

These were the pictures he was bringing home. And in the background of all of them were Byron and Peewee and Peter—fat little legs running or staggering across the sand, the sound of childish laughter, trusting hands slipped into his. He lived again in what he now recognised was an atmosphere of life and vitality, yet only a few days ago he had thought of it in his blindness as hopeless confusion.

The fact that they were now all scattered again hit him suddenly like a blow. He felt old and lonely. He tried to recall some of the things they had said, but children's words are like dreams that fade away while we try to store them in our memory, and leave only the sound of their voices.

Mrs. Hobbs opened her eyes. "I've been asleep," she said.

"I know," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Don't you want me to drive a while?"

"No, thanks. I'm fine."

They drove for a long time in silence.

"You know," said Mrs. Hobbs, "there's one thing I'd change at Grey Gables. If there was only a tiny little separate house—a guesthouse sort of place. You know what I mean, just a bedroom and bath, overlooking the cove. Then you and I could live there and be off by ourselves when we wanted, and the girls wouldn't have to have the babies sleeping in the same room with them half the time."

"That's not a bad idea," said Mr. Hobbs.

"We might even have a little kitchenette where we could even get our own breakfast."

"And a flagstone terrace shelter from the wind."

"And a sun deck."

"The people who own the place would never go to all that expense though."

"Maybe they'd let us build

it and take it out of the rent or something."

"That's a thought," said Mr. Hobbs. "I might suggest it to them."

"It was such a lovely spot," said Mrs. Hobbs.

"Hard to beat," said Mr. Hobbs.

In Rock Harbor, Main Street was almost deserted. It was the noon hour. Down by the padlocked yacht club, in Avery's diner, a few men sat hunched on high stools, idly stirring their mugs of coffee.

"What you going to do this winter, Joe?"

"I'm going off-island again. I got my old winter job back in Harborport. What are you going to do?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet. Alton Raintree wants me to work for him. Guess I probably will." The sliding door of the diner was pushed back. "Hi, Chief. How does it feel not having your feet run over by convertibles?"

Mr. Peabody swung his heavy body on to a stool. "Feels good," he said. "Kind of a letdown though. Get so you miss the excitement."

"Yeah, you sure do."

Peace began to settle over the island like a soft blanket—the peace that comes when a routine has been established that changes only with the requirements of the seasons, a peace that deepens as contact with the outside world becomes less frequent, and time creeps with the sun, acquiring, thereby, depth and value instead of rushing past unheeded as it does in cities.

And over the villages of the island and their white-spired churches, over the woodlands and the farms and the moors, over the lonely, rustling dunes and the cold offshore waters, the seagulls circled, completely indifferent to the comings and goings of men.

(Copyright)

get themselves to leave home. There are graves they can't bear to leave behind. They clutch childishly at straws of optimism.

"Well, I talk to them, yank at them, take jewels or money out for them—anything that'll get them moving. They're usually annoyed and not very grateful, but I get them out. Most of the ones I go after have little kids. I'm happiest when there's a kid in the picture. Who knows which of those kids is going to be a Heine, or Disraeli, or Einstein, or Freud? Or one greater than all of them?"

He smiled suddenly. "I've never told this to anybody else, Margie, and I don't know why I've unloaded it on you. If I'd told this crowd I work with, they'd have stopped using me long ago."

Marjorie looked at Eden wordlessly for a long time, her breast heaving, her mind in a tumult. There was so much she wanted to say; but no sentences would form. She felt helpless, trivial, baffled, and at the same time thrilled in her deepest soul.

She did the best she could. With a single sinuous movement, she slid across the seat to him, twined her arms around him, and kissed him. She tried to tell him with her arms, with her body, with her silent mouth, that he must not go to Stuttgart the next day, and that if she could keep him from going, she would.

There was a flicker of response in Eden's kiss; then a stronger response; then it faded and he was cold. He said in a low tone, holding her gently, his cheek resting against hers. "Okay, Marjorie, okay."

"Mike . . . Mike, you're not very well, don't you know that? You must know it. Don't go back. Not tomorrow. Wait a while, wait till you feel a little better—till you know some

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 5

more. I'll stay in Zurich with you, if that makes any difference."

He rested his hands lightly on her shoulders, and looked earnestly into her face. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: it might have been . . . I've never felt the force of that overworked old jingle until now. You're a little darling. I've never seen prettier blue eyes or softer brown hair. Your smile, in case Noel's never mentioned it, is pure warm radiance. It just happens that I have this date in Stuttgart tomorrow, that's all. You'll have to excuse me, Marjorie . . . You might kiss me once more, for good luck. Then we're off to deliver you to Noel."

Arriving back in Paris, Marjorie wondered whether the sun ever shone in that much-praised city. It was a cold drizzly afternoon, and Paris seemed a cold drizzly place, endlessly flat and grey, and full of dripping statues. She arrived at the Mozart Hotel hating Paris. The desk clerk leered politely at her, welcoming her back. The room he gave her had a yellowing cracked bath with a trickle of rusty hot water, but the other furnishings, especially the brass bedstead, looked so medieval that the bath by contrast seemed to clang and shriek of modern times.

She bathed with some difficulty, stretching the brownish puddle of hot water a long way. A couple of times she tried to telephone Noel, but only became hopelessly snarled up with gibbering operators. She dressed with great care, in the black suit she had specifically brought for this purpose, with a dusty-pink blouse, white gloves, black straw hat with a

single pink rose, and black nose veil. Well pleased with the image in the mirror, after a cold-blooded appraisal, she sailed out to run Noel down.

Eventually she found the Rue des Sts. Peres, a crooked narrow street in a shabby neighborhood, meandering uphill between overhanging houses. She was going from door to door, looking for the number Mike Eden had given her, when she saw Noel.

Hatless, in his old tan topcoat, carrying a bulky brown paper bag in each arm, he came up the steep sidewalk, his head tilted in the old way, whistling. He walked right by her; a stalk of celery and the legs of a chicken tied with cord protruded from one bag, and the neck of a wine bottle from the other. When he was a few feet past her he stopped and turned around, peering incredulously.

With an impulse of mischief she brushed the veil up on her hat. "Hello, Noel."

He gasped. "Marjorie! Is it you?"

"Have I changed that much? It's me."

He bounded towards her. "Gad, and me with my arms full! Well, you'll just have to do the hugging and kissing, then, there's no help for it. Come on, hug hard."

He bent sideways, and she hugged his neck and kissed his cheek.

"Well, that's all right for the street," he said. "Ye gods, let me look at you. You know this is hair-raising, it's absolutely weird. If I wasn't thinking of you at the very

second I saw you, may the devil come right up out of that sewer and drag me down it. You're twice as beautiful as you ever were, d'you know? You're a woman, that's what—say, what are you doing in Paris, right in front of my house? I swear there's something spooky about this. Are you real? Are you just a mass of ravishing ectoplasm?"

Marjorie laughed. "Am I really in front of your house? The way they number them in Paris, I don't know how anybody ever locates anybody."

"How the devil did you find out where I live? I've kept it from you every way I could. Bless you for breaking through, anyway—Marjorie, my only darling, you can't, you can't begin to imagine how glad I am to see you. I never really knew how glad I'd be until this moment, but—well, let's not stand jawing on the street, let's go upstairs, slay a calf, broach a hoghead of mead."

as he talked he led her to the next house, and pushed open the door with his back. "Come on. Two flights up. No elevator, you're in Paris."

Marjorie stood at the doorway, looking at photographs in a glass display case facing the street. "Isn't that Andre Glide?"

"Yes, my landlady's a photographer. Her studio is on the first floor. Come along, she's shot all the intellectual glamor boys in town, you can look at the rogues' gallery she's got any time you want to."

He put one of the paper bags on the floor, fished a key out of his pocket, and opened the inner door. "Follow me, it's simplest. Don't break your neck on these stairs. The dim

light is strictly Parisian. You have to develop owl's eyes to get around in French hallways. Also a mountaineer's legs and lungs. Did you ever see such steep steps?"

Marjorie paused for breath on the first landing. In letters of silver on the dingy door the name Gerda Oberman arched over a modernistic sketch of a camera in red. Noel yodelled down the stairwell at her. "Caught in a crevasse? Shall I send out a St. Bernard?"

"Coming," Marjorie said.

The door on the next landing opened directly into a living-room, very large and almost square, with cheap scatter rugs on the bare dark-varnished floor, and a glossy black grand piano by the windows, incongruously new and expensive-looking amid the drab worn furniture. The light from the windows was a dreary blue-grey. Noel flicked a switch as Marjorie came in, and a chandelier in the middle of the ceiling lit up, a monstrosity of orange and blue stained glass.

"Here we are. Sit down for a minute and let me get rid of this junk, then we'll have a drink. I won't be a second."

"Take your time."

He paused at the french doors that opened into a dining-room. He made a comic gesture with the two brown bags. "I can't get over how superb you look. And how glad I am to see you. I wish you'd come a week later, that's all, seeing you've waited this long."

"Why? Why a week later?"

"Well, we'll talk in a minute."

There was a framed picture of a blonde woman on the piano; Noel came back in a minute or so and caught her studying it. He still had his coat on, and he was carrying

two brown drinks. "Here you are. What do you think of my landlady? Gerda Oberman?"

"I think she's quite good-looking."

"I guess so. She used to be a model before she moved over behind the camera. That's a skillful picture; it minimises her exceedingly Neanderthal jaw. Be with you in three minutes. Drink up, there's gallons of Scotch." He went into a dark hallway on the right.

"Okay," he said, returning in a few minutes in a different jacket, shirt, and tie, with his hair combed, carrying an almost empty glass. "First of all, let's clear up a few mysteries. Where did you get my address? There isn't a person in the States who knows it except Ferdie Platt, and I know you didn't get it from him."

Marjorie, in a corner of a lumpy black leather sofa, toyed with her drink. "Do you know a man named Mike Eden?"

He was slouching down into a chair, but he sat up at this. "Mike? Sure I know Mike. Why?"

"I met him on the trip over. He gave me your address."

"What? I haven't seen Mike Eden since last summer. I've moved four times since then."

"Well he got me your address, all the same."

They looked at each other. Marjorie smiling slightly, Noel seeming puzzled, and a bit wary. She could see now what the illness had done to him. He had lost a little hair in front; and he was thinner.

"Noel, you don't look as well as you should."

"As well as I should? Darling, I must look like the Black Death to you. I can only say you should have seen me eight months ago. Or rather I'm glad

To page 43

3 Salads

to suit your taste and budget—
straight from the Kraft Kitchen

Here are 3 crisp and appetising salads from the Kraft Kitchen. You'll have fun making them and arranging them—you, your family and your guests will really enjoy their tasty variety.

Delicious Kraft Cheddar will make a nourishing meal of every salad you serve this summer.

Rich in food values, Kraft Cheddar contains more strengthening protein than sirloin beef. And Kraft Cheddar gives you the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates, you won't find in meat—plus Vitamins A, B₂ and D. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar—what a bargain in nutrition!

Here's how to make this tempting, elegantly arranged salad that will delight your guests:

Ingredients: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of diced apple; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of diced celery; 1 tablespoon of coarsely chopped walnuts; $\frac{1}{8}$ cup of lemon-juice; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt; Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 unpeeled red apple, cut into wedges; 2 unpeeled oranges, sliced; 4 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, diced ($\frac{1}{2}$ packet); cauliflower pieces; lettuce.

Method: Cover the diced apples and apple wedges with the lemon-juice and let stand a few minutes. Drain and combine diced apples with celery, walnuts (optional) and salt. Add enough Kraft Mayonnaise to moisten and place in a small bowl. Decorate with apple wedges. Cover a large salad plate with lettuce leaves and place the bowl in the centre. Arrange tomato slices in a ring around bowl and diced Kraft Cheddar on top. Surround with orange slices and garnish with cauliflower pieces. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise, to 4 or 5.

The gala guest salad



—hearty man's salad



To prepare this hearty salad that will have the menfolk asking for more . . .

Ingredients: 4 slices cold meat; 4 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, cut into strips; 2 tomatoes, sliced; 3 potatoes, cooked and sliced; 2 small beetroots, cooked and sliced; 1 cup of peas, cooked; 2 small carrots, cooked (slice one carrot into

rings, cut one carrot into strips); lettuce leaves; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Method: Line salad plate with lettuce leaves. Place jar of Kraft Mayonnaise on one end of plate. Arrange remainder of ingredients on the plate and serve well chilled. 4 servings.

—and just for yourself



This dainty salad makes a delightful luncheon—just for you . . .

Ingredients: 1 tomato, cut into 3; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of diced cooked potato; 1 teaspoon of chopped onion; 1 oz. Kraft Cheddar, cut into strips; lettuce, radish slices for garnish, parsley; Kraft Mayonnaise; salt and pepper.

Method: Combine the potato and onion. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Moisten with Kraft Mayonnaise. Place the potato salad between the slices of tomato and top with a spoonful of Kraft Mayonnaise and a small sprig of parsley. Arrange on a small plate with lettuce and Kraft Cheddar. Garnish with the sliced radish.



"Add the 'wonder flavour' of Kraft Mayonnaise", says Elizabeth Cooke, famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Kraft salads, like all other salads, are best dressed with Kraft Mayonnaise. You couldn't hope to mix by hand a dressing so smooth, creamy and rich.

And Kraft Mayonnaise never tastes "oily" or sweet—it stays kitchen-fresh to the last delicious spoonful.

P.S. For those in your family who like a cheese with a stronger flavour, Kraft now offers you Old English—just as nourishing as Kraft Cheddar, but with a stronger flavour.

You'll please all members of your family when you offer them both Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Old English. So shop for these two Kraft cheeses—the cheeses that give you so much flavour, so much goodness, so very inexpensively.

Kraft Cheddar



Kraft Cheddar is available everywhere in the new 1-oz. portion, the blue 8-oz. packet, the family-size economy 2-lb. pack, or from the 5-lb. loaf. KFC65

you didn't; you'd never have recovered from the sight. I nearly died, you know."

"Wally said he'd heard you got sick in Africa."

"Sick? I all but tore the flesh from my bones with my own nails. I caught some horrible fever in Casablanca—oh, but don't let me bore you with that, it's past and done with. Actually I'm feeling absolutely marvellous now, especially in the past couple of weeks. I've been skiing, swimming, taking walking trips, all the corny old healthy things, for months. My strength is really all back, I'm glad, to observe. What I need now is about twenty more pounds of meat just to pad out the bones. Take your hat off, why don't you? Margie, you really have bloomed. You're a picture." He got out of his chair. "How about a kiss?"

"Sure enough."

It was a friendly kiss. His thin arms, holding her loosely, felt familiar and delightful. "Mm. Good." He kissed her again, with a little more warmth. The telephone rang, a queer shrill buzz. It was on a little table by a green armchair near them. It rang again. Noel said, "Ah, well. Remind me to pick up this conversation where we left off, won't you?" He dropped into the armchair.

"Allo? . . . Bon, ou est-ce, maintenant? Comment? Mais qu'est-ce que tu vas faire apres? Zut, et le diner?" He slouched lower in the chair, cradled the receiver with his head and lit a cigarette, rolling his eyes comically at Marjorie. A stream of rapid French was rattling in the receiver. He broke in impatiently, talking just as fast. The other voice was a woman's, high and authoritative. Noel waved a hand, shrugged, and made faces into the receiver, like a Frenchman. The argument reached a noisy, quarrelsome climax and Noel slammed the receiver down. He glanced at Marjorie, and his irritated look faded into a rueful smile. "Don't mind. I'm getting old and querulous. Come into the kitchen. I have things to do."

The plucked chicken lay on a board by the small iron sink. The kitchen was narrow and squalid. The floor was greasy dark bare wood. Noel said, as he ran tap water into two glasses a quarter full of Scotch, "We're confronted with an executive decision." He handed her a glass and prodded the chicken with a long bony finger. "This happens to be an exquisite pullet. We can eat here and I can promise you a superb meal, but on the other hand it'll be dull. I should think, for you to sit around watching me cook. It's no way to entertain a guest fresh from overseas, that's for sure."

"Why, it's absurd for you to go to all that trouble, Noel. Let's eat out, by all means."

"Aye, there's the rub. I have seldom been more broke, in a career checkered with bankrupt stretches." He drank deeply. "Margie, why didn't you come a week later?"

Marjorie said, "I've got plenty of money. That's no problem."

He smiled sidewise at her. "With any other women it wouldn't be. But with you—Or have you become more broadminded? Maybe you have, but . . . Gertie, I could strangle her. In fact, I should have strangled her months ago." He poked the chicken again. "This really is a good bird. Oh, well, Margie, you've watched me cook before, you won't mind sitting here and talking to me while I put up the dinner, will you? I'm very fast."

He took off his jacket, draped it carefully on a hanger on the back of the kitchen door, and took a stained grey apron off the hook under the

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

[from page 41]

hanger. "I hope this won't destroy my glamor, if I have any left for you. I like my own cooking better than most of the table d'hotes in this dismal neighborhood anyway, and you're not going to go paying cab fares and treating me at one of the good places. It's no way to—"

"Just a minute, what's the exact situation here?" Marjorie said. "Is it to be just the two of us having dinner in the apartment? What about your—your landlady? Is this whole apartment yours, or what?"

"My landlady?" Noel viciously whacked an onion in two with a long knife. "Just don't worry about my landlady. I can always kick her down the stairs if she makes any trouble. I've been yearning to do it for some time anyhow. I'm mad because she was supposed to come home and bring a guest for dinner, a novelist, a little creep from Marseilles who just won some prize or other. I spent two hours shopping, and then she calmly tells me she's eating out with him."

He was deftly dismembering the chicken, using his crooked arm to hold it while he plied the knife with the other. Marjorie said after a silence: "She's not just your landlady, I gather."

He glanced at her and laughed, one corner of his mouth pulled down. "I've never kidded you, have I? That's why I wish you'd come a week later. I'm fed up with Gerda Oberman, and if it's any comfort to you I haven't laid a hand on her in six or seven weeks. The fact is, she actually started out as my landlady. It couldn't have been more plausible. But what do you do when you're behind on your rent and broke, and your landlady starts making fond little noises. What's the difference anyway, whether the man owns the apartment and the woman cooks or the other way around? It's all convention. Do have another drink."

"I don't want another drink, thank you," Marjorie said. "Is she a German?"

"Gertie? Can't you tell from the picture?"

"Doesn't that make you feel queer, Noel?"

"What?"

"Being with a German woman. I mean, nowadays—with the Nazis and all—"

"Why, Gerda's no Nazi. She's just a smart business woman, as a matter of fact. I think she's got French citizenship or is going to get it. She knows I'm Jewish. She doesn't object to me at all, that's very plain."

"I just thought you might object to her."

He looked at her quizzically. "That sounds a bit like Mike Eden."

"Does it?"

"Yes, indeed. Since when are you so internationally minded, baby? I'm not solving the problems of civilisation in my private life, thank you. Gerda's just an individual, and I'm just an individual, so . . . look at that stony face, Mike's been at you all right. Bless you, darling, don't you know that Mike Eden's completely rabid on that subject? I told him he ought to see a psychiatrist. I've never encountered such pathological hatred. How well did you get to know him?"

"Well, a shipboard acquaintance, that's all."

"Where is he now? Where was he going?"

"I don't know. Germany, I think."

"Well, I can tell you a lot about Mike Eden. I drove all over Europe with that guy. That's when you really get to know a person. However—"

he paused in sprinkling a splin-

tery dry herb on the yellow poultry pieces. "See? Rosemary. Madness to put it on a chicken, some say, but not the way I surround and neutralise it. It's an Airman secret. Rosemary, you know, is an emblem of constancy. I think it very much belongs in this little reunion dinner, don't you? Not for me, but for you. I'm more moved than I can say, Margie, at your turning up. Somehow I always thought you would too. I only wish—" He jerkily shook other spices on the dismembered fowl. "I seem to be running on like a phonograph when what I really want is to hear all about you. Covering my embarrassment, no doubt—where the devil is that copper pan?" He crouched at a low cupboard, banging pots and pans around.

"I've changed, Margie, you'll soon realise how much I've changed. I've been thinking an awful lot about you lately. That letter I wrote—the way I decamped pretty awful—but it had to be, sweetheart. I'd have been false to myself if I'd acted any other way. I had to have my last rebellion. I had to run off to Paris. Now

gloomy and troubled by her account of her illnesses and long despair. He slouched lower and lower in the green armchair. He said at one point, "You're making me feel like an absolute hound. If it'll cheer you up any, let me assure you I've been punished. More than punished. I've never passed a filthier year myself, it's been my Gethsemane."

"Darling, I'm not trying to make you feel bad. You asked me to tell you all this."

"That's right. Go on. I want to know everything, it's important that I know."

When she stopped talking he sat slouched for several minutes, silent, his face drawn under the rosy tan. In his shirt-sleeves he looked thinner and frailer than before. He sighed, got up and walked to the piano, and sat rippling chords. "We've really tortured each other, haven't we, Marjorie?"

"Yes, we have, Noel."

"However, there have been wonderful times, too."

"Yes, that's so."

He came and sat beside her on the sofa, taking her hand. "You worked a year, saving, scrimping, just to track me



"Have you no sense of time?"

I've had it, all right. I really have."

"That's good."

"I couldn't be more serious, Margie. This whole year has been therapeutic for me, decisively so. I'm not even sorry, really, about my illness in Casablanca, though when I took my first look in a mirror after I got up out of bed I wanted to cut my throat. But it did me good to have such a scare. Believe me, I did plenty of thinking in awful starch baths between delirious spells—mainly about you, Marjorie—and that thinking has stayed with me. In fact, I've been full of good intentions and I've done masses of work." He was browsing the chicken pieces in a saucepan. He stirred them here and there, crackling and sizzling.

"Smells good, eh?"

"Marvellous. Tell me about your work, though."

"No, ma'am, I'm not going to say another word about myself until I hear some more about you."

He took the sizzling saucepan off the burner, and carefully poured red wine over the chicken. "Everything's set, for the time being. Let's let it simmer and go inside for a while, shall we? I want to hear what's been happening to you for a year. What happened to Guy Flamm's play?" He took off the apron and his tie.

"Whew. Hot. I'll get formal again for dinner, okay? Come in the living-room."

She told him the story of the past year, describing her sufferings frankly, without dwelling on them. He was amused by the Flamm fiasco,

down, and make me make an honest woman of you?"

"Something like that, yes."

He was silent for a moment. He shook his head. "You're wonderful, really you are. You're a sweet breath of fresh air from the United States. You make me feel quite homesick." They looked straight into each other's eyes. "However, let's not kick around such heavy issues before dinner, eh?"

He glanced at his watch. "Hungry? It's horribly early for dinner in Paris, but if you've been travelling—"

"I've been hungry ever since you first started browning that chicken under my nose."

He laughed and jumped up. "That was an hour ago. Why didn't you say something? I'd have hurried it. Can you be trusted to make a salad according to rigid specifications? I'll do the rest."

For a while, over the dinner, Marjorie became stiff and self-conscious, for Noel made a distinctly odd figure, scrambling into the kitchen, serving the food, and then sitting at his place and relaxing into the suave bon-vivant dining by candle light.

Gradually, though, she relaxed, and by the end of the meal she was listening eagerly as he told her at last about the work he had been doing. His voice was eager, too.

"I've done what I told you. I would do in my letter, Margie. I've really dived into philosophy, Marx, Engels, Adam Smith. What's more, I think I've come up with a pearl. You remember I've been saying for years I was going

to read economics some day so I could argue with Communists on their own ground—well, I've done it. And, I've come up with some astounding results. If I won't bore you insensibly—I know this isn't on your line at all—"

"Well, let me try to follow."

Marjorie was thinking that he was looking more and more attractive, as she became used to the slight changes in him. She was also thinking, not without a little secret amusement, that he had displayed this same kind of boyish enthusiasm over his Hiss theory. His eyes were sparkling in the old way as he talked; and the nervous swift gestures, the toss of the head, the slouch with one arm over the back of the chair, the occasional run of a knuckle over his smooth-shaven upper lip, were all good to see, exciting and rich with memories, some painful, some sweet, all terribly vivid.

"Well actually," Noel said, "like all massive ideas this one must be demonstrated and documented in about eight fat volumes, but it can be stated in a line or two. Well, I've been all through Marx, and his philosophy comes down to the criticism of religion, morality, and philosophy as mere products of—and excuses for—economic practices. It's a truth, a brilliant comment, not a doubt of it. Its effect has been devastating. But what I've discovered is that if you dig deep enough the whole picture swivels around. It turns out in the end—that is my original insight, and I may have to devote the rest of my life to proving it, but I know I can—it turns out in the end that all economic practices are really produced by the religious beliefs of a society—and that all of economics, all the central questions—money, rent, labor, everything—are part of applied theology."

He stopped and peered at her, both hands resting on the edge of the table. "I don't expect this to sound to you like anything but academic rubbish."

So strongly reminded of the Hiss theory that she could barely refrain from smiling, she said, "No, I follow it, but really, Noel dear, you've taken a tremendous order on yourself."

"Tremendous? It's earth-shaking," Noel said, and the flames of the candles made glittering little yellow points in his eyes.

"But I should think it would have to take years."

"Of course it will. I've just scratched the surface. I got this idea actually when I was only half way through Das Kapital. It was so electrifying that I just skimmed the rest and fairly raced through the main things of Engels. A much better writer, by the by, and a clearer thinker. It's a historic paradox, an injustice rather, that the whole thing got to be known as Marxism. I'm a great believer in the power of theatrical effect on historical events, you know. So was Napoleon, so is every other hard thinker—and I'm convinced that if Engels had had an equally long and bushy beard it would all be known today as Engelsism—but that's a side issue—as for the—"

Marjorie was choking with laughter. Noel said, "What now? What's the matter with you?"

"E-Engelsism . . . it just sounds so funny. Honestly, Noel! Engelsism . . . ha ha ha—"

Noel granted, his face solemn, his invariable way when one of his jokes was successful.

"You've always been my best audience. But on that point I'm almost half serious. Any way, this is leading to something important, so stop here-hawing. The fact is I've scanned the whole field in abridgments, encyclopaedias, summaries and

so forth, enough to convince myself that in main outline this idea is absolutely solid rock and absolutely original. But I've got to resign myself to about four years of solid reading, and another four years of solid writing. Actually, allowing for delays, blind alleys, accidents, misfortunes, and so forth, I figure this to be a ten-year undertaking. But it'll be a labor of love. The years will speed by like days. The only question is how I live in the meantime. The song-writing's too sporadic, and anyway to be perfectly honest I'm losing my zest for it. Let's go into the living-room. These chairs are too hard for long sitting."

"Don't you want to clear the table and do the dishes first?"

"Oh, don't be so domestic. I'm in the middle of something important here."

"It won't take but a minute—suppose she comes home? Come on, you can talk while we clean up."

"I can't do anything while I wash dishes except curse the day I was born, and as for Gertie—"

But Marjorie was already on her feet, clattering the dishes together, feeling the brandy from her head to her toes. "Shut up, Noel, and let's clear the table. I won't be able to sit still otherwise."

Grumbling, he complied. But once the dishes were piled in the sink he wouldn't wash them. "I won't be pushed around any longer by you in my own household. Wait till we're married. Come along now, and quietly." He dragged her by the hand out of the kitchen. "Here. You bring my brandy inside. I'll take the candles. Sure you won't have another little glass?"

"Not a single drop, if you want me to follow your brilliant discourse."

The two candles burned low and blue as he carried the sticks into the living-room. When he set them up on the piano they flared yellow again. A dim pleasant light diffused through the big room. Noel sat on the piano stool, absently rippling chords with his left hand, and Marjorie leaned on the piano beside him. Reflections of the two flames burned clearly in the black polished top of the piano. Noel glanced up at Marjorie, and his left hand picked out the notes of "South Wind Waltz." "Remembrance of things past, eh? You and a piano."

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, let's not get sentimental here. We have some serious talking to do. You didn't cross the ocean for a wallow in nostalgia. I'm not interested either. Now then, pay close attention, because a lot is going to hang on how you feel about this." He lounged with an elbow on the piano top, looking up at her earnestly. In the candle-light he seemed very much the god-like man she had first seen at South Wind so long, long ago.

"I told you I've been thinking of you a lot lately. That's a gross understatement. So help me, I've thought of hardly anything else since I got back from Biarritz. Darling, if I've written you one letter I've written you nine, and then torn them up because they were too mushy and ridiculous. I think there's a half-finished one in my bedroom right now. But, sweetheart, this is so much easier and better. I'm so everlastingly grateful to you for showing up. I'm ready to quit. Marjorie. That should be good news to you. All I want to be is a dull bourgeois. I've finally and irrevocably realised that nothing a man can do can make him stay twenty-two for ever."

"My plans are simple. I want to go home. I want to get some dull reliable job in some dull reliable advertising agency, and I want to drudge like a Boy Scout, nine to five, five days a week, fifty weeks a year with

To page 44

two weeks off in August, and slowly rise to be under-undervise president. I'm more than prepared to take all the gulf and endure all the tasteless and boredom. This time there'll be no faltering, no nerve crisis, because I've got real motives, see, motives that will endure, not a mere sophomoric urge to show I can play the game if I choose."

"What motives, Noel?" Marjorie said, softly and affectionately. The brandy had mounted to her brain, a pleasant amber fog.

"Two, really. First you. Second, my writing. I must write this book, and I know I never will till I'm settled and happy and in a routine, and that means with you. You're the only one who fits in that picture, who ever has fitted. So—in short, that's the story. That's where I stand now. And I've been thinking of you so much because—well, because I love you, and because you, of all the people I've ever known, are most likely to understand and approve. To tell it to someone like Gerda would be hopeless, you know."

"Of course it would," Marjorie said.

"Well do you approve?" Not knowing quite what to say, and feeling she didn't exactly have her wits about her, Marjorie said, "I've always said you could do anything you put your mind to, Noel. If you're serious, why—"

"I've never been half so serious." He took her hand, which was resting lightly on the piano top. "And you? What are your plans?"

"At this point I don't quite know."

"You want to be made an honest woman of, I gather. Correct?"

"Well, I certainly came here with that in mind."

"And now?"

"My friend, you've fed me much too much brandy this evening, do you know that?"

He laughed. "There's only one question, really. Are you still in love with me, Margie? Everything depends on that."

"I think there's a little more than that involved, isn't there? Noel, you know what? I wish you'd play. I think I'd enjoy a short wallow in nostalgia, right this minute."

His eyes searched her face. He opened the piano. One of the candles sputtered and snapped, and then burnt clear again. He said, "Would you mind me being sort of abrupt?"

"Well, how can I stop you?"

"I have the strongest possible feeling that you've sort of fallen for Mike Eden."

Alarm, half-pleasant, ran through Marjorie's body. "Now whatever makes you think that?"

"There's been something about you all evening—never forget, dear, that you're still dealing with the Masked Marvel. A girl merely has to speak a name in a certain tone, or look a certain way when she speaks it—Marjorie said nothing. He was staring, his hands lumpy on the keys. "But it's utterly incredible. A man who isn't even Jewish—you—Still she said nothing."

"Well, this is a freak change—about worthy of me, not you. Darling, I can accept anything, and I hope you'll take what I say as being utterly without malice. If you don't know yourself I know you, and I tell you that if you've got a case on Mike Eden, it's strictly a ship-board dream, and the sooner you get over it the better. If you want to throw me over, fine, it's no more than I've been asking for all these years, to be sure. But Mike—lambie pie, aside from his not being Jewish, he's such an ice-box of a man, so neurotic, such a snarling sour-puss, something's really warped him very badly, and—"

Marjorie said, "This is getting a bit tiresome, isn't it? Who said I was in love with Mike Eden? I can hardly

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 43

presume to argue with the Masked Marvel, so I've just let you run on. But the fact is I'm not in love with him, and I know how impossible it is just as well as you, maybe a wee bit better. That doesn't mean, however, that he wasn't attractive to me. The fact is I found him very attractive, and if that offends your vanity I don't much care, dear."

The puzzled concerned look on Noel's face changed to his old grin, sardonic and pleasing to her as ever. In this moment, in this flash, she felt as though nothing had changed, after all. He ran a knuckle slowly across his lips.

"Well said! I would like to stand up and cheer. Margie, you've come a long way. You've quite grown up, that's perfectly obvious, and I've got trouble on my hands. That's wonderful. I've needed a real challenge for a long time. Now just let me ask this, and don't hit me with a candlestick. What on earth did you see in Mike? I know he's far from a fool, but such a sneering, supercilious fish, so glum, so destructive—and you, of all people, sweet, and light in person—now I liked Mike because he's read the books and can almost argue you to a standstill on any subject if he'll warm up—not that I'm aware he ever actually won an argument from me—but—"

"Well, I found him good company, that's all. I liked his sense of humor."

"Humor? Honey, are we talking about the same man? Mike never said anything funny in the three weeks I was with him—nervous, irritable, ye gods—I never saw him so much as look at a girl, what's more. I was more than half convinced he had a screw loose in that department."

"Well, you're quite wrong there."

"Obviously." He peered at her. "You know what he does don't you?"

"Sort of a salesman, I gathered."

"No, a buyer. He buys drugs. He practically makes his living dealing with Germans, and yet he's got this foul hatred of them—"

"Noel, if it's all the same to you, can we drop the subject of Mike Eden?"

"Sure. There's a lot any girl ought to know about him who got really interested—not too pleasant things—but as long as you—"

"If you mean he uses drugs I know that."

After a long pause Noel said, "You have changed, Margie. Quite radically."

"Well, maybe. I don't think so. I'm just getting on, Noel. Play, dear, play some of the old songs."

He began to play . . .

The turning on of the light came like a blow. He had been playing for fifteen minutes or more. Marjorie, softened and pleased, was singing with him. Neither of them heard the door open. One moment they were side by side on the piano stool, swaying and singing by the light of the waning candles. The next instant they both stood, surprised and blinking, in the hideous glare from the blue and orange chandelier.

Gerda Oberman stood in the doorway, one hand still on the light switch. Beside her stood a fat little fellow in an unpressed grey suit, seeming hardly more than a boy, but with a puffy debauched white face. She strode to the candles, snuffed them out with two pinches of a wetted finger and thumb, then stared at the piano top and scratched angrily at a little blob of spattered wax, abusing Noel in rapid French. He winked behind her back at Marjorie. When Gerda paused for breath, he touched her shoulder, murmuring a French phrase. She looked up, and he

introduced her in English to Marjorie.

"How do you do?" she said. She shook Marjorie's hand with a sudden change to brisk friendliness, and introduced the fat young man who said nothing but gave everyone a crinkly smile, shuffling his feet, his hands behind his back. She had another short exchange in French with Noel, this time pleasant, even a bit roguish. She smiled and nodded at Marjorie, and took the little novelist off to the back of the apartment.

When Marjorie heard the door close, she said, "She's not such a dragon, really."

"Oh, listen, I've put up with her for months, after all. The fact is she's got a lot of the good German traits and as you see she's far from the jealous type—"

He slouched on the piano stool again. "That was a horrible moment, all the same, when she snapped the light on. So typical too—bust in the china shop—boom, crash, I'm here, folks—"

He ran his hands up and down the keyboard. "Well, where were we?"

He drifted into the love song from "Princess Jones," and grinned up at her. "Remember?"

She nodded. "I still say it's a pretty song."

A man can be happy with a woman—as long as he doesn't love her.

—OSCAR WILDE

"So do I. You know, I couldn't bear to play anything from that score for the longest time. Now it doesn't matter a bit. There's such a thing as mental scar tissue."

He played several of the songs. Gerda Oberman went through to the kitchen and came back a little later with two highballs, smiling at Marjorie in passing both times. Noel hammered a dissonance with both hands and slammed the piano shut. "This won't work at all, with Gerda gallivanting around. Money—I only had a couple of hundred francs—I haven't been in the mood to do Montmartre for ages, but I sure am tonight—shucks, Marjorie, we're old pals, you can spare a couple of hundred francs, can't you? I can stretch a franc to ten times what it's worth—you ought to see Montmartre once. Let's get out of this trap, shall we?"

"Anything you say, Noel."

She was putting on her hat at a mirror by the door when she heard yammering in French in the bedroom hallway. Noel appeared in his camel's hair coat, followed by Gerda, both shouting and gesticulating. The little novelist sidled in, and stood smirking against the wall. Marjorie saw him scrawl a furtive line in a dirty pocket notebook.

Noel, with a sharp snap in French, walked to the door and opened it. "Come on, Margie, she's getting too dull for words—"

Gerda Oberman's voice became shriller as she gabbled on, shaking her finger at Noel. He was taken aback; he answered less sharply. She shrilled some more. He shrugged wearily, took Marjorie by the arm, and walked out, shutting the door on Gerda's angry talking face.

"What on earth—?" Marjorie said, as he led her down the dark stairs.

"Oh, the frantic cow wanted me to do the dishes before I left."

"We should have done them. It wouldn't have taken two minutes—"

"Oh, shut up, Marjorie,

You, too?" He hailed a cab, and rapped out a direction to the driver.

Le Chat Gris, the first boite they went to, was a tiny hot room with raw cement walls, full of long wooden tables and benches which were jammed with shabbily dressed Frenchmen needing haircuts, and badly made-up girls; all drinking beer and joining loudly in songs led by a fat man with a concertina, in shirt-sleeves and a beret. The place reeked of beer. The smoke in the air brought tears to Marjorie's eyes. Several of the customers yelled greetings to Noel, and he answered in French, waving and grinning.

"It's the best place to start, it's cheap and always lively and you sort of get in the mood." He knew the words of all the songs, and joined in merrily. They stayed at Le Chat Gris almost an hour.

After that they went to a number of places—six, nine—Marjorie lost count. They never stopped longer than half an hour at any one of them, and at the most dismal ones sometimes no more than ten minutes. "The effect is cumulative, let's move on," Noel would say.

"Doing" Montmartre involved a lot of walking, Marjorie found, most of it uphill. She began to get very tired. She was trying hard to enjoy herself. She tried to find color and excitement in the macabre decorations of the boites, the twisted gleaming streets, the guttering candles, the queer club names, the menacing customers, the mingled smells of alcohol, burning wax, perfume, human bodies, and drizzle. But she couldn't forget that she was becoming fustier, that the smoky air in the boites was making her cough, and that the foggy wet air in the streets was making her cough even more. Her feet felt wet. Her hat was getting soggy and limp, and the curl was coming out of her hair.

Candles, black cats, dancing cows, harlequins, pirates, palm trees, white nudes, Negro nudes, South Sea nudes, cocoanuts, red lanterns, green lantern, blue lanterns—it went on and on and on, an eternity of trudging and drinking and singing and smoking and more trudging.

Noel was having a whale of a time. The effect really was cumulative for him. He drank more and more, became gayer and gayer, threw his arms around the proprietors as he came into the boites, sprang to the piano sometimes and played.

He was in his element, Marjorie thought, as he put his arm round a blonde singer, bawling a duet with her. He knew the special liquors that each boite featured. A wink and a whisper to the waiter, and out came the special bottle with the special ambrosia—he was the connoisseur of connoisseurs. The more his eyes flashed, the wider his smile and the gayer his laugh became, the further the gulf opened between himself and Marjorie, but he was unaware of it.

"I dare say you're beginning to see what I like about this miserable old town. Let's face it, it's the top of the world, in its trivial pleasure-loving way. Even if we all must say goodbye to it one sad day, eh, Marge?"

It was past two in the morning when they came to the summit of Montmartre, a cobblestoned square surrounded by crazy old houses, each of which seemed to have a boite in the ground floor. Cabs were crawling in a jam on the square, backing, turning, honking, and there were a lot of laughing and singing drifters on the sidewalks. The drizzle

had almost stopped. A half-moon shone weakly through rolling black clouds, making irregular blue patches on the wet stones. Noel stood with his hands on his hips, looking around the square. His hair was tumbled every which way; his eyes glittered. Marjorie had merely sipped all the marvellous liquors, but he had had plenty to drink.

"Well, now, the question is, how much pep have you left?" he said. "This can go on all night and then some. But I recognise that you're a neophyte, so."

"Is there a good place to eat up here?" Marjorie said. "Some food might revive me. I'm dimming out, a bit."

"At least four, my love, one better than the next." He looked closely at her, laughed, and threw his arm around her shoulder. "I see. Well, I'll have pity on you. We'll do Les Amants Rieurs, that's all, and then home to the little brown bed. Fair enough? It won't even be three o'clock. That's high noon in Montmartre."

"Les Amants Rieurs," Marjorie said. "The laughing lovers, eh? Sounds good."

"Go to the head of the French class. The laughing lovers. Just the place, what?"

It was the darkest place Marjorie had been in yet; she could hardly see where she was going. There were perhaps half a dozen flickering candles at eye level around the black walls, nothing more. A chilly draught blew through the room, so that the flames barely clung to the wicks, and the candles were all melted down sideways. A waiter in a white apron came out of the gloom, an unusually tall, almost skeletal bent man with a drooping grey moustache.

"Mais c'est Monsieur Airman," he said with a sad smile. "Ve no see you long time, Monsieur. Monsieur Bertie will be glad, yes, sair." He led them to a table in the middle of the rear wall and lit two candles in smoky glass chimneys on the table. "I call Monsieur Bertie, Monsieur?"

"All right, Marcel, and let's have a little cognac to warm us up, meantime."

"Justement, Monsieur."

Her eyes a little more used to the gloom, Marjorie looked around at the disorderly empty chairs and tables. In the far corners were shadowy customers hunched over candles, three other couples in all. Noel pointed up at the wall beside them. "Can you make it out? Brilliant did it. He committed suicide at nineteen. They say he'd have been another Picasso."

In the overlapping curves of yellow light from the two chimneys she could see a cubistic pair of laughing lovers, with green and yellow eyes, and toothy purple mouths twisted up near their ears. "Not very pretty."

"Not at all. Disturbing's the word," Noel said. "Of course that's the intention. Brilliant, he must have been—"

A hand fell on his shoulder. "Mon ami. Mon cher ami."

Noel covered the hand with his, looking up. "Bertie! Marjorie, Monsieur Bertie."

The proprietor looked like any other middle-aged Frenchman, roly-poly, shrewd, sadly ironic, moustached. He and Noel talked in French until the cognac came. There was much sighing, with eloquent shrugs and shakes of the head, by both.

"Well," said Monsieur Bertie, as they drank the cognac—which was very good—"Mam'selle is a little hungry, maybe? A little bifteck, Monsieur Noel?"

"Two biftecks, what else, Bertie? A little salad, the usual, Madame's dressing," Noel said. "Champagne meantime, yes? Is there any of the

Don't Freignon 'll left? I guess not—"

"There is not, Monsieur," Bertie said. His eyes twinkled. "But for you maybe a bottle turns up, maybe we overlooked a bottle, hm?" He put his hand on Noel's shoulder and said to Marjorie, "He is one of the true people. There are not many of the true people left." He went away, sighing.

Noel told her all about Monsieur Bertie. He had been a flier in the World War. He was a poet. Several of the great French actresses had been his mistresses at one time or another. He was an intimate of cabinet ministers, and of the leading modern painters.

Then he stopped talking and just looked at her. He looked straight at her for a long time, with a meaningful little smile. He played affectionately with her fingers. He lit two cigarettes at a chimney and handed her one without asking whether she wanted it. He kept looking at her face, as though trying to assure himself that she was really there opposite him. The little smile, the narrow-eyed purposeful look, never left his face.

Marjorie, though thrilled by the look, was also disturbed and a bit panicky. She could hardly doubt what was coming, and she was unsure of herself. After five years, at the end of the long, long road, she was still in a quandary about Noel Airman! She was stimulated, quite waked-up, by the tightness of the moment; yet she also felt somewhat trapped, almost as she had at the Villa Marlene with George Drobos so many, many, many years ago, in the instant before he had pulled out the two rings.

And now Noel's hand was going to his pocket! In a half-thrilled, half-alarm instant she thought she was going to be confronted with a ring again; instead, he brought out an envelope, and passed it to her. "I think you ought to read this letter—if you can, in this sepulchral light."

The envelope bore the address of a big advertising agency. She took out the letter, held it awkwardly sideways so the candlelight fell directly on it, and read it, squinting. It was from Noel's former superior.

Dear Noel:

If you're really serious about coming back, that's good news. We all understand your urge for one more year in Paris before bending your neck permanently to the harness. If not for our wives and kids, half of us here would be exactly the same thing, and we envy you.

Let me know when you are coming back to the States. I can't speak formally for the firm, of course. But I really think you can return to your job here when you're ready. Everyone feels you did top work while you were here. And if, as you say, a stable secure future is what you are really interested in now, this is the place for you, and this is what you ought to do. You have a genuine flair for writing advertising copy, as I told you many times, and the big-wigs are fond of you, which never hurts. I hope we'll hear from you soon.

She slipped the letter back

To page 46

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

AGAIN it's a record!
320,000 COPIES SOLD IN DECEMBER

Family Circle

MAGAZINE

Only from Chemists!

ANYTHING HE CAN DO—SHE CAN DO BETTER
 Read how science is proving dramatically that in almost anything men can do, women can do it better!

HOW A TYPICAL ONE-YEAR-OLD BEHAVES!
 It's fun to compare your own baby's behaviour against what the scientists have determined statistically will happen. Third of our entertaining series of pictorial-guides to child behaviour.

VAN JOHNSON
 Behind the control and polish of the accomplished actor is a nervous, temperamental person, who finds real peace of mind only at home with his family.

An intimate study by Eve Van Johnson.
SARA QUADS RECIPES
 Meals for four very important Australians are planned to please the appetite as well as keep the quads healthy. Read the Sara recipes in Family Circle this month.

THREE WONDERFUL SHORT STORIES

This you must read!

Into a gay New Year number we've packed 64 pages of happy holiday reading. Relax with the short stories tailored for these long, lazy evenings . . . with articles that take you round the world in search of the unusual and adventurous . . . with features that alone make your investment of sixpence seem small indeed.

6d



PLUS- ★ The Queen knows her horses ★ Film of the month ★ Fashion review ★ Doctor in the House ★ Looking into people ★ How to get along with the neighbours' children ★ How to be beautiful on the beach ★ If your teenager doesn't confide.
And other features—in glowing colour!

Buy it TODAY—Australia's record selling new magazine Family Circle

in the envelope and handed it to Noel. He said, "How do you like them apples, sister?"

"This time you're serious, Noel, aren't you?"

"This time I'm serious, Yes, indeed."

The waiter brought champagne, and served it with grave ceremony. When he was gone Noel held his glass up to the candlelight, and gently swirled the wine. "Well, this is the best champagne left in our disintegrating civilisation. The one fit wine, I think, for the toast I'm about to make." He raised the glass. "It's come, my darling, it's really come, hasn't it? To Mr. and Mrs. Noel Airman. Long life and every happiness."

He put the glass to his lips. Marjorie hesitated. Still holding her glass, smiling nervously, she said, "Who's the lucky woman, Noel?"

His grin was confident and lively. He set down his glass, reached across the table, and took her hand. "Fair enough. You'll teach me yet not to take you for granted! I haven't proposed, have I? Well, Marjorie, the lady in question is the lady I'm with—the only girl I've ever really loved, the only girl I want now on—the only girl who holds any interest for me, my darling—now, henceforth and for ever. Marjorie, will you marry me?"

For five years she had waited to hear those words spoken by this man. She had dreamed of them, daydreamed of them, prayed for them, despaired of them. Now they were spoken to her. In a dark Paris bistro by the light of two smoky candles, with all the sincerity and earnestness of which Noel Airman was capable. The picture was complete. And now, and not a moment before, Marjorie knew beyond any possible doubt what the answer was.

She was a little scared. But she withdrew her hand with gentleness, and the words came clearly and calmly. "I hope you'll believe me, Noel, that I wasn't being coy. On my word of honor, I had to hear you say it to be absolutely sure. The answer is no, Noel. I won't marry you. It's impossible. I'm terribly sorry."

The cab ride to the hotel was an ordeal of silence. He slumped all the way down in the seat, his thighs sticking bonily forward, his coat open and dragging. Once, with a faint echo of his usual sardonic gaiety, he roused himself and said, "An old English proverb keeps running through my head, you know?"

"He who will not when he may, When he will, he shall have nay."

Not knowing what to answer, she said nothing.

He got out first, and helped her alight. He held her hand, peered into her face by the dim light of the bulb over the hotel entrance. "You should have come a week later, Marjorie."

"It wouldn't have mattered, Noel, honestly."

"What are you doing to-morrow?"

"Leaving Paris."

"How? Plane, train?"

"I don't know."

"Where to?"

"I don't know yet."

"I'll see you off."

"No. Thank you, but don't."

"I'm not giving up, you know, Marjorie. I'm coming home after you."

"Don't, Noel, don't. That's all I can say. Don't. Good night."

He bent to kiss her mouth. She thought of turning her cheek to him, then she accepted the kiss on the mouth. He looked hard at her, his face rather angry. She returned the look steadily. His right arm came up, and he hugged his deformed elbow. The anger faded from his face. A faint

Continuing

bitter grin broke through, and he nodded. "Good-night, Marjorie Morgenstern." He turned and got into the cab. His voice sounded jaunty, if anything, as he told the driver, "Quarante-deux, Rue des Sts. Peres."

The fat desk clerk was slumped asleep in a chair in the lobby under a red light. Marjorie went up in the squealing cage to her room, undressed, and tumbled into the high ancient brass bed, and slept like a child.

When Marjorie finally did get married, it happened fast.

Not that she was expecting it, or looking for it, when it came to pass. Quite the contrary, she was in another time of dull despair, worse in a way than what had gone before, because there was no dream of recapturing Noel to brighten the future.

Yet she never regretted refusing Noel. Once that tooth was out, the hole rapidly healed. He sent her a lot of eloquent letters after she returned from Europe. Some she read, some she tore up without reading. She answered none, and after a month or so they stopped coming.

Mike Eden filled her thoughts during the homeward voyage, and for a long time afterwards. She nurtured a hope that he would somehow turn up again, and she even took a volunteer job with a Jewish refugee-aid committee; partly influenced by all that Mike had told her, but partly in the selfish hope that she might pick up news of him. Months passed. The hope began to fade, and she kept on with the work for its own sake.

Most of what she did was routine typing and mimeographing. Now and then she helped a family find a place to live or guided girls to jobs. She didn't exactly enjoy the work, but the emptiness at her heart went unnoticed while she was doing it; and at night she slept, untroubled by the sense of exasperated futility that had broken her rest during her years of haunting Broadway and battling with Noel.

After four or five months—especially after Hitler invaded Poland and the headlines and radio bulletins filled everyone's conversations and thoughts, and the refugee work grew tumultuous—her interest in Mike lost substance. She still daydreamed and worried about him and wondered whether he was alive or dead. But he began to seem almost like someone she had heard or read about, rather than actually known.

One Friday evening early in November, Seth came home from school in the blue-and-gold uniform of the naval reserve officers' training corps. It was the first the family knew of his having joined. As if this were not shock enough for his sister and parents, he announced at the dinner table that he intended to become engaged to Natalie Fain, the Barnard freshman whom he had been dating regularly for a year.

Seth was a few months short of being nineteen. Poland had already been crushed and the queer lull called "the phony war" had ensued in Europe; there was hope that real fighting might never break out. All the same it chilled Marjorie to see her gangling baby brother in military garb, the pink pimply razor-nicked face ridiculously stern under the white cap with gold insignia. If fighting came, this child would have to fight! As for his becoming engaged, they would all have laughed at him, and Mrs. Morgenstern would perhaps have told him to go wipe his nose—if not for the uniform. It blasted grown masculinity at them; it would not be denied.

Marjorie Morningstar

from page 44

The Friday evening dinner at the candle-lit table was different from all the hundreds of Sabbath meals that this little family had eaten through the years. The stuffed fish was as tasty as ever, the chicken soup with noodles as boring as ever, the pot-roast and potato pudding as fat and satisfying as ever. But time had struck a brazen gong in the Morgenstern home. The father, whose round face had lost many worry lines when Marjorie returned from Europe cured of Noel, kept glancing at his son, and the worry lines came back with some new ones. Mrs. Morgenstern relieved the mournful silence with brave jokes about seasickness and child marriage; and she addressed Seth all evening as Admiral, but her face was far from merry.

As for Marjorie, she was simply stricken dumb. She could hardly eat. A picture haunted her: Aunt Marjorie, her wan face without make-up, her greying hair pulled straight back in a bun, serving as baby-sitter while Seth and Natalie in evening clothes went off to the opera; Aunt Marjorie, the querulous fat spinster in steel-rimmed glasses, reading "The Three Pies" to a couple of pudgy children in yellow pyjamas.

Next morning she telephoned Wally Wronken. He seemed extremely pleased to talk to her and readily made a date to meet the following day at twelve-thirty in the lobby of the St. Moritz Hotel, where Wally now lived, to have lunch at Rumpelmayer's.

Marjorie came five minutes early for the date, dressed exactly as she had been for her meeting with Noel in Paris. She was aware of this and slightly bothered by it; but the black and pink outfit was the best she had, and there was no point in looking anything but her best. She sat in a lobby armchair and smoked a cigarette, swinging her ankle; uneasy, almost distraught, more than a little ashamed of herself. The admiring glances of men sitting near her or walking by gave her no satisfaction. She knew by now that she was reasonably good looking and that it didn't take much to win stares from men; neatly crossed legs in good stockings were enough.

She was uneasy because Wally had been if anything too pleasant, too smooth, too glad to hear from her, too willing to take her to lunch. She greatly feared she had heard condescension in his voice. He had, of course, every right to condescend. He was the success, the young man of twenty-three with a hit on Broadway; not a smash hit, true, nothing that presaged a major literary career, but still a comedy that was in the fourth month of its run.

Wally had sent her a pair of matinee tickets; she had seen the play with Seth. There had been several empty seats in the house and she had not particularly liked the play, but the audience had laughed and applauded solidly.

She had to acknowledge his competence: cheap and slight though Wally's play might be, it was superior to Noel's "Princess Jones." Moreover, he had set out to break into Broadway as a writer, and he had done it, while her own dream of being Marjorie Morningstar had blown away like vapor. She had not found it hard to write him a note of warm congratulation. He had answered with warm thanks, and there things had rested between them until she had taken the initiative and telephoned him.

The clock over the hotel desk crept past twelve-thirty. Her uneasiness mounted. She was regretting the impulse that had

led her to call him up; she had in fact been regretting it ever since she hung up the receiver, disgracefully suspecting him of condescending to her. What was she doing, really? Was she trying to change things between them at this late date and get him to marry her, now that he was a success?

It was nothing so definite or so stupid. She wasn't at all sure how she would feel when she saw him. More than anything else, she wanted to be reassured that she was still attractive, and Wally had always done that for her during the racking years with Noel.

Her conscious intention had been to tell him about Seth, and about her own fears of being an old maid. She wanted to laugh with him over the nightmare picture of herself baby-sitting for Seth's offspring, and so get herself back into good humor. But Marjorie had come a long way in self-knowledge. She couldn't be blind to the fact that she also was vaguely hoping for something more to come of this lunch, if not with Wally, then with somebody else, somebody successful and interesting, somebody whom she might meet by starting to go around with Wally again.

It was this not very admirable notion that lay at the root of her uneasiness, and that

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

— Benjamin Franklin

made her shame and humiliation increase with each passing minute after twelve-thirty.

Those minutes lengthened. She lit another cigarette, promising herself to leave when it was smoked out. Disordered miserable thoughts possessed her. As a drowning man is said to do, she saw years of her life tumble past her mind's eye. She saw herself in other hotel lobbies, in bars, in grills, in cars, in restaurants, in nightclubs, with men—George Drobos, Sandy Goldstone, Wally Wronken, Noel Airman, Morris Shapiro, Mike Eden, and dozens of others who had come and gone more casually.

It was a strange set of customs, she thought, that drove a girl to conduct the crucial scenes of her life outside her own home; usually in a public place, usually over highballs, usually when she was slightly, or quite, intoxicated. As girls went nowadays, she was probably respectable, even a bit prudish. Yet this had been her story.

It occurred to her, too, as the cigarette went from white tube to grey ash, shrinking fast, that whatever subconscious hope she had of winning Wally was not only nonsensical but almost depraved. She had been Noel's mistress. She knew that Wally, Broadway-wise though he was, somehow had convinced himself that this was not so. He had said things to her that left no doubt in her mind what he believed. At the time she had seen no point in undeceiving him, so she had lied by omission, by saying nothing. Evidently he had found it necessary or pleasant to idolise her; she had felt herself under no obligation to disillusion him with uncomfortable confessions.

But how could she possibly marry him, or even take to dating him again, without telling him the truth? How could she face the moment that would follow the shattering of his picture of her?

The butt had been growing warm in her fingers; now the glowing end stung her skin. She

crushed the cigarette out and stood, brushing ash from her black skirt. It was eighteen minutes to one. She went to the house phone and called his room. The telephone rang and rang, but there was no answer. Her face became fiery. Obviously he had been polite to her on the phone and then had completely forgotten the date. He was a Broadway playwright and she was an ageing West End Avenue girl from his dead past, trying to clutch a thread of his glamor. He probably thought of her as little more than an autograph hunter.

She put the receiver down, walked out of the hotel, and dazedly got into a cab.

The cab had hardly turned the corner when Wally Wronken, dressed as for a birthday party, with a gardenia corsage in a box under his arm, came whirling through the revolving door, scanning the lobby anxiously. He walked up and down the lobby, he questioned the head waiter and the bellboys in the lobby. He went up to his suite and called Marjorie's home, but she wasn't there. He ate a cheerless lunch by himself in his living-room overlooking Central Park, where the trees were bright with the colors of autumn.

He telephoned her the next day to apologise, but she wasn't in. He telephoned her several times during the ensuing week. By the time he did get to talk to her it was too late—if it had ever not been too late. She was pleasant, distant, and preoccupied. She had met another man.

It was fifteen years before Marjorie found out what had delayed him.

There was a fitting irony, perhaps, in the fact that it was Marsha Michaelson who brought her together with this man; Marsha, at times her dearest friend, at times her worst enemy; Marsha, who had precipitated her affair with Noel. She met him at a dinner party in Marsha's New Rochelle home, the evening after her unsuccessful lunch date with Wally. A long time later she found out that Marsha had planned the dinner with the purpose of bringing them together.

He was Michaelson's young law partner, the pleasant, round-faced man who had cut off the noise of the berserk theremin at the wedding by pulling the plug out of the wall. She dimly recalled that he had almost made a date with her before Noel had spirited her away on that fatal night. Placed side by side at the table, they fell into conversation easily because they had met once before; and by the time the meal ended they were talking with rapid, easy intimacy, all but oblivious to the rest of the party.

She hoped he would ask to see her again. He did. He wanted to see her the next day. She knew that by the usual rules she should put him off for a week or so; instead she said yes with an eagerness that made her blush a little.

After the second date, she knew she wanted to marry him. The headlong torrent of her feelings scared her, but she couldn't help herself. It wasn't at all a blind urge to get herself married off at last. Since her return from Europe she had been meeting eligible men and having as many dates as she wanted; but none of them had waked her feelings. With this man, her heart had come to almost instantaneous hot life.

There was something undignified, something not quite adult, she felt, about falling for someone new so soon and so hard; after all, the days of George Drobos were over, weren't they? But her own scepticism and disapproval made no difference whatever to her emotions. Nothing seemed to matter but the fact that she was falling in love.

He was far from perfect. He was a bit short, though athletically built, not quite a head taller than herself. His speech was slow, calm, and direct, with just a touch of quiet humor, in sharp contrast to the quick, nervous wit and fantastic vocabulary of Noel, and the stinging insight and mordant eloquence of Mike Eden.

Marjorie had been almost sure that in the end she would meet and marry another of these wild talkers, since the type seemed to be her weakness, but Milton's measured speech and deliberate thinking seemed to suit her well enough. The fact was, some of his ideas on politics and religion were decidedly old-fashioned—she might have said banal, describing somebody else who seemed less reliable, sound, and sure.

He wanted, for instance, to have a traditionally religious home, and he was obviously pleased to learn of Marjorie's family background. It was amazing how little all that concerned her, anyway. The one thing she couldn't understand—that she fiercely regretted—was that she had failed to warn to him the first time she had met him at Marsha's wedding.

After her third date she was in agony, because she was sure she had looked badly, and talked stupidly, and cooled his interest. After the fourth date—all four dates were in one week—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday—she knew he was falling in love as hard and as fast as she was, and that he was going to propose.

He never did propose. They met early Sunday morning after that crucial Saturday night date, and were together all day long and all evening, driving far out into New Jersey, supposedly to see the fall foliage. They lunched and had dinner at roadside taverns; they parked for hours in the moonlight. By the time he brought her home, about half-past four in the morning, they were discussing the wedding date, and where they would live, and how they would break the news to their parents.

Only when she found herself alone in her bedroom, staring dazed at her face in the mirror—only then did she begin to realise what an upheaval had taken place in her life.

It didn't seem like an upheaval. Marrying him seemed natural and inevitable, part of the ordinary sequence of things. She had tried to summon objections to marrying this stranger, had tried to maintain the modesty and reserve she knew she ought to have. But her old identity had all but melted in his presence. She felt like his wife before the week was out. It was an effort to keep up the pretence that she didn't feel that way.

Her relief was overwhelming when, some time during the drive in New Jersey, he told her that he hoped she wouldn't consider him presumptuous or crazy, but he couldn't help thinking of her as his wife. It was shortly after he made this confession, and she made a similar one, that they parked in a leafy side lane and kissed with enormous gusto and began to speak of their marriage as a thing settled.

About the ridiculous speed of it all, Marjorie felt that she ought to be ashamed and worried—but she couldn't summon shame or worry from any corner of her spirit. His touch, his kiss, his hands, his voice, were all familiar, sweet, and wonderful. He actually seemed part of her, in a way that

To page 47

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Noel Airman, despite his hypnotic fascination, never had.

She woke next morning to an immediate and wretched problem: when and how should she tell him about Noel?

For she had not yet done so. No consideration in the world could have brought her to tell him before she was sure he loved her and wanted to marry her. It might have been calculating and not quite honest to let his feelings flame up without telling him. She thought that perhaps it had been dishonest. But she didn't care. Her life was at stake. She knew she would have to tell him now, and the prospect made her sick, but she was ready to do it.

The question was whether it was right for her to reveal the engagement to her parents—right away, in the next ten minutes, at breakfast—instead of waiting until he knew about Noel. Quite possibly he might want to break off with her. Supposing now she told her parents, and 48 hours later would have to tell them that it was all off? How could she endure it?

She did the natural, perhaps the cowardly, thing. She told her parents at breakfast. This was what she had agreed with him to do. He was going to tell his parents, and they were coming with him to the Morgenstern home in the afternoon. To stop the rolling event, she would have had to telephone him and tell him to hold off, because she had a serious disclosure to make to him first. Quite simply, she couldn't bear to do it. So she plunged ahead, hoping for the best.

In the whirl of her parent's joy—for they knew him, approved of him violently, and had been holding their breaths during the stampeding week when what was happening became pretty plain—at the centre of the whirl, she sat in a quiet shell of black fear.

He came, radiating pride, love, and masculine attraction, the bridegroom in his hour of power. His parents were—parents: a plump, short, grey woman, a spare, tall, grey man, both well-spoken, well-dressed, and at first quite stiff and cold, especially the mother. The Morgensterns for their part were cautious, faintly defensive, and at the same time assertively proud of their daughter.

The atmosphere warmed slightly when Mrs. Morgenstern served tea and a marvelous apple strudel she had baked in a hurry that morning. Then it turned out that his father was the president of his Zionist chapter; and since her father was the president of his chapter, that helped a lot. The first real thaw came when it developed that the mothers had emigrated from neighboring provinces in Hungary. Shortly thereafter, when it appeared that both fathers admired President Roosevelt, and that both mothers couldn't stand the lady who was president of the Manhattan chapter of Hadassah, the ice was fairly broken.

The parents were happily planning the wedding, the honeymoon, and the general future of the couple when the bridegroom-to-be announced that he was taking Marjorie out for a drive. This was a tremendous joke to the two fathers, who had by then drunk a lot of Scotch between them. The winks, ruffaws, and elbow-nudges were still going on when they left.

At the last moment, just as Marjorie was preceding him out of the door, her future mother-in-law sprang at her, fell on her neck, kissed her, said she loved her, and fell into a paroxysm of wild sobbing, which she declared was due to an excess of happiness. Mrs. Morgenstern firmly peeled her off Marjorie, and the couple left her being quieted by the other three parents.

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 46

They drove out to New Jersey again. The tavern where they had dined the night before, he said, had the best food and drinks in the whole world; didn't she agree? She agreed. She said little during the drive. He did all the talking. He drew perceptive amusing sketches of both her parents, and was especially shrewd about her mother. "She's going to give me trouble," he said. "But she's all there."

He told her a lot about his own parents. He pressed her to name a date for the wedding, but she turned him off in one way and another. He talked about the places they could go to for a honeymoon trip despite the war: the Canadian Rockies, South America, Hawaii, Mexico. He had an odd notion that Alaska might be fun. He wanted to go as far from home as possible; he wanted to be alone with her, he said, somewhere on the outer rim of the world.

All the time he talked she sank deeper into fear and misery, though she kept up a smiling face. It seemed impossible to break into this run of pure bubbling high spirits with the revelation about Noel. Yet she knew that she had to do it tonight. They drove across the George Washington Bridge in a gorgeous sunset. He became quiet and just drove, now and then reaching over and touching her face with his hand. He was a picture of a supremely happy man.

She had rebellious moments during that sorrowful ride, behind the smiling face. This was the twentieth century, she told herself. He was an honor graduate of Harvard; he ought to know what life was all about! Her guilt over having had one affair was childish. Everybody had affairs nowadays, the world had changed.

In all these reasonable thoughts, however, Marjorie could find no trace of relief or hope. The fact was she had passed herself off as a good Jewish girl. Twentieth century or not, good Jewish girls were supposed to be virgins when they married. That was the corner she was in. That was the dull brute fact she faced. For that matter, good Christian girls were supposed to be virgins, too; that was why brides wore white. She couldn't even blame her Jewish origin for the harrowing trap she was in, though she would have liked to.

They came to the tavern. They had one drink, and another. He wasn't talking much, just holding her hand, worshipping her, and once in a while saying something nonsensical and sweet. She had all the opportunity she needed to talk, but she couldn't.

Then, all at once, at the very worst moment, just after the food was set before them, the story somehow broke from her in a stammering rush of words.

That ended the evening. He remained cordial, but he was quenched. She had never seen such a change in a man's face; he went in a few minutes from happiness to sunken melancholy. Neither of them could eat. About her affair with Noel he said never a word. It was as though she hadn't told him.

When the food was taken away he asked her correctly and pleasantly whether she wanted more coffee or some brandy or anything else. Then he drove her home, saying nothing at all on the way. She remembered that drive for years as the worst agony she ever endured. It was like being driven to a hospital dying of a haemorrhage.

She telephoned him early next morning after a ghastly night. His mother answered, full of concern and excitement.

He wasn't at home or at his office. He had gone off, leaving a short note saying he was very tired and was taking a vacation for a week or so in the mountains. But he hadn't said what hotel or even what town he was going to. What on earth had happened? Had something gone wrong? Marjorie evaded her questions and hung up.

Three days passed. His mother called every morning and evening, wanting to know if Marjorie had heard from him. This, with the mournful atmosphere in her own home, the unspoken questions, and terrible worry in the faces of her parents, became unendurable. Marjorie got up very early one morning, left a similar note for her parents and went to a hotel in Lakewood, a New Jersey resort a couple of hours from the city.

It was the wrong time of the year for Lakewood. The hotel she stayed in was almost empty; the town was deserted. There was nothing to do but read, go to movies, or walk around the lake. Marjorie

other and ordered drinks. Bad as she looked, she looked worse. He had actually aged. His face was white, lined, and wretched. He studied her face during that pause and she felt as though she were about to be executed. When he finally spoke, what he said was, sadly and gruffly, "I love you." He opened a jeweller's box and put it before her. She stared dumb-founded at what she thought must be the largest diamond in the world.

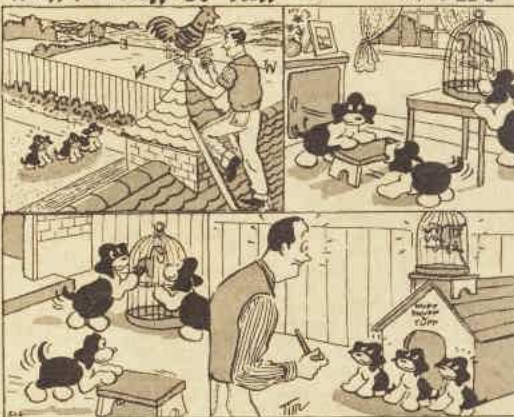
It was a good thing they were in a dark corner, because she had to turn her face down and cry bitterly. She cried a long time, in an excess of the deepest bitterness and shame, before he shyly brushed the tears from her face with his hand.

He never said anything about Noel thereafter; not for the rest of their lives. But she never again saw on his face the pure happiness that had shone there during the drive across the George Washington Bridge in the sunset. He loved her. He took her as she was, with her deformity, despite it. For that was what it amounted to in his eyes and in hers—a deformity: a deformity that could no longer be helped; a permanent

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



read magazines, newspapers, books, whatever she could lay her hands on, without the slightest idea of what she was reading. She was at the hotel six days, and the time passed as though she were in delirium. She couldn't remember afterwards any details of what she had done in those six days; they were blanked from her mind as by amnesia.

She came home with a severe cold and a temperature of a hundred and three. She had not eaten at all and she had lost twelve pounds. She came home because her mother telephoned her (unlike him, she had disclosed where she was going). "He's back and he called this morning. Better come home."

"How did he sound?" "I don't know. Come home." Mrs. Morgenstern didn't seem very cheerful.

Sick as Marjorie was when she arrived home, she brushed off her mother's alarm at the way she looked and her insistence that she go to bed. She telephoned his office. It was four in the afternoon, a raw snowy day, already growing dark. He said abruptly, coldly that he would like to see her as soon as possible for a little while.

In the same clothes she had worn travelling home, dishevelled and shivering, she went straight down town and met him, at a dingy bar near his office. Naturally it would be at a bar; it had always been at a bar. He was already at a table in a gloomy far corner.

There was a long quiet pause after they greeted each

other, like a crooked arm.

"My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time . . ."

The song popped into Marjorie's head as her mother was buttoning her into her wedding dress in an anteroom of the Gold Room of the Pierre Hotel, less than an hour before the ceremony. So great was her nervous tension that, once established, the melody drummed on and on in her brain. She was holding her veil high in the air with both hands, for it interfered with the buttoning, and as she stood so, with both arms high, she had begun to hum, and then to sing, unaware of what she was singing.

"My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time . . ."

After a few moments she heard herself and quietly laughed, realising why she was singing it. She had held her arms up in just this way on the stage at Hunter College, strutting through her first acting triumph as the Mikado. The electric excitement of that forgotten moment had welded the words and the tune in her brain to the act of throwing her arms high. Six years later—the better part of a lifetime, it seemed to Marjorie—the world was still there. But how everything else had changed!

"What are you laughing at? Am I tickling you?" her mother said.

"An old joke. Mama, nothing. . . . Hurry, for heaven's sake, the photographer should have been here long ago."

"Relax, darling. You'll be married a long, long time."

All through the photographing, all through the frenzied last-minute rehearsals of cues with the caterer's hostess in charge of the sacred formalities, all through the hurried last embraces with her ecstatic mother, her beaming father, both looking astonishingly young and well in fine new evening clothes—and with her white-faced grim brother, stiff and unyielding as a post in his first top hat, white tie, and tails—and with her weeping mother-in-law and desperately punning and smoking father-in-law—all that time the song ran on and on in her mind. . . . "My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time . . ." It cut off sharply when the procession began and she heard the organ, far below in the ballroom, playing the wedding march.

For there was an organ, of course. And there were two cantors, a handsome young man and a marvellously impressive grey-bearded man, both in black silk robes and black mitres with black pom-poms. There was a choir of five bell-voiced boys in white silk robes and white hats with white pom-poms. There was a board canopy of white lilies on a platform entirely carpeted and walled with greenery and white roses. There were blazing blue-white arc lights, a movie photographer, and a still photographer.

There was a rose-strewn staircase for her to descend; there was a quite meaningless but quite gorgeous archway with gates at the head of the staircase, covered and festooned with pink roses through which she was to make her entrance. There were banks of gold chairs, five hundred of them, jammed solid with guests, and with spectators who had read the announcement in the "Times" and knew the bridegroom or the bride.

After the ceremony there was to be as much champagne as anyone could drink, and as many hot hors d'oeuvres as the greediest guest could stuff into himself. There was to be a ten-course dinner, a seven-piece orchestra, more champagne, a midnight supper, and dancing till dawn.

It was the Lowenstein Catering Company's number one wedding; the best there was, the best money could buy—sixty-five hundred dollars, tips included. Marjorie and her bridegroom had discussed accepting the money, instead, as a wedding present from her father. Mr. Morgenstern, who had accumulated the money and set it aside for the wedding over twenty years, had diffidently made the offer. They had decided instead to have the wedding, rococo excess and all. Their decision filled all four parents with joy. It was obviously what everybody wanted.

Marjorie stood behind the closed rose-covered gate at the head of the stairs, with the perspiring hostess at her elbow, listening to the music as the wedding procession filed in below from the lobby of the ballroom. She couldn't see anything through the heavy sweet-smelling screen of roses, but she knew what was happening.

In the number one Lowenstein wedding—the only one featuring the rose gate—all the others came in first and took their places; then the bride came down the flower-strewn step in lone splendor, white train dragging, while her father waited for her at the foot of the staircase. Then he was to take her arm, and escort her to the canopy.

Marjorie had seen this pageant several times at the weddings of other girls. The day before at the rehearsal, she had been amused by the amateurish theatricalism of it all. At the same time, she secretly rather liked the idea of

making such a grand entrance. Her only worry was that she might trip on her train and sprawl headlong down the stairs. But the hostess had assured her that every bride had had exactly the same fear, and not one had ever tripped.

The music stopped. That meant they were all in place: the four parents, the rabbi, Seth the best man, and his betrothed Natalie Fain, the maid of honor. Marjorie could hear the gossiping chatter of the guests. She swallowed hard, clutched her little bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley, and glanced at the hostess.

The little flushed woman inspected her from head to toe, minutely adjusted her train, pulled Marjorie's hotly clasped hands with the bouquet to the exact centre of her midriff, kissed her damply, and nodded at the yawning waiter with the gate rope in his hand. He hauled on the rope. The gates swung open, and Marjorie stood in a white spotlight under the arch of pink roses, revealed to public view.

There was a general gasp and murmur below, then a total hush. The organ began to play "Here Comes the Bride." Slowly, regally, Marjorie came down the staircase, hesitating on each step, in time to the music.

Perhaps the spotlight shining in her eyes made the tears well up; perhaps it was the emotions of the moment. She blinked them back as well as she could, glad that she was veiled. She could see dimly the guests below, stretching in orderly ranks forward to the canopy. Their faces were turned up to her. There was one look on all of them: stunned admiration.

Marjorie was an extremely beautiful bride. They always say the bride is beautiful, and the truth is that a girl seldom looks better than she does at this moment of her glory and her vanishing, veiled and in white; but even among brides Marjorie was remarkably lovely. For years afterwards Lowenstein's hostess said that the prettiest bride she ever saw was Marjorie Morgenstern.

The Goldstones were there, in one row near the back, and Marsha and Lou Michaelson, and the Zelenkos, and Aunt Dvoshka, and Uncle Shmuka, and Geoffrey Quill, and Neville Saperstein in a dark blue suit, and the banker Connolly, and Morris Shapiro, and Wally Wronken—these familiar faces and dozens of others she recognised, though her eyes scarcely moved.

She had taken but two or three steps downwards when she also saw, in the very last row of the array of black-clad men and beautifully gowned women, the tall blond man in brown tweed jacket and grey slacks, with an old camel's hair coat slung over one arm, incongruous as he was startling. She had not even known that Noel Airman was in the United States; but he had come to see her get married. She could not discern his expression, but there wasn't a doubt in the world that it was Noel.

She didn't waver or change countenance at all; she continued her grave descent. But in an instant, as though green gelatines had been slid one by one in front of every light in the ballroom, she saw the scene differently. She saw a tawdry mockery of sacred things, a bourgeois riot of expense, with a special touch of vulgar Jewish sentimentality.

The gate of roses behind her was comical; the flower-massed canopy ahead was grotesque; the loud whirring of the movie camera was a joke, the scrambling still-photographer in the empty aisle, twisting his camera

To page 48

Marjorie Morningstar

Continuing

from page 47

at his eye, a low clown. The huge diamond on her right hand tapped the vulgarly; she could feel it there; she slid a finger to cover it.

Her husband waiting for her under the canopy wasn't a prosperous doctor, but he was a prosperous lawyer: he had the moustache Macabre luck Noel had even guessed the initials. And she—she was Shirley, going to a Shirley late, in a Shirley blaze of silly costly glory.

All this passed through her mind in a flash, between one step downwards and the next. Then her eyes shifted to her father's face, rosy happy, looking up at her from the foot of the stairs. The green gelatinous slid aside, and she saw her wedding again by the lights that were there in the room.

If it was all comical in Noel's eyes, she thought, he might derive from that fact what pleasure he could. She was what she was, Marjorie Morgenstern of West End Avenue, marrying the man she wanted in the way she wanted to be married. It was a beautiful wedding, and she knew she was a pretty bride.

She reached the bottom of the stairs. Her father stepped to her side. Taking his arm, she turned a bit and squarely faced into Noel Airman's expected grin; he was not ten feet from her. But to her surprise Noel wasn't grinning. He looked better than he had in Paris; not so thin, not so pale, and he appeared to have got back all his hair. His expression was baffled, almost vacant. His mouth hung slightly open; his eyes seemed wet.

The organ music swelled to its loudest. Marjorie marched down the aisle with solemn gladness to her destiny, and became Mrs. Milton Schwartz.

EXTRACT FROM WALLY WRONKEN'S DIARY.

July 5th, 1954.

At desk 9.40. I feel fine and I'm hoping to do a good run of work today. However, it isn't often that one solves an old mystery in one's life, so the event is worth noting before I get down to business.

Yesterday I saw Marjorie Morgenstern—Mrs. Milton Schwartz, that is—for the first time in about fifteen years. She lives in Mamaroneck, in a big old white house on the sound, with a lot of lawn and huge old trees, and a nice view of the water, about an hour from town.

I happened to see her by accident. I had to go to New Rochelle to visit one of the backers of the show, a real estate man named Michaelson, who'd been raising some questions about my royalty contract. He's a shrewd old character, over seventy, I'd say, extremely well off, dabbles in the theatre a lot. He understood the tax angle of my contract immediately, and made a couple of suggestions I may use. That part of it all went fine.

He turned out to be married to one Marsha Zelenko, the girl who first brought Marjorie into the social hall at South Wind, aeons ago. Marsha, whom I knew as a fat, slovenly girl, more or less given to sleeping around, is now a leathery rail of a woman, bright, false, blond, frightfully up-to-date in the suburban way—expensive clothes that look out of place amid grass and trees, and dizzy, bright chatter that is just a bit sour, a bit off-key, like a cruel parody of Manhattan small talk. And this drawn, starved brown face, and the biggest mouthful of grinning teeth you ever saw.

"Have some of this Scotch, it's twenty-four years old. Do you write longhand or on the typewriter?" And a lot of questions about the Hollywood

stars I've known. That kind of thing. No children. Both her parents live there with them, and that's the menage.

She couldn't wait to tell me that Marjorie lived in Mamaroneck, only five miles away. When I expressed mild interest, she practically dragged me to the telephone in a half nelson, dialled the number, handed me the receiver, and walked out, closing the library door with the frightfully arch look, all cannibal teeth and popping eyes.

A boy's voice answered. He sounded about ten. "Yeah? Hello?" I asked to speak to his mother. He dropped the phone and bawled, "Ma, some man for you."

Then she came on the telephone, "Hello?"

"Marjorie?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

Her voice sounded exactly the same: sweet, a bit husky, I'd forgotten how low the timbre was. Marjorie on the phone always gave almost a contralto effect, though you didn't notice it when you were with her. And there was the same slight hesitation in her voice—what is it, precisely? A manner of speaking half a beat late, a touch of shyness or something; anyway, it always seemed to me the essence of femininity and it was still there.

When I told her my name and where I was calling from, the pause lasted more than half a beat; two or three, maybe. Then, "Hello, Wally. It's wonderful to hear from you." Not bursting with joy, even particularly surprised; very warm and sweet. Of course, I must come right over, she said; she'd be delighted to see me. Her daughter would be especially thrilled to meet a playwright, because she was so wild about the theatre.

Marsha drove me over in a yellow Cadillac a block long. We turned into the driveway of this handsome old white house, with a glass-button sign on the fence at the entrance, SCHWARTZ. A grey-headed lady was sitting on a flagstone terrace out front on a deck chair—one of the grandmothers on a Sunday visit, I figured.

We got out of the car and walked to the terrace, and it was something of a shock when the grey-headed lady turned out to be Marjorie. The fact is, she looks very much like Mrs. Milton Schwartz, and not much like the Marjorie Morgenstern I last saw at a much-too-plush wedding at the Pierre a decade and a half ago.

Despite the grey hair (which is premature, she's not quite forty) she remains an attractive woman, slim, with a pleasant face and a sweet manner, and a sort of ghostly resemblance to the Marjorie of yesteryear. She has a fourteen-year-old daughter, Deborah, who looks more like the girl I knew than Mrs. Schwartz does. All that is to be expected, I guess. It's an unsettling thing, all the same, to see your first love a grey-headed mother of four kids. I couldn't help thinking how wise she had been to discourage me in the old days. A man of thirty-nine is not well suited to a woman of forty.

I've been through affairs and a divorce and I still feel like a comparatively young man trying to settle down. She made a joke about her grey hair, but there was no bitterness in it; a little wryness, maybe, but a contented wryness, if that means anything.

Contented, she obviously is. There was no mistaking the look she gave her husband

when he came in with their two boys from a father-and-son softball game, nor the real kiss. He's a good-natured, late-fortyish man, broad-shouldered,

sort of plump, grizzled hair going at the temples.

He handled the situation very well, if it was a situation, of finding me there with Marsha and Marjorie. After all, the successful old beau showing up in the suburbs in a worn gambit for comedy. But Schwartz was pleasant, even engaging; not a trace of resentment; instead, a genuine invitation to hang around for highballs, and deferential compliments about my plays. I didn't see much of him because he showered and changed and went off with the boys to their beach club to watch fireworks.

The boys are standard issue boys, eleven and nine, I'd guess. Marjorie fussed over them before they went off to the club, the way any mama should. She had to remain at home because the maid had gone off unexpectedly, and they have an infant daughter. That was how I got to talk to her a bit. I made several offers to leave (Mrs. Michaelson had gone earlier, much to my relief, because she had guests coming for cocktails), but Marjorie insisted that I stay. Later found out why. I might have guessed.

Ngaio Marsh Writes Our New Serial

OPENING instalment will appear next week of "Scales of Justice," an engrossing murder mystery by NGAIO MARSH.

This popular author well deserves her place as one of England's foremost mystery writers. In 1951 the Crime Club chose her novel "Opening Night" as its Anniversary Choice, celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of its foundation. "Scales of Justice," her latest novel, has now been made the Club's twenty-fifth choice.

Set in the English countryside, it is a very intriguing mystery in which a huge trout, the goal of all local anglers, and a cat as fond of fish as cats usually are play leading parts. Its picturesque setting, combined with faithful and humorous characterisation, makes it a particularly readable mystery, with a solution you will find very hard to guess.

Also in this issue there will appear the complete novel "Rose of Sharon," by Jerrard Tickell, details of which are given elsewhere.

But like a fool I was flattered, so I stayed.

We had several highballs. Maybe she wouldn't have talked otherwise. She was very awkward with me at first, though pleasant; seemed a bit awed. It turned out pretty interesting. She had a little battle with the daughter about piano practice before fireworks, and won it. The girl flung off inside and began thumping away. I was reminded forcibly of the way Marjorie's mother used to put her foot down in the old days: Marjorie has much the same dry good-humored firmness.

We sat around out on the lawn on deck-chairs, drinking, watching the sunset. She asked me the usual questions about Broadway and Hollywood. But I must say she had no offensive celebrity-worshipping earnestness, the toothy bug-eyed kind of thing, like Mrs. Michaelson. I felt she wanted to know about me and I answered frankly.

Her comments were intelligent and to the point, as they always used to be. She discussed my plays well and pleased me by praising "The Meadow Sweet." I guess an author always has a weakness for his failures, but it's quite true, as she said, that that's the only time I stepped outside mechanical farce and really tried.

Just for the heck of it I mentioned my encounter with Noel Airman in Hollywood. She was interested, but in an absent way; she didn't spark at all. If anything she seemed amused when I told her he was

married to a fat German photographer who's a fad with the movie crowd. She said she'd met Mr. Airman in Paris. When I told her Noel had ended at a third-rate baldish television writer, with his wife more or less supporting them both, she nodded.

"Noel was never much of a writer, you know," she said. "He should have been a teacher, I think, or a lawyer. He had a good mind and a vivid way of putting things. But I guess he was too erratic for the academic life."

I couldn't help saying—I'll admit it was small of me—"Time was when you thought Noel was a pretty good writer, Marjorie."

To my amazement she denied it. She said that from the beginning, at South Wind, she'd insisted that I showed professional promise and that Noel was a mere dilettante. She claimed she'd encouraged me to become a writer, all but discovered me. She became a little annoyed when I mildly tried to disagree. There isn't the slightest doubt that she believed every word she said. She's rewritten history in her mind and now she's the one who always knew Walter Wronken had it in him.

whatever, except that she talked more easily. I had to beg off from a couple of refills because I was getting a little dizzy.

The only time she did anything strange was when her daughter started to play "Falling In Love With Love" in the house, not too well. She got up, highball in hand, and started to waltz. There was something slightly bizarre about that, a grey-headed woman in a swirling blue cotton dress, waltzing soundlessly by herself in the sunset with her long evening shadow gliding behind her on the lawn. The song reminds her, she said, of a man she met on her trip to Europe who was doing some kind of cloak-and-dagger work rescuing Jews.

Something came over her when she talked about him. Her voice began to sound more like the voice I remembered (it was getting dark, too, and maybe that helped). It lost some of its flatness, some of the authoritative parent sound. Also her daughter came out about then and got permission to go off to the fireworks, and Marjorie seemed to relax when she was gone.

She went on for quite a while about this man. I gathered he meant a lot to her, even as a memory. Which was in itself interesting. My picture had always been that Noel was the big love of her life and I'd been quite sure I knew everything about Marjorie Morgenstern up to the day she married (except whether she ever actually had an affair with Noel—something I couldn't believe then, though I suppose now she did). But here obviously, in this man she met on the ship, was a missing piece of the jigsaw, possibly even the key piece.

After that she told me about her brother Seth getting killed at Okinawa flying for the Navy, and then about a baby boy of hers, the second, that had choked to death in its crib at the age of two months, the doctors never figured out why. And about her father going broke and having a heart attack, and her husband putting him back on his feet at terrific cost, and about her mother-in-law being bed-ridden in her house for four years, dying slowly of some blood disease.

She was quite detached, not in the least self-pitying about all this, even when she said at one point, "I've come by these grey hairs honestly, you see."

It all added up to a lot of soap-opera afflictions, I guess. I can see why those programmes are popular. Childless people, people without families like me, don't know about such things, but the average housewife sees herself being dramatised, I suppose. I began to be ashamed of having thought Marjorie dull and boring at first. Yet she is dull, dull as she can be, by any technical standard. You couldn't write a play about her that would run a week, or a novel that would sell a thousand copies. There's no angle.

Out of all the talk about her troubles, we somehow got on the subject of religion. She's a regular synagogue goer, active in the Jewish organisations of the town; apparently that takes up a lot of her time. Her husband is active, too. They seem to be rather strictly observant; Marjorie has separate milk and meat dishes in the kitchen, and all that.

I tried to pin her down on what she really believed (we'd had enough to drink by then so that such a discussion wasn't embarrassing). She was curiously evasive. She was the professors of comparative religion were like bright kids with clocks. They could take a religion apart and show how it ticked, but they couldn't put it back together so it would work for anybody. I mildly

suggested that the day was past, maybe, when religion could work for any educated person. She flared a bit; said religion still worked for a lot of people.

She said her parents would never have survived the death of Seth without it, and that she didn't know whether she and Milton could have stayed in one piece after the baby died if they hadn't had their religion.

At this point I was probing, perhaps cruelly, to strike bottom. I said, "Well, Margie, maybe that only proves the power of a dream." Like a flash she answered—and her voice sounded just as it did in the old days, full of life and sparkle, "Who isn't dreaming, Wally? You?"

The fireworks started around then, all green and golden and red, over the sound. We stopped talking for a while and watched. It was quite a display, what with the clear night, a crescent moon, and evidently a very large budget at the beach club for the Fourth of July celebration. Rockets, Roman candles, and burst after burst of the showering things, every color in the world, popping and banging every other second, and at the last a super-special white one that seemed to fill the sky and make it bright as day. Then it was dark and there I was with my grey-headed old flame, both of us rather high and her family coming home. So I went inside and telephoned for a cab.

I said while we sat around on her flagstone terrace waiting for the cab—figuring that it was now or never to clear this little mystery—"Well, I hope you've acquired some patience with your grey hairs. Fifteen years ago you stood me up on a date, just because I was twelve minutes late. I think you owe me an explanation and an apology. I never got either, you know."

She looked blank, as I expected. I reminded her how she'd telephoned me and was supposed to meet me in the lobby of the St. Moritz and have lunch at Rumpelmayer's. Remembrance came over her face, with the old coquettish look, decidedly odd framed in grey hair and yet not unattractive.

"What a memory, Wally! That all happened in another century. As I recall I thought you'd forgotten the date, that's all. I suppose I went out and had lunch at a drugstore."

I told her how excited I'd been, how I'd changed my tie four times for this date of dates, and finally rushed out to buy a new tie because I didn't like any I tried on. Her eyes became big and round and a very strange smile hovered around her mouth. "Ye gods, is that why you were late? You went out to buy a new tie?"

"Just to impress my lady fair," I said. "I went out to buy a tie, Marjorie. Why did you telephone me? Why did you want to have lunch with me?"

She laughed, a low peculiar laugh, looking slowly around at the house, the trees, the lawn, the water, as though she were coming out of a trance. "Who knows, Wally? It was fifteen years ago. Probably I wanted free tickets to your show for my folks or something."

I was leaning on the parapet smoking. She got out of her chair, walked over to me, and kissed me coolly on the mouth. "That's for going out to buy a tie just to impress me, Wally. I'm sorry I stood you up. I can't remember why, but I'm sure it was very silly of me." The voice was the voice of Marjorie Morgenstern

To page 49

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 163-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 4, 1956

stopped suddenly and stared at the girl who was staring at the panicked right rear wheel.

"Flat tyre?" he said pleasantly.

Miss Perrin gave him an exasperated look. "A brilliant deduction."

One of these smart alecks, Crawford decided. And not good-looking enough to get away with it, either.

"Well, I'm a research man," he said. "I delve into those little mysteries. Any air in your spare?"

As it turned out, there was no air in the spare, and Miss Perrin looked uncomfortable. "I've never thought to check."

"Look here," Crawford said. "Maybe this is fate. It just so happens that I called up the country club today to apply for membership. I have to fill out a form and be sponsored. And they invited me to use the club facilities while my application is pending. I thought I'd have dinner there tonight."

"The least I could do would be to take you home. Instead, why don't you join me at the club for dinner?"

Miss Perrin gave him a searching look. "All right. I'll have to go home first."

They started off in his car and Crawford said, "How do you like the country?"

"I don't," said Miss Perrin.

"Why not?" said Crawford.

"I prefer the city," said Miss Perrin coolly. "Turn right at the next corner. I'm in that new garden apartment, No. 6."

He parked and followed her up the walk, moving a tricycle out of the way in order to open the outer door.

"In the city," Miss Perrin said, "I had an apartment with just adults in the building. I'm not used to children."

She unlocked her door and led him into a small living-room. "I'll be as quick as I

can," she said. "There's sherry in that decanter."

A door shut behind her and, as Crawford sampled the sherry, he saw his reflection in a mirror over the sofa. His conscience stabbed him. He was being a rotter, he thought, but then he was not to blame; he was merely carrying out orders. His conscience salved, he enjoyed his sherry.

When Miss Perrin emerged, she was not the girl he had brought home. It couldn't, Crawford reflected, simply be that the grey business suit had been replaced by a blue dress with a flaring skirt.

It made her eyes a deeper blue and her dark hair had a sheen he hadn't noticed earlier, but above and beyond that there was a definite glow emanating from Miss Perrin. This was turning out to be a research project, Crawford decided, that he would enjoy.

"You look wonderful," he said. "I'm glad I — I mean that you had a flat tyre."

The skirt swirled and rustled as she came over and lightly took his hand. "The country-club set," she said, laughing. "I've never even been in a country club."

Maybe it was the sherry, Crawford thought; even his ears felt pink. They went outside and a small girl was playing jacks on the step, blocking their exit.

"I can't move," the child said flatly. "I'm on foursies."

They stepped around her and Crawford had to edge close to Miss Perrin. She smelled infinitely more delectable than his laboratory. He bent and ruffled the child's hair tenderly.

"I love kids," he said and then stumbled down the walk beside Miss Perrin. My heavens, he thought, what am I saying?

They set out for the country

club, became lost en route, asked directions from a farmer, and by that time they were no longer Miss Perrin and Mr. Crawford, but Emily and Bill.

"What I'd like," Crawford said, getting into the car after being redirected, "would be to build out here. You can get a couple of acres for a song. Maybe have a garden, build your own tennis court, a barbecue."

They sat there with the motor idling. "I live at the inn," Crawford said. "I took a room there instead of an apartment because it was quieter." He looked at Miss Perrin, who nodded sympathetically.

"It's too quiet there," Crawford said, suddenly sorry for himself, a lonely figure trudging alone up the inn stairs. He shook his head. Across the road he could see a modern one-story house taking shape, himself building a stone wall, a girl waving from the doorway.

"Let's find the club," he said. He wanted lights and people suddenly.

They had a cocktail and ordered dinner, and Crawford said, "I hope you'll come to the dance with me this Saturday."

"I'm sorry; I won't be here," Miss Perrin smiled. "You can look over the local talent."

"I'm uninterested in the local talent," Crawford said. "I just want to look you over." He was interrupted. A slick-haired young man who had been ogling Miss Perrin from the terrace moved front and centre.

"I'm sort of official greeter," he said. "I like to meet the new members and see they get acquainted."

Crawford mumbled introductions.

flute playing Mozart, when I write the name. No doubt the land is full of nineteen-year-old boys to whom names like Betty Jones, Hazel Klein, Sue Wilson, have the same celestial sound. It's a sound I shall hear no more.

And if she wasn't the bright angel I thought, she was a lovely girl; and where is that girl now? She doesn't even remember herself as she was. I am the only one on the face of God's earth, I'm sure, who still holds that picture in a dim corner of memory. When I go, that will be the end of Marjorie Morningstar, to all eternity.

Yet how beautiful she was! She rises up before me as I write — in a blue dress, a black raincoat, her face wet with rain, nineteen years old, in my arms and yet maddeningly beyond my reach, my beautiful young love, kissing me once under the lilacs in the rain.

I have known most of the pleasant things I can expect in this life. I'm not famous or distinguished, but I never really hoped I would be; and my limits have been clear to me for a long time. I've had the success I aimed for. I'll go on working and I'll have more success, I'm reasonably sure. I've had the love of a good-looking woman.

If I'm fortunate, I may some day have what Milton Schwartz has and what's been denied me: a wife I love and children and a warm happy home. But one thing I know now I will never have — the triumph I once wanted above everything on earth, the triumph I promised myself when I was a heartick boy, the triumph that slipped through my fingers yesterday once and for all. I will never have that second kiss from Marjorie under the lilacs.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . Marriage Bait

from page 7

"Miss Perrin," said the young man. "I'm delighted it's Miss Perrin."

When he left, Crawford said, "That's the trouble with the country, no privacy. Sure you won't stay over for the dance?"

Miss Perrin shook her head. "I can still get my apartment if I go back this weekend. My room-mate hasn't found another girl to share it with her yet."

There was some guy back in the city, Crawford decided



glumly. It ruined his dinner, but Miss Perrin seemed to enjoy hers.

After dinner, they sat in the lounge. Crawford's arm strayed towards Miss Perrin's shoulder when suddenly he thought, but was not sure, he glimpsed Mr. Grimby passing in the hallway. He withdrew his arm, and at the same instant Miss Perrin said she had packing to do, she had to get home.

Going up her apartment walk, Crawford fell over a tricycle. Savagely he threw it into the shrubbery. He hoped Miss Perrin would ask him in, but at the outer apartment door she turned and said, "It was a lovely evening. Thank you."

He thought of Miss Perrin, moving through the city, eying thousands of young men, moving among them like a comparison shopper in a department store.

"You know something?" he said. "I let the air out of your tyre."

Miss Perrin nodded sagely. "I know," she said. "I saw you. I was looking out the window." She put a slim hand on his arm. "I thought it was very romantic of you."

For want of words, Crawford bent to kiss her, but as he did so he was kicked sharply in the shin and the little girl who had been playing jacks said, "What's the idea, throwing my bike in the bushes?"

"Goodnight," said Miss Perrin breathlessly, vanishing.

"I hope you missed your foursies," Crawford said bitterly, and went down to his car. How he hated kids, he thought, and the whole overpopulated world, and especially Mr. Grimby.

In the morning Crawford stopped at a garage and borrowed a tyre pump. He then called for Miss Perrin. He wanted to see Miss Perrin in the pitiless light of day in a grey business suit.

She came tripping down the walk in a yellow dress. "It's not exactly appropriate for the office, is it?" said Miss Perrin. "I just thought — it's such a nice morning —" Her voice trailed off and she started again, "I'd planned to ride with Mr. Vogel."

"Vogel's married," Crawford said. "Let him ride with his wife if he wants to ride with a girl. Let's stop somewhere

and get some hot dogs. We'll find a stream and have a picnic."

"The office —"

"The heck with the office," Crawford said.

"I can't desert Mr. Grimby my last week," Miss Perrin said. "He's always been so sweet."

"Oh, yeah?" Crawford said darkly. "Going around acting like Santa Claus. I could tell you things about Mr. Grimby that would make your blood boil."

He drove to the plant, went hurriedly to his office, and was hard at work when called to the director's quarters. As he had expected, he found Mr. Grimby there.

"My boy," Mr. Grimby said, "you're a wonder. You should have seen Miss Perrin this morning. She came in looking like a sunburst. She usually dresses very inconspicuously."

"Mr. Grimby," Crawford said, "I consider this scheme of yours diabolical. I will have no further part in it."

He turned and slammed out of the office. The director said, "Some of these research men tend to be touchy. I'd never noticed Crawford having tendencies along that line."

The door flew open. "You can take back that raise," Crawford said.

"But you've applied for membership in the country club."

"I am now going to send in my resignation," Crawford said, and the door banged again.

"I like that young man," Mr. Grimby said. "Full of spirit. He may not think he's doing a job, but I think he is. I think by Saturday, Miss Perrin will be eating out of his hand."

And Mr. Grimby left the office, went across the intervening grass and into the Administration Building. Going across the outer office to his sanctum, he paused before Miss Perrin's desk.

"You look very fetching this morning," he said. "Blooming, Miss Perrin. The country air seems to agree with you."

"I've been sitting here thinking about it," Miss Perrin said. Her eyes shone. "Maybe it does. Mr. Grimby, I've just this minute decided to stay here."

If it hadn't been necessary for him to maintain the dignity of his office, Mr. Grimby would have executed a dance step or two. As it was, he could barely restrain himself.

"That's wonderful," he said. He would have to tell Crawford. "I'm just going to step over to Research for a moment."

"You just came back from there," Miss Perrin said. "Detroit's waiting to talk to you."

"I'll be five minutes."

Miss Perrin gave him a sudden speculative look. "In the city you never left your office. Everybody came to you."

"Doctor's orders," said Mr. Grimby glibly. "I need more exercise."

"You went chasing over there this morning," Miss Perrin said. "People have been trying to get in touch with you. And yesterday — yesterday you were over there."

There comes a time when the boss has to put his foot down on the most loyal employee.

"Miss Perrin," he said, "you sound like my ex-wife. You've been a wonderful secretary, but if you're going to start questioning me about where I'm going every time I walk out of my office —"

"It just seems so strange," Miss Perrin said. "I don't quite understand."

"That is beyond the scope of your duties."

"Mr. Grimby," said Miss Perrin, suddenly going very

white, "I want to ask you one question. Did you or did you not go over to Research yesterday with the idea of finding some glib young man —"

"I did not," said Mr. Grimby. "No such thought ever entered my mind. How could you ever suspect me of such chicanery?"

"I can see you did," said Miss Perrin. "Here I am twenty-six years old and I thought I knew my way around."

"I was acting for your own good."

"I guess I don't hate you," said Miss Perrin, "but a certain young man —" She slammed the cover over her typewriter.

"Where are you going?" said Mr. Grimby.

"Back to the city. As soon as I pump up my tyre."

"You can't leave like this!" Mr. Grimby bawled.

"The hell I can't!" said Miss Perrin, using profanity for the first and last time in Mr. Grimby's office. "Watch me!"

She ran out of the office. Mr. Grimby stared after her, then became galvanised into action, and raced outside and across into the Research Building.

"Where's that microbiologist?" Mr. Grimby said. "You gave me the wrong man. The chump botched the job."

"He's not here," the director said. "He quit. My best young man, and he quit. He slammed out of here not five minutes ago."

Mr. Grimby went sadly to the window. "There they are," he said. "They're having a fight."

As he watched them, Miss Perrin snatched the tyre pump from Crawford's hand. She bent to attach it to the valve and Crawford snatched it back. There were words which Mr. Grimby could not hear, but he sensed they were violent.

"I can't stand it," said Mr. Grimby, and he plunged outside and across to the parking-lot.

As he approached the rear of the car he saw the tyre pump lying forgotten on the ground. He heard no voices raised in bitter argument, and poking his head around the car he saw the reason why. Crawford held Miss Perrin in his arms.

Mr. Grimby cleared his throat and they raised their heads and became aware of their employer. They did not seem pleased to see him; rather they looked at him as though he constituted a large, unpleasant blot on the landscape.

"We've both resigned," Crawford said shortly; "we're going to be married."

"All right," said Mr. Grimby. An executive had to ride with the punch these days and he was thinking fast. He could still salvage this. "Miss Perrin can continue working for me," he said. "You don't want children, Crawford, so there's no reason —"

"Oh, that was an utterly crazy idea of mine," Crawford said. "This is a wonderful place for kids to grow up. We want about five, and we want to have 'em while we're young enough to enjoy them."

"I'll stay on a little while," Miss Perrin said. "I'll help you find someone, Mr. Grimby. Maybe my room-mate in the city will come up. You'd be crazy about her."

"I would not," Mr. Grimby said petulantly. He sighed and then found a small silver lining. This could be an asset to company morale, the first office romance in the new location, a homey touch in the company house magazine, Grimby-Murchison, one big happy devoted family.

He looked at the young couple now flagrantly ignoring him; then brusquely asserted himself as the company president.

"Congratulations to you both," said Mr. Grimby gruffly. "Now get back to work. I can't have you necking in my time."

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 48

and the kiss gave me a strange little thrill, remote as it was.

That's about all there was to the historic meeting. The cab was honking at the entrance to the driveway a moment later. It was only then that she came out with the real reason she'd kept me around so long, feeding me highballs. She's the president of the women's branch of the local community chest — and would I come and speak at the annual dinner?

The girls had been egging her on for years to write to me, but she hadn't been able to drum up the nerve. She'd had enough to drink at this point, she said, to have the gall to ask me.

Well, what could I say? I said yes, of course. As a matter of fact I don't really mind. With the show opening in a month or so, it's not a bad idea to set the girls gossiping about me in a well-to-do suburb like Mamaroneck. Those women buy a lot of matinee tickets. Though I dare say I'd have done it for Marjorie, whether it made sense or not.

And there you are. The circle is closed.

Or is it? The mystery is solved. Or will it ever be, really. Writing this entry has stirred me up in an unaccountable way. I've gone on and on, and I meant to dispose of the whole thing in a page or so. I feel dissatisfied. I haven't managed to say what I wanted or to indicate the quality of the meeting at all.

The thing is, this was a triumph I promised myself fifteen years ago. I can remember so clearly how I day-dreamed of presenting myself to Marjorie, a successful playwright, when she'd be just another suburban housewife gone to seed. Well, I did it at last, and it wasn't a triumph at all. There's the point I'm trying to get at. The person I wanted to triumph over is gone, that's the catch.

Marjorie Morgenstern . . . what music that name used to have for me! I still hear a faint echo, sweet as a far-off

I can't carry my achievements backward fifteen years and flaunt them in the face of Marjorie Morgenstern, the beautiful elusive girl I was so mad about. And what satisfaction is there in crowing over the sweet-natured placid grey mama she has turned into? For that matter, what satisfaction is it to the poor ambitious skinny would-be writer of twenty years ago, little Wally, the South Wind stage manager, that I met Mrs. Schwartz and got so sick awe and deference? It's too late. He doesn't exist either.

But why should I care about all this? That's the strange part. It's all so dead, so forgotten. Marjorie doesn't haunt me; I haven't thought about her, except casually and without a trace of emotion in a dozen years. Seeing her now, I can only be glad she didn't yield to my frantic puppy worship. The only remarkable thing about Mrs. Schwartz is that she ever hoped to be remarkable, that she ever dreamed of being Marjorie Morningstar. She couldn't be a more run-of-the-mill wife and mother.

What troubles me, I guess, is the thought of the bright vision that has faded. To me, she really was Marjorie Morningstar. I didn't know whether she had any talent. I didn't care. She was everything sweet, radiant, pure, and beautiful in the world. I know now that she was an ordinary girl, that the image existed only in my own mind, that her radiance was the radiance of my own hungry young desires projected around her. Still, I once saw that vision and loved it.

Marjorie Morgenstern . . . what music that name used to have for me! I still hear a faint echo, sweet as a far-off

from Sydney Town, and none had arrived from the mountains.

Out across the river other teams dragged through the dust, the teamsters urging the yoked beasts to their best pace, so as to make the crossing and camp before dark.

Westward, down the steep track the tightly locked brakes of inward wagons sang a shrill farewell to the mountains and a greeting to Emu Plains. There, travellers from east and from west met, mingled for a night, then went their respective ways.

Polly hurried through her work; there would be busy times in the shanty that night, for men from the west would have long thirsts to slack, while those from the east would soak up grog like camels sustaining themselves for the long, dry stage ahead.

A step on the porch sent Polly's head peering to face the door. Her lips were parted expectantly and her eyes were bright in anticipation, but the joy in her died quickly.

She pouted in her disappointment when the heavy, red-coated figure of Sergeant Twickham appeared in the doorway. She watched him approach with moody eyes.

"And what are you wanting, Sergeant?" she asked listlessly.

"A measure of rum an' a kiss on your pretty lips."

Polly's nose tilted. She looked down it and sniffed audibly. "The first I'll sell at the sight of your money. The other's my own to give where I choose, and that's not to you, sergeant and all though you are."

Twickham's long, hatchet-face twisted in a scowl. A barrack-room obscenity hovered on his slack lips, but before it emerged Mother Riley entered the taproom from the house.

"Be servin' the sergeant his drink. 'Tis no sauce he's wantin' with his liquor."

Twickham's eyes glinted spitefully at his small triumph. Polly pouted. She poured the rum, sipping the measure but conscious of Sarah's eyes watching her broodingly.

Mother Riley was in a sour mood, for she had awakened from her nap in time to see Steve Reardon talking like a bantam-cock to the wagon camp.

In her first days at Emu Plains, passing customers had dubbed Sarah Riley "Mother" in the brutal humor of the times. Yet that name, given in derision, had been continued in respect; no lame dog, particularly if he had worn convict garb, had limped into her shanty without receiving a friendly pat in the form of such hand-out as he needed at the moment.

She had a square, ugly face. Her eyes were cold, hard, and brittle. She was so truculently masculine that none would have suspected her of harboring any tender emotion.

Yet, perversely, she did cherish the tenderest of feelings towards Steve Reardon. Steve was very short, very thin, and very wizened, but he was as tough bodily as the greenhide of his bullock-whips.

Mother guarded that secret emotion of hers very carefully; although she was liberal in the measure of rum which she served to Steve, she was convinced that Reardon would regard that as merely a gesture to an old customer.

Twickham tossed down his drink, rattled the empty mug significantly on the counter, and looked hopefully towards Mother.

"Your score's mighty high for a redcoat's pay," she said sourly. "Best have no more now, if you'll be wantin' any to-night."

Twickham shrugged resignedly. During his month with the detachment at Emu Plains he had learned when argument was useless, and he was suf-

Continuing

Sisters Under The Skin

from page 3

ficiently shrewd to guess that one drink forgone in the afternoon might mean two given during the evening. He let his eyes roam over Polly's trim figure for a savoring moment, then left the taproom.

Polly screwed up her face, wrinkled her nose, and let the tip of her pink tongue slide through her red lips in a poke of contempt at the sergeant's broad back.

"That's no way to treat a customer, even if he is a redcoat," Mother said tartly. "It's in your bond that you serve 'em, an' it 'ud be a sight better for trade if you was nice to 'em."

Red fleck's flared, seeming to make Polly's green eyes all flame. "It's not in my bond that I flirt with 'em."

The elder woman relented. Her mood changed again; her lips parted in a slow smile that softened the harsh features. "You don't have to be doin' that, darlin', — 'less you're wantin' to, of course!"

She stared moodily through the doorway at the wagon camp. She added, she hoped guilelessly: "I see Reardon's in first as usual. It's a wonder he ain't been across for a rum."

"Oh, he's been across," Polly sent a cautious glance at the older woman. "He was telling me the road's getting too heavy for him these days. He was saying it's about time he settled down somewhere nice for good and all."

Mother Riley snorted: "That Steve won't ever settle down. The track's in his blood an' he'll die swingin' a bullock-whip."

"That's as may be, but you never can tell," Polly said. "It wouldn't surprise me if this isn't his last trip. Tim was telling me they've been camping at a new place over at Bathurst. Such a pretty little widow owns the paddock."

Mother Riley's big, top teeth made a ragged line across her lower lip and held in any comment.

Polly seemed not to notice; she chattered brightly as if certain that her tidbits of gossip were as pleasant for the other to hear as for her to tell.

"And such a lovely little cottage she's got. Flowers and bees and a cow and — and everything. Tim says it's a real treat to watch Steve chopping wood for her fire and fixing things round the house. You know, Mother, the sort of things a woman likes to have a man around to fix for her."

Polly sent another sly glance along the taproom but was disappointed; Mother Riley was groping under the counter for a fresh keg. At least, she was groping, and Polly could not see her face.

Polly sighed audibly and dreamily. "My, yes! It just wouldn't surprise me — nor Tim neither — if Steve didn't stay up at Bathurst this trip."

"Stop chatterin', girl! Get on with your work!"

"Yes, Mother Riley!" Polly clattered some mugs, then took a cloth and polished industriously. "My! Don't you think it's just lovely that poor Steve won't have to be driving his team in all weathers any more and him with the rheumatics and all? My! I can just shut my eyes and see him being nursed and fussed over by that pretty little widow. So kind-hearted she is, Tim says."

"Stow your gab, girl!" Unconsciously, Sarah flattered Reardon by using his favorite expression.

Arms akimbo, Sarah glared at the wagon camp. Pretty little widow, indeed! She would show Steve Reardon that other men knew a fine figure of a woman when they saw one! And fine, understanding men, like Sergeant Twickham, not wizened little runts like Reardon!

She turned her glare on Polly, but the girl had her back towards her. Sarah snorted and strode from the taproom! Pretty little widow, indeed!

Having finished his work at the camp Tim hurried to the shanty, hoping to find the taproom empty except for Polly. Tim had fretted over the slowness of the trip to Sydney Town and return, no less than at the delay for loading at Port Jackson, for a vision of Polly had tantalised him.

She had despaired of him ever overcoming his shyness, and she had put a smile on her lips and soft lights in her eyes the last time he had been in the taproom. Steve had had to curse his assistant for speed rather than his bullocks for sluggishness on the journey.

A flesh-and-blood version of the vision he had addressed so confidently on the trip tied Tim's tongue; Polly had to speak first. "Oh, Tim, I'm so glad you're back." Neither the words nor the tone of voice produced more than an awkward greeting; she smothered



a soft sigh. "What 'ud you like? Rum?"

With the position so reduced to a business basis Corrigan moved to the counter with some show of assurance. Polly's measure would have earned a scowl from Mother Riley and she left her hand on the mug when she set it down.

She knew how quickly most customers would have taken that chance. Tim's hand did edge forward nervously, but he jerked it back quickly, flushing heavily under his tan. Polly sighed audibly.

Mother Riley came into the taproom. Her eyes hardened at the sight of Tim's confusion and the sound of Polly's sigh of exasperation. She pursed her lips; it might be good for business for the serving wench to be nice to customers, but it could be bad if she got ideas of marrying while under bond.

Tim's tongue loosened. He became garrulous over details of the trip; his words were for the shanty-keeper, but his eyes followed Polly's slightest movement. Sarah's frown dried up the flood of words until she took pity on him, encouraging him with one of her rare, soft smiles.

"You told me to ask you if I ever needed help," he said nervously.

Sarah looked from the man to the girl and said cautiously, "Ye-es?"

Tim swallowed hard and took the plunge. "Steve's offered me a half-share in his waggons. I was wonderin' if you —"

Sarah's breath gushed in relief; she smiled again. "Sure, I'll help you, Tim, though I'm shocked at Reardon drivin' a hard bargain with you. He could let you work out the price."

"Oh, Steve 'ud do that." His voice became confidential. "The track's a bit hard on him these days, Mother Riley. If he had a few guineas at the back of him he could take

things easy in a snug little place somewhere."

Sarah's smile faded under stark dismay. That was routed by bitter fury. The dirty shyster that Steve Reardon was! Trying to wheedle good gold coin from Sarah Riley so he could cut a dash with the pretty little widow in Bathurst!

"Devil take ye for a schemin' blackguard! Not a farthin'! I lend you. A rum-guzzlin', spendthrift wastrel you are, an' fit company for Steve Reardon himself!"

She strode from the room bristling with anger. Corrigan stared after her in dismay, then he sent a bewildered, appealing glance at Polly. Polly's back was towards him; it was stiff and uncompromising. Tim sighed heavily and left the taproom.

Polly clung to her pose of hostility until he disappeared, then her shoulders slumped dejectedly; she had been dreaming vain dreams that Tim had

the crowd around Polly, then nervously at Sarah; he edged to a deserted corner, and, without a drink, sat in the hope that the shifting of the crowd might give him an occasional glimpse of Polly.

Reardon propped in mid-stride. He heard Sarah urging the sergeant to drink and have another; it was like the caw of a crow over the corpse of his hopes to Steve's ears. He reacted promptly to his first impulse; he meant to get drunk, gloriously drunk. He pushed truculently through the crowd and claimed a stand directly in front of Polly; she served him frequently and with an over-free hand.

Despite his efforts to concentrate on the rum served by Polly, Reardon could not stop his eyes from wandering along the counter.

The more they wandered the more insistent became the urge to linger on what they saw; Sarah Riley was pouring as frequently and as freely for Twickham as Polly was for Steve, but the redcoat was passing no money across the board.

"Your mug's empty, Steve. Let me fill it again."

Steve might not have heard. Fury may have deafened him and blinded him to all else than the fact that Twickham had captured Sarah's hand and she was not pulling it away from his.

He pushed through the press of men around him, he charged, like an infuriated bantam at a big game-cock.

Beary-eyed and uneasy on his feet, Twickham's first warning was a startled gasp of dismay from Mother Riley. He turned unsteadily in time to catch the full force of Reardon's rock-hard fist on the stomach.

He grunted; he rocked back against the wall, but he bounced off it with both arms flailing wildly and blindly. Steve stopped the swing of a ham-like fist; it sent him sprawling on the floor, unconscious, but the redcoat continued to lash out furiously.

Two more men fell under the sergeant's berserk rush before the startled teamsters poised to fight back. With 40 redcoat-haters ready to spill blood, murder might have been done before Sarah Riley's eyes, and murder, particularly of a soldier, would have closed her shanty for ever.

And Steve was on the floor, knocked out and at the mercy of heavy boots! Sarah flung a rum bottle; it crashed on the

back of Twickham's head, and he pitched to the boards.

"The guard! The guard!"

None questioned the truth of Mother Riley's raucous shout of alarm, and none meant to be caught in the shanty with a redcoat sprawled, perhaps dead, on the floor; it was a case of each man for himself, for the guard might take the hindmost.

Through the din of cursing, snarling men fighting to get clear, Polly's high-pitched scream of terror jarred Corrigan to violent action. His shoulders and fists punched a way through the milling crowd; he reached the counter, vaulted it, and dropped to the other side to take the limp figure of Polly in his arms.

Mother Riley was vaulting the counter, too. She hauled Twickham to the door and heaved him into the road on the heels of the last of her flying customers. A quick glance gave her assurance that the taproom was empty save for Steve and herself.

She squatted awkwardly beside him and cradled his head on her lap, crooning to him soothingly in the confidence that none but herself could witness her weakness until voices from behind the counter startled her.

"Polly! Polly, you kissed me!"

"Course I did, silly! Why else did I scream and pretend to faint?" Sarah stared bleakly during a few moments of silence tallied only by soft sighs. "If Mother Riley's got any sense she'll grab Steve while he's out to it."

The baggage! Sarah thought. She frowned. It was all Polly's doing, and her shanty might have been wrecked. She suppressed a snort, because she knew she would be a sentimental old fool; she knew she would cancel Polly's bond and, since a girl ought to have a dowry, Sarah would pay good guineas to Tim to buy the half-share in Steve's waggons.

"Nice for Polly," she muttered sourly, "but what about me?"

She glanced down in time to catch Steve's eye snapping shut. She grinned, then smiled softly. She guessed she was not too proud to take a leaf from the book of her serving wench. A gruff laugh rumbled deep in her throat.

Pretty little widow at Bathurst, indeed! With her lips pursed, she lowered her face to Steve's, and Steve did not fight; his whipcord arms clamped around her neck.

(Copyright)

EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS



THREE LITTLE KITTENS, dainty flowers, and animals are featured on embroidery transfer No. 216. All these charming motifs are ideal for a baby's layette. Price, 2/6. Order your transfer from our Needlework Department. See address on page 53.



LOVELY BLOOMS of schizanthus, sometimes called the poor man's orchid, make a wonderful display in the garden. Potted or in hanging baskets they are decorative indoors. January is the time to sow them. Pinch back when six inches high.

JANUARY is the time to . . .

- Give lawns and trees extra care . . . sow and plant flowers and vegetables . . . lift crops of potatoes and onions.

SUMMER heat is at full strength this month, and all parts of the garden will need regular watering.

- Mow the lawns regularly, trim the edges, and top-dress with good-quality light soil.

Move all weeds from thin strands of grass.

Don't cut the grass too short during the hot weather or it will fade rapidly and turn yellow. Raise the mower an extra inch, and the protection of the longer grass will keep it green until autumn.

Jaded lawns should be fed with sulphate of ammonia for good green growth.

- Keep down all weed growth in the garden.

Summer grass, cobbler's pegs, sorrel, fumitory, and paspalum draw moisture and nutriment from the soil, and harbor pests and diseases.

Paspalum seeds develop ergot, a sticky substance that turns black and stains stockings, frocks, and trouser-cuffs. Paspalum should be sprayed with T.C.A., which will kill it outright, or the rooty clumps should be dug out.

- Pick stone fruits and let them ripen off inside if fruit fly is prevalent in your area, or spray regularly with Pespruf to kill this pest.

Give your fruit and shade trees plenty of water if the weather remains hot and dry. They need moisture, and cannot bear crops or provide shade unless kept green.

- Get your seedboxes filled with good, light sandy loam,

and sow cinerarias, stocks, primula malacoides, schizanthus, pansies, foxgloves, Canterbury bells, delphiniums, snapdragons, and wallflowers.

Perennial flowers such as columbines, carnation, dianthus, gaillardia, polyanthus, primrose, as well as the biennials and annuals, eschscholtzia, portulaca, aster, amaranthus, celosia, globe amaranth, godetia, petunia, phlox, sweet pea, and zinnias, can still be sown.

January is an ideal time to start Iceland poppies from seed. They, too, should be sown in boxes of light soil.

The plants are very subject to spotted wilt, so spray regularly with DDT to kill thrips.

Sweet peas are also sown in January in many places for late winter displays. The new multiflora types, which produce from five to ten blooms on each long, sturdy stem, are displacing the older Spencer types, and are very fragrant.

Pansies and their cousins the violas need an early start.

Stocks are among the brightest and most highly perfumed of our annuals, and seeds need to be planted early. The new, tall, columnar stocks which produce huge blooms on single, non-branching stems are becoming more popular.

- Sow vegetable seeds or set out seedlings.

Cauliflower, cabbage, broccoli, brussels sprouts (in cold areas), celery, sweet turnips, white turnips, leeks, the last lot of sweet corn, tomatoes, lettuce are timely plantings.

In warm districts the last hills of cucumbers, melons, marrows, squash, and pumpkins should be sown. Manure the ground heavily for these heavy feeders, and keep both water and liquid manure going around them, and they'll crop before the frosts set in.

Fruit fly can be very troublesome in tomatoes now, and regular spraying with DDT is advised. This will also check thrips, which carry spotted wilt to these plants.

- Dig the ground over and manure heavily for the February-March crop of potatoes in States where two crops are raised each year.

Lift your winter-sown crop of potatoes, as heavy storms may start second growth in them. Also harvest and dry off your winter-sown onions.



SWEET PEAS can be sown in January in many places for winter display. These blooms were taken at the Hunter's Hill Bowling Club, N.S.W.

IT'S THE **ADDED**
VITAMIN B₁
THAT MAKES WEET-BIX
SO MUCH BETTER



★ A VITAL GROWTH FACTOR
EVERY CHILD NEEDS



Cut-out toys on every
24 oz. packet!
Watch for them!

Without Vitamin B₁, no breakfast biscuit can give your family all the vital nourishment every child needs! That is why Weet-Bix is fortified with extra Vitamin B₁.

Made better to offer you whole wheat goodness at its very best! Serve your family these hearty whole wheat biscuits—and judge their goodness for yourself!

From good grocers everywhere!

Sanitarium

WEET-BIX
The Wonder Breakfast Biscuit

WV/56

Party fare

Recipes for savory cassiolettes and party punch win prizes for readers.

THE first-prize recipe is illustrated at right.

CORN AND BACON CASSIOLETES

Slices of fresh bread, melted butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 small tin cream-style sweet corn, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, salt, cayenne, 3 rashers bacon, paprika.

Cut the bread into rounds to fit small patty-cases, brush with melted butter. Sprinkle with cheese and line the patty-cases. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Cut the bacon into pieces, roll up and secure with a cocktail stick. Bake 3 to 5 minutes. Drain the liquid from the corn, beat the eggs, and add the milk and corn. Season with salt and cayenne and stir over low heat until thick. Place a spoonful in each breaded case. Top with a bacon roll or with chopped,

fried bacon. Sprinkle with paprika and serve.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Duck, 148 Carrington St., West Wallsend, N.S.W.

PARTY PUNCH

Two and a half cups water, 3 cups sugar, 2½ cups pineapple juice, 1 quart ginger-ale, 5 cups orange juice, 2 cups lemon juice, 1 cup ripe strawberries, 3 cups iced water.

Stir water and sugar over heat until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 minutes, cool. Pour into a quart jar, cover and chill overnight. Next day chill pineapple, orange, and lemon juices. Wash strawberries, cut into thirds lengthwise. Immediately before serving, place iced water, syrup, and fruit juices into a punch bowl. Add strawberries (or slices of orange and lemon) and chilled ginger ale.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. O. Lawson, Town Hall, Launceston, Tas.



CORN AND BACON cassiolettes are easy to make and delicious to eat. They make an ideal savory for an impromptu supper served with sandwiches and fruit cake.

Tony's luxury dish

PATE PORTO FINO

THERE is nothing nicer than pate of goose liver, as a savory spread or with salad," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. "Pork or chicken liver may be substituted for goose."

Two pounds liver, 6 slices lean bacon, 2 medium onions, 6 salted anchovies, 1 level teaspoon ground ginger, ¼ level teaspoon ground cloves, 1 clove crushed garlic, dash cayenne pepper, 2 level teaspoons salt, 1 cup thin cream, 2 tablespoons port wine, 1oz. flour.

If you like a very light-colored paste, soak the liver in cold water from 6 to 8 hours. It will in no way change the flavor. Wipe the liver slices very carefully. Place a baking-dish one-third full of water to heat in the oven. Grease a loaf-tin. Then grind the liver, bacon, onions, garlic, and the anchovies 4 to 5 times in a meat grinder. Keep on working the mixture thoroughly with a wooden spoon while adding spices, port wine, salt, and flour.

The longer you stir the mixture the lighter the color will become. Blend in the light cream, pour the mixture into the prepared tin, and place it in the hot water in the oven.

Bake for 2 hours, cool in the tin for about 6 hours or until cold and set. Invert on dish and garnish with greens, beetroot, olives, or pickled onions.

Architect's Diary

Planning for the site

By Sydney Architect W. J. McMURRAY

Harry Thomas submitted a rough plan for a home which, although economical in planning, lacked consideration of the best natural features of the site.

"PERSONALLY, I'm inclined to think that this business of worrying about the aspect of rooms is a bit theoretical," said Mr. Thomas. "This house was planned for another site, but it's economical to build and that's the im-

portant thing as far as I'm concerned."

"Planning a home must be a compromise between a number of restricting factors," I answered. "These factors include economy, the site, the aspect, view, and the prevailing winds."

"Do you really think a view important," asked Mr. Thomas. "I know people with a magnificent view from their living-room who maintain that for the first few weeks in the home they were completely unconscious of it."

"An attractive outlook from the important rooms of a house may not be consciously admired all the time, but it provides an atmosphere in the house which adds considerably to its value," I said. "It's not theory, but just sound business."

"It's only in the past few years that these things have been considered important, though," Mr. Thomas persisted.

"Yes," I admitted. "But the standard of domestic planning has improved tremendously from the days when it was common practice to have the living-room in the front of the house for no reason other than just plain habit."

"Does everyone have the same ideas on the best aspect for the different rooms in a house?" asked Mr. Thomas.

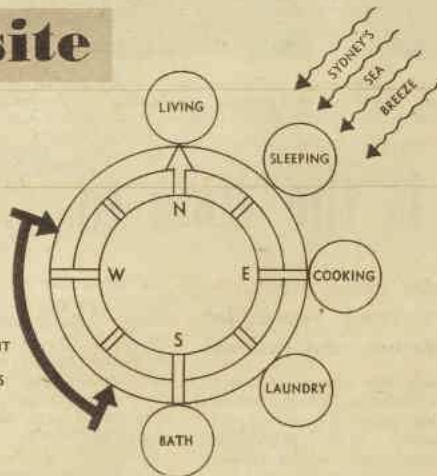
"There are general rules which, of course, must be varied. Some people, for instance, don't like morning sun in their bedroom because in the summer time they find it difficult to sleep if the room becomes too light. This can be simply enough controlled with good window blinds. And the benefit of sun on cold winter mornings is obvious."

"Take a lounge on the north, for instance," said Mr. Thomas. "Although it may be nice in winter, it could turn out to be unbearable in the summer time."

"Sun control with roof overhang, louvers, or blinds must be used in conjunction with carefully located window openings."

"The direction of prevailing

SYDNEY'S UNPLEASANT HOT WESTERLIES



SUGGESTED ASPECTS for windows of various rooms to make the most of the cool breezes in the Sydney area, while avoiding the hot summer westerlies.

winds, both pleasant and unpleasant, should be taken into account. Skilful consideration of all these factors in conjunction with the other points mentioned constitutes, in my opinion, a good plan."

"It would be difficult to determine the prevailing wind for any block without having lived on it," Mr. Thomas pointed out.

"A few questions about this to people who have lived in the district are worthwhile," I replied. "In Sydney the unpleasant hot westerlies should be guarded against by minimising openings on that side of the house. Windows should be arranged where possible to trap the cool north-easters. Near the ocean the pleasant prevailing wind is usually a sea breeze."

"Surely some of these factors must conflict at times and make the ideal arrangement very difficult," said Mr. Thomas.

"Keeping these things in mind when buying a block of land will facilitate the selection of a site that will make the ideal plan possible," I replied.

"Adjacent" houses could sometimes block a north-easter, I suppose," said Mr. Thomas.

"Yes. In some cases it may

FAMILY DISH

THIS week's family dish makes use of cold cooked meat in appetising meat fritters. Quantities are sufficient to serve four or five. The fritter batter costs only 1/2.

COLD MEAT FRITTERS

Four ounces flour, ¼ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion or shallot, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 8 to 10 small pieces of cold cooked meat (or sliced tinned meat), fat for frying.

Sift flours and salt. Beat egg-yolk with milk, add melted butter or substitute. Make a well in the centre of dry ingredients, pour in egg and milk mixture and stir to a smooth batter. Stir in onion and parsley. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Spear meat pieces with fork and coat one at a time completely with batter. Drop into fuming fat and cook quickly until evenly browned. Drain on kitchen paper, keep in warm place until all are cooked.

Bill McMurray

Cream away UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes

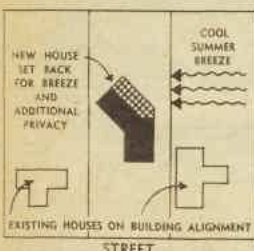
No razor to scrape tender skin and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veet smooths away all superfluous hair in three minutes! Veet is the modern way to remove hair. Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left as soft as velvet, completely hair-free. Remember, under-arm hair spoils summer glamour. So use Veet Cream. From all chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 4/11. Medium size 3/-. Success guaranteed with Veet or money refunded.



LEGS TOO!

Keep sun-tanned legs silken-smooth and hair-free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

L206



SET WELL BACK from the general building lines, the new house in the centre has a better view, more breeze and privacy than its neighbors built right on the building alignment.

MAKE RICH MEATY GRAVY

NEW WIDE-NECKED BOTTLE FOR EASIER SPOONING



BONOX

concentrated goodness of rich prime beef
A KRAFT Product

F4005.—Sleeveless one-piece dress designed with a scooped-out neckline and soft skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1-3rd yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 1046, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4009. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small boy's sunsuit. Sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Requires 1yd. 36in. material, and 4yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

F4007. — Adult's design styled to match F4006. The dresses are suitable for mother and daughter, or big and little sister. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4008. — Cool summer dress designed for the teenager. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F4009

F4010

F4008

F4007

F4010. — Summer separates, blouse with swallow wing collar and tiered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material for blouse and 2 yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price 3/9.

F4006. — Pretty summer dress for a small girl, finished on skirt and bodice with bow-tie trims. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years for lengths 18, 20, 23, and 27in. Requires 1 1-3rd yds. to 2 yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 131 — SUMMER DRESS
Pretty one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral and striped caesar cotton. The color choice includes blue and white, pink and white, lemon and white, and green and white. Sizes 13 and 34in. bust 37/11, 36 and 38in. bust 38/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 132 — LUNCHEON SET
The mats and matching serviettes are cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a water-lily motif. The material and color choice is cream and white Irish linen. Sizes: Large mats 15 x 17in., plate mats 12 x 11in., cup-and-saucer mat 5 x 5in., serviettes 11 x 11in. Nine-piece set 19/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set 23/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Serviettes 1/11 each, postage 3d. extra.

No. 133 — SET OF THREE GUEST-TOWELS
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Each towel features a different motif. The material and color choice is huckaback in white, blue, pink, green, and lemon. Price 6/6 each, postage 5d. extra. Set of three 18/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 134 — TENNIS DRESS
One-piece tennis dress, neatly styled with a sleeveless shirt-waist bodice. Is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique. Sizes 35 and 34in. bust 31/6, 36 and 38in. bust 32/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

WHEN GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED
AND ARE WAITING FOR DINNER,
HERE'S AN IDEA THAT IS ALWAYS
A WINNER!



Serve Sherry before dinner!

* Oh dear, guests just arrived—how to make them feel at home? Serve them a glass of Sherry! Sherry's a popular drink—and no wonder. Sherry relaxes you—gives you a good appetite. Yet Sherry's so inexpensive—only costs a few pennies each glass. Try a glass of Sherry each night before dinner.

You'd like to know new and interesting ways with wine? Write for your **FREE WINE GUIDE** to:

WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

Box 2158, G.P.O., Sydney Box 2400, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 4057, G.P.O., Melbourne Box 11450, G.P.O., Perth
Box 155C, G.P.O., Brisbane Box 809H, G.P.O., Hobart

Life is more pleasant with WINE!

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD

AW 1952/3

How

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear woollens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as Dr. Mackenzie's **Menthoids**, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Menthoids are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny dosage. Although **Menthoids** contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three **Menthoids** every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers who have been taking **Menthoids** for twenty years have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require

to beat

Rheumatism

replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in **Menthoids**, and, as a 7-6 flask of **Menthoids** contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is within the reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

M11

Insist on
VENGATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

BUILDING A HOUSE?

If you're building a house you'll be interested in the **Architect's Diary**, now appearing in the **Homemaker** section of **The Australian Women's Weekly** every week. It gives lots of helpful advice.

Page 53

151

152

153



*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

Only
Arnott's
make
Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on a
world cruise in the yacht
Ocean Wind with their friend
Sir Harry. While sailing in
peaceful uncharted waters,

Mandrake, Lothar, Narda,
and Sir Harry hear strange
music from over the water.
Suddenly the lookout sights
two beautiful mermaids on a
rock! The Ocean Wind heads
for them despite dangerous,
unknown shoals. NOW READ
ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

- ★ COMICS
- ★ SERIALS
- ★ STORIES
- ★ PUZZLES
- FEATURES ★
- FILM STARS ★
- JOKES ★
- DRAWING ★
- LESSONS

and **7 CASH**
COMPETITIONS
ALL in

CHUCKLERS
WEEKLY

THE
MAGAZINE
FOR EVERY
BOY and GIRL
40 pages for **9^p**
On sale
EVERY
THURSDAY

**Heartburn
?
Indigestion
?
YOU NEED
Hardy's**

INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)
**Proved over years
in thousands of cases**
NO DIETING NECESSARY

♥♥♥♥♥
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♥♥♥♥♥

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 4, 1956



Fashion FROCKS • Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"SUZETTE" — Attractive smock-jacket specially styled for maternity wear in a pretty floral and spot disciplined cotton. The color choice includes pink spots and blue flowers, blue spots and rose flowers, grey spots and rose flowers, beige spots and blue flowers, green spots and brown flowers, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 47/6, 36 and 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 47/6, 36 and 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

"CARLA" — Slim-line maternity skirt obtainable in black Sundek linen.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 26 to 32in. waist 35/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 26 to 32in. waist 35/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"LUCILLA" — Pretty one-piece designed with a flattering low-cut neckline and soft all-round skirt fullness. The material is printed polished cotton. The color choice includes red and yellow, aqua and grey, and pink and blue, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 47/6, 36 and 38in. bust 49/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust 43/4, 36 and 38in. bust 45/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Colinate your hair
and make it silkier, softer
and so easy to manage . . .



Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff. Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. Price 3/6



COLINATED
Coconut oil Foam
SHAMPOO

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY

Velmol keeps the most unruly hair in place all day without looking stiff or greasy. Your perms and home-sets will last longer when you "damp-set" with Velmol. Velmol is a tonic as well as a hairdressing—prevents dandruff, too. Give your hair that well-groomed look with Velmol. Price 2/6 a bottle at any chemist or store.

VELMOL
THE WORLD'S BEST HAIRDRESSING



PEOPLE have been asking
for MORE of our new
**SANDWICH
NOTIONS**

- ★ Mash hard-boiled eggs, moisten with mayonnaise and flavour with salt, pepper, grated onion, mixed Keen's Mustard and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.
- ★ Grate sharp cheese and blend with mixed Keen's Mustard and combine with chopped stuffed olives.
- ★ Combine 1/2-lb. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cup milk, salt and pepper. Stir over boiling water until it thickens. Add 1/2 cup chopped cooked bacon and use cold . . . at your next party spread.

Original recipes prepared for Keen's by Home Economist, Janet Blair.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference



J43

BENZOL

makes all the difference



149cc. MG



2½ litre MASERATI



HOLDEN SPECIAL



JAGUAR HWM

COOPER-BRISTOL

Any experienced racing driver will tell you the addition of extra BENZOL to his fuel is a must to get Optimum Performance from his engine. Gruelling, racing speed won't interest private motorists but all the 'OP' advantages of extra BENZOL will . . . You'll appreciate the quicker starting, livelier acceleration and smoother, more positive power of BP SUPER or C.O.R STANDARD.



both contain
BENZOL

BP SUPER, like Special Energol **VISCO-STATIC** Motor Oil — the original 4 grades in 1 oil acclaimed by world motorists—is worth so much more than the extra it costs.

THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD, an associate of The British Petroleum Company Ltd